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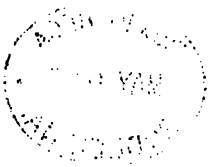
MEMORIALS OF TEMPERANCE WORKERS

JABEZ INWARDS

Memorials

OF

Temperance Workers.



MEMORIALS

OF

TEMPERANCE WORKERS:

CONTAINING BRIEF SKETCHES OF

NEARLY ONE HUNDRED DECEASED AND WORTHY LABOURERS.

BY

JABEZ INWARDS.

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PREFACE.

THIS volume is intended especially for such readers who practically sympathize with the principles and objects of the Great Temperance Reformation. It is not designed to be exhaustive upon the subject of which it treats. Outside of the worthy characters we have attempted to sketch, there have been great numbers who have worked well and nobly for our cause, whose names and labours may, we hope, by other and more effective means, be handed down to posterity as having been amongst the first and the best to enunciate and enforce the principles of a pure and practical Temperance. It will be seen that we have referred almost entirely only to English workers and advocates, the exceptions being Father Mathew, Elihu Burritt, and William Tweedie. And we feel assured that many conversant with the men and the movement in Ireland and Scotland, could refer to a host of worthy workers in their respective countries who have been equal to those to whom we have referred. Our rule has been to refer almost entirely to those with whom we have been personally acquainted, and to whom we have listened with pleasure and profit. In addition to such we have known and loved many choice and excellent workers who have silently passed away, but whose names will be fondly cherished, not only by the friends of Temperance, but by many others who have known how well they were affected towards every good word and work. We heartily defend the true and old-fashioned doctrine *that* Temperance is total abstinence from

that which is injurious, and the proper use of the things which are good. Our warfare is against all intoxicants. We have used no strong language against brewers, distillers, publicans, nor drinkers; we hate and abhor all intoxicants, but we love the drinkers. The first advocates of our cause very properly treated all alcoholic drinks as useless and worthless, and now we find that almost without the slightest reservation some of the most scientific authorities endorse the opinions which were then expressed. From the first they treated alcohol as an evil resultant from the wasteful practice of fermentation and corruption, and as an artificial compound totally devoid of any supporting or nutritious elements, and what they affirmed then is now by science and practical experiment most fully and amply confirmed. I was anxious to have in the memorials Mr. James Rewcastle, of Newcastle, and a few other good and worthy men, but I did not succeed in obtaining the necessary information. I now dedicate this volume with all its imperfections and shortcomings, to the Temperance public, with the hope that it may in some measure subserve the best interests of pure and unconditional sobriety.

20, Bartholomew Villas,
Kentish Town.
September 3rd, 1879.

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MEMORIALS

OF

TEMPERANCE WORKERS.

JOHN ADDLESHAW.

Mr. John Addleshaw was born in the town of Brigg, Lincolnshire, November 22nd, 1801. He became a member of the Wesleyan Society at an early age, and was soon known as a very popular preacher. He was very fond of reading and study. He signed the pledge in the year 1836, and very soon became a teacher of Temperance truth. In the year 1838 he was employed in Lincolnshire for three months, and in the following year by a number of societies in Yorkshire. At the close of 1840 he became an agent of the British Temperance League, and for it he continued to labour until within twelve days of his death. During that time he had addressed about 5000 audiences, and travelled upwards of 60,000 miles. His mind was naturally logical, and he reasoned out his points clearly and well. He was a devoted servant to the British Temperance League, he loved and honoured the Committee, and truly the Committee loved and honoured him. His character was as pure as his intellect was clear. On the 5th and 6th of November, 1859, he lectured at Heywood; and these were the closing lectures of his useful career. On the 8th of November he was obliged to keep his bed. His disease was of such a nature as to baffle all medical skill. On Thursday, 17th,

he passed a restless night and felt and believed that his end was near; setting his worldly matters in order, he gave instructions for his funeral, and expressed himself ready for the change. He died at his residence in Bolton at 6 o'clock on November 18th, 1859, and passed into the higher and the better life. The interment took place at the Cemetery, Bolton, and was witnessed by a great number of his sorrowing and beloved friends and co-workers in the Temperance cause, and they and many others who were present found it to be a most sorrowful task to lay the remains of their friend and fellow-labourer in the dust.

As the sage thinkers in the ages past
Were frequently elated and depressed,
But ever striving for the end in view,
So he of whom we write, with steady pace,
And strongest faith, allied to high resolves,
Worked well for Temperance and truth and right.
In speaking he was hearty and sincere,
And some who heard him felt the force of truth
And so resolved to drink strong drink no more.
Nor did he shout and stamp and then sit down,
But in an earnest and attractive style,
He spoke of the great changes of the past,
And fondly hoped for better things to come.
Believing God had called him to the work,
He toiled like one expecting to achieve
A lasting triumph o'er a deadly foe.
He felt the platform was the proper place
Where, free and unrestrained, he could proclaim
What our reforming cause had nobly done.
At times he seemed unconscious of the gift
Which he possessed, and he was greatly cheered
To witness changes which had taken place;
For men, reformed, met him with gladsome smiles,
And happy wives and sisters blessed his name.
And when we heard his logical defence
Of simple, pure and perfect abstinence

From all the compounds which intoxicate,
We felt a noble convert had been made,
Who could both plead and well defend our cause.
In the rich treasures of his fertile mind
Our principles were safe, and made so clear,
By one of whom we could not be ashamed,
Never pretentious—humble—cautious—wise,
Consecutive—suggestive—practical.
He often spoke as with a tongue of fire,
And then became as gentle as a lamb.
He felt convinced his primal mission was
To lead his hearers kindly, gently on,
And when he saw the logical sequence,
Would smile, and hope that they might see it too.
Of perfect abstinence from all strong drinks
He entertained no shadow of a doubt;
Of it he reasoned cleverly and well,
His homely words were laden with great truths,
And when objectors used their skilful arts,
Whether by queries, simple or complex,
His logic never failed, and the replies
Were ready—witty, straight, and to the point.
What seemed confused he made both plain and clear,
And to his views a host of converts won;
But a change came—his wonted health gave way,
And in his wasting and enfeebled frame,
He and his loved ones very clearly saw
The mortal soon must mingle with the dust.
But living faith enabled him to see,
Beyond these fading and terrestrial scenes,
The peerless beauties of the Better Land;
So when his gentle spirit passed away,
It soared to realms of everlasting day.

RICHARD DYKES ALEXANDER.

RICHARD DYKES ALEXANDER, Esq., son of Dykes Alexander, of Ipswich, Suffolk, was born August 15th, 1788, died December 16th, 1863.

In 1817 he published an essay on the subject of war; 1820 he published Ipswich reading lessons, selected from the Scriptures only. In 1840 he published an address to the Society of Friends on the Temperance Reformation, at which time he had adopted most decided views on the subject of Total Abstinence, and which, both by his speech and pen, he defended with considerable ability through the whole course of his life. He was a most excellent writer of tracts. In 1840 he built a large and commodious Temperance Hall for the free use of the Temperance Society, and he was always active and zealous in promoting the good cause. He was convinced that it was his Christian duty to sign the temperance pledge, after having heard a lecture from Thomas Allen Smith, who was one of the first advocates amongst the working classes who made his mark in London, and in many parts of the country. Mr. Alexander, although a gentleman of ample means, was a hard labourer in the Temperance cause; he was the editor of the *Temperance Record*, which had a considerable circulation in Suffolk and Norfolk, and it contained a very large number of facts in relation to the evil qualities of all intoxicants. It was greatly in advance of the times in which it was published, but it clearly shows how deeply impressed was the mind of the editor of the appalling effects of intoxicating drink, and of the confidence he had that eventually the Temperance cause would flourish and abound. He was one of the first to show to the higher classes throughout the country how hale and *well an* aged gentleman could be who strictly abstained

from alcohol. He wrote a great number of very useful Temperance tracts, attended hundreds of Temperance meetings, and was always ready in the most Christian and gentlemanly manner to give the best advice, not only to the working classes, but to those who, in social status, occupied the higher spheres. And when he died he not only left behind material, but many living memorials that he had not laboured in vain; and when he was buried the people wept, and the rich and the poor alike did honour to the memory of a most useful, liberal-hearted and noble-minded man.

When Bacchus and the world of drinkers frowned
Upon the simple and effective plan,
Which seems to us eternal and divine—
When nearly all the teachers of the word,
And hosts of great and learned men were found
To laud and recommend the mocker wine,
This princely-minded Christian gentleman
Did, by his ready pen and telling speech,
Sound an alarm against our country's foe,
Inviting all to promptly sign the pledge,
And free themselves from drink's enslaving curse:
Not only from the darkness of its frown,
But from its dangerous and alluring smile;
And, like the chosen people of the Lord,
Allay their thirst with water bright and pure,
Which like a living stream for ever flows,
To bless and beautify this grand old world;
Whose valleys richly teem with golden corn,
While distant hills shout out for joy and sing.
In our dear friend the meek and manly shone,
And being providentially endowed
With all the creature comforts of this life,
He daily strove to help the needy poor,
That they in spirit might be led to give
Their hearts to Him who bids the sinners live.
More than twice twenty years have passed away
Since, solely at his own expense, he built

A Temperance Hall, commodious and large,
Where thousands of the people have been taught
The safety and the wisdom of the plan
Of practical and simple abstinence.
Where speakers earnest, truthful, eloquent,
Have, in a way which seemed to them the best,
Proved well the weak'ning nature of strong drink;
And by appeals impressive and sincere,
Have moved the hearts of those to whom they spoke
To embrace, adopt, to love and recommend
That Temperance, which firmly holds and loves
The good, and against which there is no law:
And teaches all good men to wisely shun
The drink, which smiles and smites, allures and kills.
From all inebriants his house was free,
His hands were clean, his resolution firm,
And from the right and true he never swerved.
He was a worker always at his post,
And very nearly forty years ago
Was often with myself and others found
Receiving hints, and sketching out a plan
That our good cause might flourish and abound.
In speaking he was cautious and sedate,
Nervous and gentle, sensitive and mild;
But we have heard him when his loving soul
Seemed all aglow with hope and love and light;
Then, with impassioned, fervent eloquence,
He spoke against the soul-seducing curse,
And seeing those who had been slaves to drink
Enjoying freedom, happiness and life,
He saw the dawning of our great reform,
And hailed the coming of a brighter day.
The tracts he issued, some of which he wrote,
Have had a circulation far and wide,
And some have showed how doctors are misled,
And how the mighty men have been brought low,
And how the rich have been made very poor,
And how the wise to idiots have been turned,
And how the lamp of life has been put out,

And how a denseness darker than the night
Hath fallen on the bodies and the souls
Of those who loved and praised deceptive wine.
The fame of these good missiles is world-wide,
And in the dwellings of the humble poor,
As also in the mansions of the rich,
Are read with great attention and delight.
Now, though he speaketh not, his writings do,
And when the freedom of our world shall come,
His efforts will have aided on the day
When drink and drunkenness shall pass away.
He rests, but his good works do follow him.
His name, through Suffolk, was a household word,
Not in alliance with the sword or spear,
Nor of the dark repulsive deeds of war,
Nor was he like his namesake called "the great,"
Who after all his most atrocious deeds
Did drink to madness of the fatal cup,
Then falling down he struggled, groaned, and died.
But our good Alexander, always great,
Was in the spheres of Christian virtue found,
And all around him light celestial shone.
And all along the paths this vet'ran trod
He heard the ceaseless melodies of peace;
And when his earth's day labour was complete,
He fell asleep, and calmly passed away
To higher regions, sinless, fair and bright,
Where death is not, and there is no more night.

HENRY ANDERTON.

HENRY ANDERTON was the second son of James and Ellen Anderton, of Walton-le-Dale, near Preston, Lancashire. He was one of a family of eight children, and was born December 3rd, 1808. The principal aim of his parents was to secure for their children, all of whom possessed more than ordinary talents, a sound, good education. At that time the National School in Walton-le-Dale was conducted by a very able teacher, Mr. Robinson, the same gentleman who, at a later period, kept a noted school in Preston. This good teacher on one occasion said to his parents, "I don't know what to make of your Henry; when I ask him a question he turns his back upon me, and yet I would give anything if the other lads had a head like your boy." Mr. Edward Grubb, in a short biography of Henry Anderton, says: "His speeches were prose poems, and his poems are little speeches constructed with great regard to logical exactness." He frequently would walk from Preston to Manchester and speak the same evening. His mother, at the age of 75, after reciting many good things of her very talented son, said, "You know what a commomotion there was about Miss —. Henry would never have a particle of charity for any man that was false to a woman; in that case he took her part as though she had been his own sister, and he said to — if you do not marry that lass you shall never see my face again." He became an agent for the Preston and Wyre Railway Company in the year 1840, and during his residence at Fleetwood he occasionally spoke at some of the Temperance and Religious Festivals. In 1847 he removed to Heywood, and in the following year to Bury, as agent to the Lancashire and Yorkshire Rail-

way Company, where he continued till his death, which took place June 21st, 1855, in the 47th year of his age.

In him the orator and poet met:
With ardent feelings and a brilliant mind,
He pleaded well for truth and Temperance;
And in fine strains, which few men have surpassed,
He sang the praises of our noble cause,
Which God hath honoured with a great success.
He fearlessly denounced the mocker wine,
And all the drinks which enervate the soul.
His wit and wisdom sparkled as he spoke
With glowing eloquence and living faith,
But soon the vital flame was quenched in death.
Though brief his course, his work was truly great;
Nor ceased he till the mortal shadows came
To call on all for Christ's sake to abstain.
With fervour uncontrolled he freely spoke,
While sacred passion filled his ardent soul.
He scorned the notion as we scorn it now,
That alcoholic drinks are good for man.
He did not parley with the wily foe,
He knew the artificial, man-made drink
Was false and foodless, treacherous and vile,
And with a prayer which moved the heart of God,
He prayed that this beloved land might be
Rescued from drink-debasing slavery.
He saw the gaudy tyrant on his throne,
Sparkling in colours of the richest hues,
And myriads, from the highest to the low,
Lauded and loved and worshipped him.
The spirit of this northern pioneer
Tells us in language practical and plain,
That some high battlements of alcohol
Can be brought down and levelled with the dust.
Not by the studied art of mimicry,
Nor the gesticulations of the wit,
Nor any pleasing, home-made anecdotes,

And which are lacking of a word of truth.
We want more men like Henry Anderton,
Good men, devoted, energetic, wise,
Whose noble actions glorified their lives,
And whom we could with unabated breath
Award due praises in the hour of death.

JOSEPH ANDREWS.

JOSEPH ANDREWS was one of the earliest and most eloquent advocates of the Temperance cause. He was born at Micklehurst, Cheshire, of John and Ann Andrews, January 30th, 1812. His parents were natives of Mossley, near Manchester, and Micklehurst is now a large manufacturing village. When Joseph Andrews was about two years old his parents removed to Leeds, and his father at that time was a spinner in the mill of Messrs. B. Gott & Sons, then said to be the largest woollen cloth manufacturers in the world. Mr. Andrews signed the pledge in the early part of 1835. He attended the opening of the Bradford Temperance Hall, and there delivered a very effective and eloquent address; and after working well and most acceptably in the Temperance cause he caught a severe cold, which was followed by fever, of which he died, at Leeds, July 7th, 1847, leaving a wife and two children to mourn his loss. And there was great mourning when he passed away. He was interred in the Woodhouse Lane Cemetery, Leeds. His son, Benjamin Horner Andrews, is a life teetotaller, and is now in Australia.

Soon as the star of Temperance arose,
To shed its rays across our moral sky,
This ardent youth hailed it with love intense,
And wisely, truly, earnestly and well,
Revelled in all the glory of its light.
But while he exercised his brilliant gifts
To speak for Temperance and Christ and God,
His cheeks began to lose their healthy glow,
His lively cheerfulness and health gave way,
And on his path portentous shadows fell;
But he had treasures in the realms of grace
Above the price of rubies or of gold,
Which filled his spirit with abounding joy,
Thus all his trust was fixed on things divine,
And full of faith and hope this young man died.
But many lived who by his strong appeals
Had been enfranchised from the enslaving drink;
Who now in happy circles love to tell
Of the great good which Temperance has done,
And happy, smiling children blessed the name
Of him who led their fathers to abstain.
In him imagination was supreme;
His thoughts in rapid, copious numbers flowed,
And to the graphic sketches which he drew,
His wit and humour lent their light and shade,
Fringing the fine creations of his soul
With gentle, softening and refining hues;
And we poor erring mortals think it strange
That one so fit to live should die so soon.
When, in the precincts of the busy town,
In the cool shadows of the drooping trees,
We wandered through the place of his repose,
Where we could see the broken column stand
To memorise the brevity of life,
Telling how quickly and how soon he died.
We stood, and though we think it strange to say,
We love to stand where lie the silent ones;
They only sleep until the appointed time,
When God will raise them into life again.

The sable yews like solemn mourners stood, [grief,
The drooping willows seemed bowed down with
The passing wind was burdened with a sigh;
Sunshine and shadow fell upon my path,
And gloom and glory mingled into one.
The passing cloud a dreary aspect wore,
The flowers were drooping and the birds were still,
But over and above and through them all
The Sun Eternal sent reviving rays,
Which turned our sadness into songs of praise.

JAMES BACKHOUSE.

Mr. Backhouse having been long and extensively known in Great Britain and many other countries, we feel it our duty to give publicity to his death, which took place at his late residence, Holdgate House, York, on the 20th of January, 1869, in his seventy-fifth year. He had been a teetotaller more than thirty years, having signed the total abstinence pledge when on a religious mission in South Africa, at a Hottentot Temperance tea-meeting at Hankey, on the 3rd of December, 1838. One hundred and sixty of the native Hottentots joined the society at the same meeting, and at the expiration of twelve months only one had violated the pledge. Mr. Backhouse arrived at home on the 21st of February, 1841, having been absent more than nine years. He almost immediately became a member of the York Temperance Society, and often took part in the advocacy of the cause, not only in York, but in many other places, and frequently stated in

public that "No single act of his life gave him more unmixed satisfaction than having signed the total abstinence pledge." He had been president of the York Temperance Society more than twenty years, and was treasurer of our own association when the executive was stationed at York, and was on the list of our vice-presidents. Mr. Backhouse's labours as a minister of the Society of Friends were very abundant and highly appreciated.—*British Temperance Advocate.*

As a devoted servant of the Lord,
He felt a strong desire to visit those
Who sat in darkness, fearful and profound,
And who had never heard the name of Him
Who came to save the sinner from his sin;
Believing the inspired teaching true,
That "Ethiopia should yet stretch out
Her hands to God" in faith and hope and love,
He went to tell the ignorant and poor
That God was full of grace and tenderness;
And when he spoke the precious words of truth,
The Spirit's renovating power was felt,
And the poor heathen found a heavenly Friend.
The earnest teacher of the gospel truth
Is a denying, but brave-hearted man.
This peaceful minister of truths divine,
Went forward unprotected and unarmed;
He had no sword to dangle at his side,
Nor shield, nor pistol to defend himself;
But he was well equipped with armour strong,
His loins were girt about with heavenly truth,
And wearing the breastplate of righteousness,
And running in the ways of gospel peace
He put the helmet of salvation on,
And with the shield of Faith kept off the foe;
And God's good grace enabled him to turn
Many to life and peace and holiness.
But in the midst of that benighted land
He clearly saw how the alluring drinks

Cursed and debauched the sable Hottentot,
And how they multiplied their pains and woes,
Which it was their misfortune to endure.
And feeling a desire for greater good,
The pledge was signed, and he resolved henceforth
From all such useless compounds to be free.
At Hankey, when amidst the coloured race,
This noble deed was well and nobly done;
But when he signed some persons might have said,
You must not drink the water flowing here,
He truly states the water was not good,
The weather sultry and oppressive too,
And the poor dogs upon the burning sands,
In holding up their paws would cry and howl,
And run to find the nearest resting-place.
At such a time this minister of Christ
Resolved to battle with a mighty foe,
And boiling well the water he procured,
And adding to it coffee, sugar, milk,
A beverage was made which all could drink.
He studied nature in her varied spheres;
But in her plants and trees and shrubs and ferns,
And in her mosses, grasses, fruits and flowers,
He seemed to be familiar and at home:
And knowing well their habits, nature, wants,
And O how beautiful and frail they are,
He often would with Christain fondness dwell
Upon the fadeless bloom of Sharon's Rose,
And of the Lilly in the valley found.
He took the chair for me in good old York;
The great and useful life which he had lived,
I did not know it then, but since I've known
I feel my honour and my love increased
Towards this faithful servant of the Lord.
His life was useful and his end was peace,
And he is now enjoying the delight
Where seals to his good ministry are found
And deathless joys eternally abound.

REV. W. R. BAKER.

THE REV. W. R. BAKER was born at Waltham Abbey, in the county of Essex, September 3rd, 1798, and was the eldest of a family of eight. While he was still an infant, his parents removed to the immediate vicinity of London, and from thence in 1804, when they removed to Colchester. When eight years old, he went with his father to Ashburton, Devonshire, to follow a course of study in the Latin and Grammar School, at which place he made very rapid progress. When about twelve years of age, he began to write passages of poetry. He remained at Ashburton for six years. From thence he went to Witham, where he finished his studies under the able superintendence of Dr. Dunn. In 1813, with his parents, he removed to Blandford, Dorset; a few months subsequent to this, he visited Italy and the Mediterranean Sea. On the 3rd of September, 1819, he became a student for the ministry at Wymondley College, Herts. After a few years of earnest labour in the work of the missionary and the ministry, he accepted a cordial invitation from the Congregational Church at Shepton-Mallet, where in 1836 he took the chair at a Temperance Meeting, when Mr. James Teare gave a powerful lecture, and he was the first to sign the pledge, and thirteen others followed, and in September of that year, a Total Abstinence was formed in that town. And almost from that time he visited several important places in England. He then published a most admirable work, called "The Curse of Britain," a copy of which was accepted by the Queen, and in the following year he published "The Idolatry of Britain." Subsequently he became the Secretary of the new British and Foreign Temperance Society, and for several years before his death, he was the greatly respected Managing Director of the Tem-

perance and General Life Assurance Company. He was always good and doing good. His only trust was in Jesus; his last words were "Farewell! I am going." And full of hope he passed into the higher life. He died September 28th, 1861.

"In labours oft," might well be said of him,
Whose talents were employed in doing good;
For in the prime and bloom of youthful days,
He longed to tell of Jesus and His love.
An earnest student of the sacred word,
Reading its promises with great delight,
And oft his soul was kept in wholesome check
By the stern teachings of its holy law.
He was a clever, shrewd, observant man,
Quick to perceive a virtue or a fault,
And while he heartily approved the right,
He greatly pitied those who did the wrong.
When in his church a meeting was convened
To listen to the speech of good James Teare,
He took the chair, and heeding what he heard,
Was first to take the pen and sign the pledge,
When thirteen others took the same wise course,
And so in Shepton-Mallet there was formed
A good society, whose watchword was
Touching no drink containing alcohol.
Hearing the moanings of his country's woe,
His spirit felt a deep solicitude,
And prompted by an earnest Christian love,
He went to many towns and pleaded well,
Imploring all to help to drive the foe
From all the hearths and homes throughout the land.
He was for years one of the leading minds
In and around this modern Babylon,
Who never failed the uselessness to show
Of crime-promoting, soul-destroying drink.
Who can have read the sterling book he wrote,
"The Curse of Britain, and its cause and cure;"
Or that which quickly followed in its wake,

The " Idolatry " of Britain's favoured isle,
Without rejoicing that at such a time,
When all around a fearful darkness reigned,
And men were maddened, aye, and murdered too,
That he and others should denounce the drinks
Which were so highly lauded and so loved,
And by the force of a true logic proved
Their great unfitness both for drink or food.
He saw the initial glories of our cause,
And when the Bow of Promise spanned the skies,
He felt the rapture of intense desire,
And in the light so pure and so divine,
He wrote and spoke of mercy, grace and love.
That what appeared mysterious and vague,
He made by Bible proofs so plain and clear,
And in no distant future, I opine,
They will be read with profit and delight.
But though he loved the lofty and the great,
The rarest eloquence, and truth sublime,
Yet he was practical and keenly shrewd,
A man of finance, figures, and of facts;
And so for years his presence graced the Board
Of the United Kingdom Temperance
And General Institution Provident;
And in its archives his good name will be
Enshrined in honour and integrity.
A slow insidious disease appeared,
And rest from labour and the sea-side air
Were insufficient to restore his health.
Then all around the deep'ning shadows fell,
And then anon the cheering light appeared:
A week before our friend was called from earth,
He took a ride, and when he had returned
He felt so cheerful, as to cause a hope
That he again to health might be restored:
Then sorted and arranged his manuscripts,
But while friends hoped, his earthly work was done.
Feeling fatigued, he soon retired to rest,
His bodily infirmities increased;

And friends were summoned to his dying-bed,
Then speaking of the true and living faith,
And of the Christ and the immortal hope,
He pressed the hand, and said "Goodbye, dear sir,
I hope to meet you in the sunny skies."
When thinking of his distant absent son,
He said "Assure him of his father's purest love,"
And his last prayer was offered for his boy.
Then pressing kindly his good sister's hand,
When at the gate of death, he said "Farewell!"
His work was done. Then brightening scenes appeared,
And from the earth his spirit soared on high
To be with his Redeemer and his God.

CLARA LUCAS BALFOUR.

FROM the *Christian Times* we learn that Mrs. Balfour, who was born in Hampshire, December 21st, 1808, passed her early days in the Isle of Wight, but her father dying, she came to London with her mother, and after a short stay at a ladies' school at Woodford, Essex, she was married in September, 1824, to Mr. James Balfour, whose own life has been one of varied vicissitude and interest, and who is now approaching the close of his 82nd year.

On the 16th of October, 1837, she signed the Temperance pledge, an event charged with unspeakable good to thousands, and at once assisted in carrying on a female society at Chelsea, where she then resided. Here *her first* public addresses were delivered, and her pen

became engaged in contributing to Temperance periodicals. But her first literary essay of importance was a masterly pamphlet in 1840, entitled "Common Sense *versus* Socialism," which was widely circulated by the friends of religion in a district where the disciples of Mr. Owen were very energetic. This pamphlet broke up their confederacy; and so much was it the topic of conversation that the then obscure writer was sought out by Mrs. Carlyle, the accomplished wife of the well-known "philosopher of Chelsea." In the same year she wrote two caustic replies to opponents of the Temperance principle, who had incontinently put their objections into print; and it was while editing the *Temperance Beacon* that Mrs. Balfour first became conscious of that power of clothing truth in fairy fancy's dress, which has since instructed and delighted myriads of her countrymen. Her first Temperance story was entitled "The Victim," and was followed by other tales published in the *Teetotal Magazine* and *Temperance Journal*, some of which were of singular interest and power, but are, it is feared, irretrievably lost. In 1841 a volume of Temperance contributions, prose and poetic, appeared under the title of the "Garland of Water Flowers;" and in the autumn of the same year, Mrs. Balfour entered upon the course of public lecturing by which her name has become a "household word" in every part of the kingdom.

As an author, Mrs. Balfour's writings, if collected, would fill many volumes. Her contributions to weekly and monthly journals have been uninterrupted for nearly thirty years; and if special mention need be made of any such, this reference may perhaps most fitly have respect to the *Band of Hope Review* and *British Workman*, where her articles (sometimes, but not always, with her initials) have appeared year after year, to charm and edify their multitudinous readers. Her Temperance tales, of which the "Burnish Family" may be taken as a type, abound in graphic delineations of scenery and character, and are admirable specimens of the purest style of fiction, where the exciting element (which, when

it runs wild, is sheer sensationalism) is strictly subordinated to artistic rules and moral ends. "Morning Dewdrops," a book designed to promote total abstinence among the young, remains without an equal for the fulness of its information, and the attractive form in which it is presented. But not alone as a Temperance writer has Mrs. Balfour earned the laurel wreath.

Her "Women of Scripture," one of her earliest productions, has passed through several editions. "Moral Heroism," "Working Women of the Last Half Century," and "Uphill Work" are examples of "teaching by example," which in skilful hands is ever fresh and useful. "Happy Evenings" and "Sketches of English Literature" belong to another class of composition, where the faculty of presenting imaginative pictorial embellishment and effect comes more powerfully into play. Some of Mrs. Balfour's poetical productions are, as might be expected, of peculiar merit, but no collection of them has yet been made.

It was not till the end of August, 1877, that her health so seriously failed as to excite the alarm of her dearest friends. Medical investigation proved the existence of an internal tumour, whose existence threatened shortly to terminate the life of the sufferer; and though these fears were not at once realized, it was evident that no hope of recovery could be entertained. Months of weariness and pain succeeded, relieved only by the attentions of a devoted daughter and the most assiduous nursing. But the end at length came, at an hour past midnight on the morning of July 3rd, when she calmly breathed out her spirit into the hands of Him who gave it. She is survived by three sons and one daughter (Cecil), the wife of the Rev. Dawson Burns. An autobiography, coming down to her public life, was composed by Mrs. Balfour some years ago, and, with a narrative of later events, may be given to the world.

On Monday, July 8th, 1878, besides seventeen near relatives and a faithful domestic, a considerable number *of friends assem*bled in Paddington Cemetery, to pay a

tribute of respect to one so deservedly beloved. The funeral service was impressively conducted by the Rev. D. Todd, of Forest Hill. The remains are deposited in a brick grave, very near to that of Mrs. Balfour's late long-attached friend and pastor, Dr. Jabez Burns.

Last Sunday evening a memorial sermon was delivered in Church Street Chapel, Edgware Road, with which Mrs. Balfour had been connected for thirty-eight years, by the Rev. Dawson Burns, M.A., who took for his text the words (Heb. vi. 12) "That ye be not slothful, but followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises." The congregation was very large, and the consciousness of a common sympathy added greatly to the impressiveness of the discourse.

As sinks the glowing sun to rise again
With morning glory in the Eastern sky,
So sank the trusting spirit of our friend,
To rise and shine in the Eternal Day.
When heroines were few in our good cause,
And those who had the courage to abstain
Were treated with derision and contempt,
She pleaded for it with a noble zeal—
With words persuasive, kind and eloquent—
And in the sacred passion of her song,
Pleaded, as gifted souls can only plead,
With tenderness or force, and love and fire—
Pleaded in Poesy's exalted strains,
And with an unction which appeared divine,
She offered up her sacrifice and prayers.
Standing betwixt the living and the dead,
A moral glory fell upon her soul;
And so she walked through living pastures green,
Passing by waters pellucid and still,
Or listening to the choral song of birds,
Or feasting on the waving trees and flowers,
She felt the Temperance spirit all around,
And with a rapture poets only know,
Hailed the bright dawning of that better day,

When England's sons and daughters would arise
To free themselves from the enslaving ills
Which follow in the wake of alcohol.
Through circles where her welcome presence shone,
The secret of her life spread mystic charms;
Her sparkling wit was piercing as the light,
And, like the light, gentle and genial.
In all her varied efforts could be seen
A brilliant intellect of strength and power;
And while with affluence her numbers flowed,
They all were burdened with momentous truths,
Showing at once the depth and grasp of mind
By which they had been nurtured and matured.
Her sentences were mental melodies;
With precious truths her mind was richly stored,
So that in nearly all the realms of thought,
She seemed to be familiar and at home.
She loved the cause for which she strove so well,
And those who listened to her fond appeals,
Who saw her face aglow with rich content,
And heard her words in dulcet measures fall,
And felt the inspiration of her soul,
Will not forget her pure and chastened style,
Nor how with voice so silver-toned and mild,
She wrought persuasion in the hearts of men.
I have before me while I pen these lines,
Her fine eulogium of the flowing stream;
For when she wrote, her joyous spirit felt
The sacred impulse of a holy power.
She heard all sounds of this grand element,
And viewed in it all shades of changing light,
And in the higher world she saw it flow
In living streams from the eternal throne.
When the O'Connell in the great hall stood,
Avowing his intention to abstain,
She hailed the declaration with delight,
And when she looked upon the assembled throng,
And heard the thunders of its great applause,
She thought the day of victory had come;

But lest the early workers in our cause,
Should in some sense be cast into the shade,
In flowing verse she honoured them, and said,
"What though their brows were dewed with toil,
These were the bravest sons of Britain's soil."
Though greatly gifted with ideal power,
Which threw its charms around her hallowed [thoughts,
In metaphysics, and in all the points
Of logical sequence she was expert,
And keenly analysed the sceptic's creed,
And with sound reason, searching and astute,
Scattered the foibles of the Social school,
And vindicated all the attributes
Of God's great justice, mercy, truth and love;
Both in the beauties of this fallen world,
And in the boundless treasures of His grace.
Ever a lady in the truest sense,
A social queen, and glory of her sex,
Who spoke with gentleness and Christian love,
And wielded well her pen for truth and God.
A mother—blessed with children good and true;
A wife—most fondly loved and prized by him
Who has been valiant in our moral cause,
And lives to mourn her absence from his side.
Great God of love! help thou our aged friend,
Now left so lonely in the eve of life,
Uphold, sustain, protect and comfort him,
And though his mortal sight is sealed in gloom,
Shine all around him with Thy light divine,
That he by precious faith may clearly see
The golden glories of the Better Land.
His priceless wife has left these lower scenes,
To live above where all things are divine,
And if we follow in the path she trod,
We shall behold her in the light of God.

WILLIAM JOHN BARLOW.

THE *Temperance Record*, of February 1st and 8th, 1877, says:—We write under the pressure of a heavy sorrow, our dear friend William John Barlow, one of the best specimens of Christian manhood we ever knew, and a Temperance worker who had few equals for intelligence, fidelity and persistency, passed away on Tuesday, January 30th, 1877, after a week's illness, in his fifty-fifth year. For nearly twenty years Mr. Barlow was one of the most useful members of the Committee of the National Temperance League, to which he rendered an amount of ungrudging service that none but his colleagues in the Committee could fully appreciate, and he has also been the chief Honorary Secretary, since its commencement, of the Congregational Total Abstinence Society, and its Committee, held on Tuesday last, was the last he ever attended. We mourn as though we had lost a brother, but we know that our loss will be his eternal gain. He was buried at Abney Park Cemetery, on Thursday last; a few of his friends assembled around his open grave to manifest their affectionate respect for a memory that will long be lovingly cherished by many besides those who were present on that melancholy occasion. The company included Messrs. John and Matthew Ambler, the executors of the deceased; Mr. J. M. Ambler, Mr. Dyer, husband of the deceased's eldest sister; Messrs. Hugh Owen, T. B. Smithies, John Taylor, W. R. Selway, Joseph Taylor, Michael Young, J. H. Esterbrooke, R. Rae, and Samuel Sims, of the National Temperance League; and the Rev. J. S. Russell, M.A., of the Congregational Total Abstinence Association. The service was conducted in an appropriate and impressive manner by the Rev. G. Twentyman, M.A., B.D., who, as pastor of our deceased friend,

was well-qualified to speak of his Christian character, and remarked that he had been taken from us in the midst of his years, and in the maturity of his powers, and had left behind him a memory which will long remain fragrant as incense amongst us. Truly it might be said of him, "He was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost." In looks, action and speech, he always manifested the spirit of his Divine Master, whom he so much loved. In an unobtrusive and unostentatious manner he served his generation, and now he has fallen asleep; and though we deeply mourn his loss, we would not wake him, if we could. His motto was "For me to live is Christ, to die is gain." And now he is with Him, which is far better. He was a true philanthropist, a lover of men. The blessing of Him that was ready to perish oft came upon him, and he caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. He was eyes to the blind, and feet to the lame, and a father to the poor, and a comforter to the distressed. He always bore about in his body the marks of the dying of the Lord Jesus, and the life of Jesus was manifest in his daily life. Looking down upon us from the heights of glory, he is now crying, "Work while it is day—the night cometh when no man can work." These and other points respecting Mr. Barlow, were amplified in a sermon preached by Mr. Twentyman to a numerous congregation, on Sunday evening last, in the Congregational Chapel, Barnet.

As gentle forces are impelling powers,
Which cause the changing seasons to appear,
And all the blended hues and graceful forms,
Filling our spirits with admiring love:
So gentleness, in our beloved friend,
Mingled with calm resolve, and purpose true,
Impelled his soul to high and noble deeds,
In the fair spheres of Christian enterprise,
By which the needy poor were comforted.
And thus he quietly pursued his course
By the still waters, and through pleasant ways,

That many sons and daughters of distress,
Who lived in wretchedness, and want, and crime,
Might rise to righteousness, and joy, and peace.
He felt more deeply than his tongue could tell;
And when he spoke, his words were choice and few,
And came directly from his loving heart.
His solemn love for the Divinely true,
Made him a stranger to a trifling thought.
Our friend was eloquent; not by the choice
Of well-selected and harmonious words,
But in the unfolding of the simple truth,
And in the virtue of a blameless life,
Which rests upon no momentary applause,
It is the eloquence which cannot die.
In manners mild, but in convictions firm, [faith,
Reverent in thought, and blessed with precious
He fondly knew in whom he had believed;
And so he travelled in the radiant light
Shed from the glory of the Morning Star.
He hailed pure Temp'rance with a boundless joy,
And, prompted by a deep, devoted love,
He never ceased to make its blessings known;
And while he told of its reforming power,
He pleaded for it at the Throne of Grace.
Father of love! God of eternal life! [dark,
Shine through the cloud which looks so dense and
And let Thy light illume the saddened way
Of the afflicted and bereavèd ones;
Sustain and guide them with Thine own right arm,
And gently lead them by the living streams,
And satisfy them with the bread of life.
Speak kindly to them in their deepest grief,
And with them in their loneliness abide;
Speak to their souls Thy gracious words of peace,
And let them feel that Thou art ever near. [scenes,
Be Thou their guide through all earth's changing
Outstretch the Husband's and the Father's hand,
And let them feel Thy promise is fulfilled,
That Thou wilt lovingly protect and bless
Alike the widow and the fatherless.

WILLIAM BATCHELOR,

MEMBER OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS, AND LICENTIATE IN MEDICINE.

WILLIAM BATCHELOR, surgeon, of Dunstable, was one of the first and most active advocates of Temperance in the county of Beds. He was born in the village of Lidlington, not far from Bedford. After the birth of William, his father removed to Toddington, in the same county, where he kept a boarding school, and where his son had all the advantages of a sound classical and practical education. At an early age, he was articled to Dr. Chapman, of Ampthill, and subsequently he took up his residence in the town of Dunstable, where for several years he adorned his profession by the kindness, attention, and skill which he manifested to his patients, and became, both in the town and surrounding country, one of the most popular of his order. He married Miss Fitzpatrick, with whom he lived very happily for a few years, but in the prime of her life she was taken away. On the 2nd of March, 1834, he married Miss Susannah Gutteridge, fourth daughter of Mr. Richard Gutteridge, who was an earnest and active teetotaller, and who died October 19th, 1860. In carrying out the principles of strict Temperance, Mr. Batchelor had to contend with a strong and powerful opposition. He was doctor to the poor at the Luton Union Workhouse, and because he could not conscientiously nor scientifically recommend the patients alcoholic drinks, he was in reality expelled from that office. He was the first medical man with whom I had the honour of working in the Temperance cause. We rode and walked and talked together. But in consequence of a violent fever, he was very suddenly removed from us in February, 1843. On Sunday morning, March 5th, 1843, the Rev. Daniel Gould

preached a funeral sermon, from John xi. 11 and 14, to a large and deeply impressed congregation, for all the people felt that a great and good man had been taken from their midst; and the same good minister preached another sermon on the same subject in the Temperance Hall, on March 9th, on John iii. 3. A tablet was erected in the Temperance Hall, which is now removed to the Baptist Chapel, with the following inscription :—

ERECTED TO THE MEMORY

OF

WILLIAM AND SUSANNAH BATCHELOR,

By a few friends of the Temperance Cause,
in Dunstable.

William Batchelor was a man of singular moral courage, he dared to do right in the face of his own personal interests, and loved the well-being of the poor better than the false praises of the rich. As medical officer of the Dunstable district of the Luton Union, extended experience had taught him that strong drink was the curse of the working classes, and he devoted his best energies to relieving them from it, both by precept and example; and as a self-denying Christian, powerfully aided in all his efforts by an amiable and pious wife.

Their various feelings, hopes, enjoyments,
Blended below in sweetest harmony;
Death for a moment severed, but now
In heaven their happy souls unite
To swell the triumphs of Redeeming Love.

We hailed him at our meetings as a friend,
For in the early dawn of our reform,
When all his brethren in the healing art
Were recommending spirits, beer, and wine,
As cures for almost all the ills of life,
He saw the uselessness of such a course;

And after much examination, proved
That alcohol was in its nature bad,
And quite unfit for medicine or food.
He analysed the porter and the port,
And to his great astonishment, descried
That both were destitute of elements
Which can give strength to body, mind, or soul.
And as the truths of science were revealed
Into a firmer form and fuller light,
He did not shrink to make them widely known,
And to assure his patients and his friends
That if they wished the blessing of good health,
They must forego intoxicating drinks.
He was a clever man, and good, and true,
Kind hearted, pleasant, liberal, and wise,
His patients loved him as they loved a friend,
And some, whose sufferings brought them near to death,
At his arrival would look up and smile.
He knew the sorrows of the afflicted poor,
And promptly ministered to their relief;
And many of the affluent and rich
Knew well the divers talents he possessed,
And in no measured terms increased his fame.
He read, and wrote, and worked, and spoke
For practical and simple Temperance.
And when he took the analysed contents
Of two most popular intoxicants
To a physician of immense renown,
He raised his hands in wonder and surprise,
That what he had so long prescribed as good,
Should prove to be so useless and so bad.
In utterance he was rapid yet distinct,
His speech was always clear and to the point,
Not marred by clap-trap, nor unkind remarks;
His sentences were links in one great chain,
And from his lips the truths of science flowed,
And feeling quite enamoured with his theme,
Presuming those who heard were quite convinced,
He would with greatest confidence assert,

"We must believe them, friends, for they are facts."
But very soon a fever seized his frame,
And though a week had barely passed away,
The news went forth to all the country round
That this good man was numbered with the dead.
Deep and bewailing heartfelt sighs were heard,
And many eyes were sorrowfully dim,
And many earnest prayers went up to God,
That the dear widow in her loneliness
Might be supported, comforted, and blessed.
And in the house of Prayer the people met
To listen to the sermon and the songs;
And when they prayed they reverently said,
"Not ours, O Lord, but let Thy will be done."
When this dark shadow fell upon the town,
The text selected from the sacred Word,
In terms of solemn eloquence proclaimed
That clouds and darkness were around His throne;
And while the preacher talked of Providence,
And of His footsteps in the hidden deeps,
And how His ways are far past finding out,
And how what now we know not, we shall know,
The hearers, lifting up their voices, wept.
Deep are the mysteries involved in death,
And deeper still the mysteries of life,
The life which is eternal and divine;
Which is the boon the gospel freely gives.
And when in wisdom God removes our friends,
Causing a grief not easily expressed,
It is that they may live and reign with Him.
And should we question His all-wise designs,
Or dare to murmur at His holy will,
The Holy Spirit speaks and says, "Be still."

REV. FRANCIS BEARDSALL.

REV. FRANCIS BEARDSALL. This laborious and useful Temperance advocate was born September 6th, 1799, in the Tontine Inn, Sheffield, then kept by his grandfather. He said of his ancestry, "I am a regular descendant from the drinking trade on both sides of my parents. My father wasted his father's large estate, and fell a victim to intemperance." Mr. Beardsall subsequently became attached to the General Baptists, and having studied in the Theological Academy of that denomination, accepted a charge at Oak Street, Manchester, July 12th, 1834. There he became acquainted with the advanced Temperance principle which had been advocated in Manchester by a Preston deputation in the July of 1833, and the system of entire abstinence meeting with his cordial approval, he signed the teetotal pledge, September 6th, 1834. He forthwith commenced a society in connection with his place of worship, and writing on the 22nd November, reported that five meetings had been held, and that seventy-four persons had signed the teetotal, and twenty-four the limitation (anti-spirit) pledge. All the committee were teetotallers. On or about the 26th of February, 1835, the latter pledge was expunged from the society's books, and the teetotal one alone presented for signature. Mr. Beardsall was under the impression that in this ejection of the old pledge he had set the first example; and in a letter from his widow to the present writer, it is said—"He always spoke with peculiar pleasure of the Oak Street Society, having been the first to abandon the drink-permitting pledge, and allow only the teetotal one." That Mr. Beardsall did not follow any known example, but acted spontaneously, is thus quite clear; but it is certain that the palm of priority must be assigned to the Young Men's Preston

Society, formed in April, 1834, on the entire abstinence plan, and it is equally certain that at Lancaster and other places, new societies, on the same principle, had been formed previous to the end of February, 1835. Nothing, however, could surpass Mr. Beardsall's devotion to the Temperance cause as a means of benefiting the bodies, souls and homes of the people. His attention being drawn to the sacramental wine question, and to the desirability of providing an unfermented species to supersede the intoxicating kinds in common use, he not only advocated the change, but manufactured an unfermented wine, of which 5000 bottles were sold between 1837 and 1841. The recipe followed is not known to the writer. Mr. Beardsall published, in 1840, a treatise on the wine question; and, writing to a friend, March 24th, 1841, he said—"I have now two bottles of wine uncorked, having kept them for months in a fermenting temperature. I tried it yesterday, yet it is still unfermented. This is triumphant. See the statement in my reply to the Rev. Mr. Bromley, page 12. Whatever may be the kind of *improvement* which wine, 'properly fermented,' undergoes 'with age,' I know that the wine I prepare—'the juice of the grape unfermented' does improve with age. It becomes more mellow by the final deposit of the acid; and although my first preparations were imperfect, by experiment I have found out the means, perhaps the best, by which I obtain a beautiful transparent wine, which, I believe, will keep for fifty years without fermentation. I have wine in my possession three years old, perfectly good. I tested some wine sold as mine by parties I do not supply. It contained about twelve per cent. of alcohol. This is too bad. Evil reports of my wines arise from fictitious wines prepared by other persons." That pure unfermented wine can be produced is placed beyond dispute. [See GLEUKOS, LORD'S SUPPER.] In 1837 he published a New Temperance Hymn Book, containing 200 hymns and songs. The *Temperance Star*, commenced in 1838, *was, we believe*, under Mr. Beardsall's control, and in

1841 he became a founder and president of the "Manchester and Salford Institution for propagating teetotalism on Christian principles." In the midst, however, of intense activity and unusual usefulness, he grew desirous of leaving England for America, influenced in part by the antipathy to Temperance societies evinced by some leading ministers of his own Christian denomination. Arrangements were therefore made, and on May 13th, 1842, he embarked for New York. The voyage was protracted, and his sufferings from sea sickness great, but he was buoyed up by a strong hope of years to come; and it was not, writes his widow, till "about three hours before his death that the possibility of such a termination to his sickness was referred to. Then it was said, 'If such were the case, you have a good hope of eternal life and glory?' and he answered, with strong emphasis—'Yes, through Christ!'" But it was not until twenty minutes before he ceased to breathe that he ceased to think of a life of service on earth as yet awaiting him. Almost within sight of land he died, June 25th, 1842, and his body was laid in the deep Atlantic, amid the tears that Christians shed. The tidings of his decease caused much pain in England, and testimonies to his self-sacrificing spirit were borne on every hand. His abilities were considerable, and his attachment to principle sublime. It is truly said by the one who knew him best—"Ardent and sanguine—influenced by no self-seeking, but by love to Christ and his fellow-men, he spared not himself, nor counted his own life dear if only he could be instrumental in saving others."

Sorrow and sadness, hopefulness and joy,
On either hand meet the believing soul.
And he will learn this strange perplexing truth,
Some who have striven not have had success,
And those who have, have with reverses met.
The good old Book informs us of the fact,
The race sometimes is not unto the swift,
Nor is the battle to the brave and strong;

And there are many in their conflicts here
Have neither met with conquest nor reward.
So we opine there is another state,
Where all shall be, according to their works,
Rightly adjudged by the Eternal God,
In equity and truth and righteousness.
This good, devoted, Christian-minded man,
Saw the first gleamings of the dawning light,
Which showed the evil nature of strong drink;
And in that light he lived and worked and hoped,
Knowing for God he could not work in vain.
Though darkly fell upon his soul a gloom,
He had a faith reverses could not kill,
That not long hence the happy time would come
When our most highly favour'd land would be
Rescued from drink's debauching misery.
He had the courage to proclaim the truth
When almost all men thought him nearly mad.
When kings and queens, and priests and people too,
Were loving and belauding alcohol.
And all enamoured with the strange belief
That they of it must take a little sup,
To keep their flagging, drooping spirits up.
Ever persistent in his great resolve,
He looked for brighter and more cheerful days;
He knew the nature of alluring drinks,
And how they tempted to a fearful gloom;
He knew the seething, dark, destructive pit,
And fire and smoke by which they were evolved;
He felt the sinfulness of the great wrong
Of turning the good blessings of our God,
As barley, oats, or wheat, or precious grapes,
Into the drinks which scarcely can do good,
But which for ever stand in dread array,
Against the peace and happiness of man.
A sterling teacher of the Preston school,
And not conferring with his flesh or blood,
He spoke the truth, which gave offence to some;
Then came the opposition fierce and strong,

And Christian drinkers rallied round the drink,
And eulogized it as a gift divine.
Now let me venture to record the fact,
That for the love of truth, this godly man,
Into such pressing narrow straits was brought,
That he was bound to look for other spheres,
Where he and his might find their daily bread.
And so, upon the Atlantic's troubled waves,
He and his loved ones sailed for Western Ho!
For he had heard the cause he loved so well
Would be esteemed a Christian virtue there,
And not expose him to insult or wrong.
And so he said farewell, and left our shores;
But not to reach the land he had in view,
For on the sea a sickness him befell,
Which proved to be a sickness unto death:
And so, amidst the wild and foaming waves
Our friend and brother found a peaceful grave.
Was he a martyr for the cause he loved?
We will not hastily affirm the fact,
Yet strongly feel inclined to answer, yes.
His leaving cast a shadow on our land,
Which told of persecution, dire and sad.
He was a good man, brave, reliant, true,
He hated alcohol, and turned from it,
While some who loved it, turned away from him,
And left this Christian man to pine and die.
Why have we not such opposition now?
Because good men like him have cleared the way,
And brought us from a darkness deep, profound,
Into the light and peace of God's great love.
He was the first to publish Temperance hymns,
And they are sung, and certes will be sung,
So long as our victorious flag shall wave
Over the generous and the truly brave.
We linger o'er the memory of our friend;
His solemn warnings fall upon our ears,
His eyes still flash with pure and holy fire,
And still we hear his deep pathetic tones,

With which he told the solemnizing truth
Of man's prostration by the mocking drink.
And if his tones and gestures still survive,
Who then can doubt but his clear intellect
Will live above, in those bright scenes afar
Where Jesus shines "the Bright and Morning Star?"

THOMAS BEAUMONT.

THOMAS BEAUMONT was a highly respected surgeon of Bradford, Yorkshire, who after a most exemplary and useful life died, on Sunday, October 16th, 1859, in the sixty-fifth year of his age. Mr. Beaumont was highly gifted by nature, and the faculties with which he was endowed he had well and diligently cultivated. In his profession he was eminent, and in his position as a citizen and member of the town council he was not less distinguished. He was connected with most of the benevolent institutions of the town, and his persuasive eloquence will long be remembered by those who had the pleasure of listening to his appeals. He was a warm and sincere advocate of the Temperance cause, and from his professional knowledge and the fact of his having been a teetotaller for more than thirty years, he felt he could speak with some degree of authority. He greatly deplored the physical, mental and moral evils which resulted from the taking of tobacco, and was announced to lecture on that subject, but before the time announced had arrived he had departed in peace, and was numbered *with the dead.*

With well-formed brain and active mental power,
He studied well the nature of strong drinks,
But at that time the surgeons of our land
Were to their patients of whatever age,
Commending and prescribing alcohol.
But this good man did almost stand alone,
When undeterred by scorn or ridicule
He recommended the teetotal plan,
Not only to the healthy and the strong
But to the patients sensitive and weak,
Who were entrusted to his skill and care.
We heard him censure, in no measured terms,
The foolish, reckless practices of those
Who plied their patients, weak and feverish,
With irritating, fiery alcohol.
He did not say intoxicants might not
In cases rare and most exceptional
Be sparely given with some good results ;
But his experience led him to believe
That scarcely ever was it wise to give
A compound which might either kill or cure.
Good Henry Mudge, of great and high repute,
A Cornish surgeon, well and widely known,
Debated at some length this knotty point,
Stating that he had long determined not
In any case to recommend strong drinks.
And Doctor Higginbottom, who for more
Than fifty years of abstinence
From all deceptive thirst creating draughts,
Affirmed, although his practice had been large,
He never gave his patients alcohol.
And by his cases was prepared to show
That his successes in the healing art
Were quite as great, and he thought greater far,
Than those whose plan had been from his diverse.
These men are dead, but their good deeds do live
And utter to the world important truths.
They shone as lights when darkness reigned around,
And struck the key-note of that great Reform,

When not the drunkards only shall abstain,
But when the surgeons and physicians all
Shall cease to recommend the fatal drinks;
And priests and prophets with the people join
To wash their hands from this polluting curse.
The earth will see a brighter, better day,
When in its heavenly march the sun shall shine
Upon a sober and a ransomed world.
The three great men to whom we have referred,
Did neither chew the nauseating weed
Nor smoke the pipe, nor Havannah cigar.
Living like men they died in holy love
Of Him who sent his Son to die for them,
That they might ever laud the Great Amen.

WILLIAM BISCOMBE.

THIS good and worthy advocate of Temperance died on Sunday, October 16th, 1846, after suffering from repeated attacks of paralysis. We heard him speak wisely and well in Exeter Hall, and he appeared to be quite master of his subject; and he is reputed to have been no ordinary or common man. He was quite at home with the logical and educated members of society, and those who had the pleasure of his company would always treat him with the greatest respect. As a public advocate his lectures and speeches were full of good sense and solid argument, and a rich vein of patriotism and piety ran through all he said. His principal *forte was humour, in* which he was excelled by few. He was

once a great drunkard, but for twelve years he employed his talents in the service of God and man, and at eventide it was light with him.

In the first dawnings of our hopeful cause,
When mists and clouds began to disappear,
This worthy friend, with soul elate, beheld
For England and the world a better day.
He had been burdened with the drunkard's chain,
Its links of fire had burnt into his heart;
And no strong arm was used to liberate
His spell-bound body, mind, estate or soul,
From the grim tyranny of alcohol.
At length the loving angel Temperance
Bade him look up and hope; and doing this
She broke his chains and set his spirit free.
And when from such enthralment he arose,
He felt good hope and strength had come again;
And gravely vowed that by the Eternal Help,
He would oppose the ruthless, tyrant foe,
And with strong faith he put his armour on,
And during life he fought the battle well,
And when he could not work he hoped and prayed.
He was a calm opponent of strong drink,
Which firstly by its tempting smile allures,
Then mocks and bites and stings, deceives and kills.
Though frequently discouraged and opposed,
He faltered not, but with persistent zeal
Proclaimed alike to friends as well as foes,
The scientific and eternal truths,
That alcoholic drink, wherever found,
Should be avoided as an evil thing.
He had an intellect as clear as light,
And the strong feelings of his loving heart,
Prompted the utterance of sacred truths;
And many listening to his strong appeals,
Resolved henceforth the tempting drink to shun.
He toiled as one who worked for noble ends,
Until at last his wasting frame gave way.

When death approached he saw his Father smile,
And felt the gentle guidance of His hand;
So when his time on earth had fully come,
With a full hope aglow with light and love,
His happy spirit soared to realms above.

GEORGE BLABY.

MANY of our readers, says the *Temperance Record*, of October, 1875, will learn with regret that after a somewhat lengthened illness, Mr. George Blaby passed away on October 26th, 1875. Mr. Blaby has been connected with the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union almost from its origin in 1855, and remained an agent until his death. He was greatly beloved by the children of the Band of Hope. He sang to them and they sang to him, and then they all sang together; and he was always ready to visit the poor, and to speak words of comfort and consolation to the afflicted and the dying, and few men, if any, have had the interest of the Band of Hope movement more at heart than our deceased friend. He was a very acceptable speaker at Temperance meetings, as well as a well-known preacher amongst the religious body with which he was connected. He was born January 9th, 1828, at Fareham. He passed away in peace and hope, October 26th, and was buried in Brompton Cemetery, October 30th. The officiating minister was the Rev. J. W. McCree.

The Band of Hope has lost an ardent friend,
And its young members will, with tearful eyes,

Fondly and lovingly remember him,
Their valued teacher, helper, friend, and guide.
We have not often met, but when we did
We felt as one in this great enterprise.
Oft have I heard and read of his good work,
Which had been wisely, well, and nobly done.
Prompted by love, and filled with faith and hope,
And looking far beyond the scenes of time,
He waited for the coming of his Lord.
His mission was to move the tender hearts,
And lead the children from an evil way,
Along the path which leads to truth and God.
And when encircled by the hopeful ones,
He spoke in earnest but in manly strains
Of purity, and peace, and Temperance;
And while he showed the small abstaining band
The deadly nature of the mocker wine,
And the false glitter of the tempting glass,
He never failed to point their minds to Him
Whose light illumes the straight and narrow way
Which leads from spheres of sin to realms of bliss.
I know the poor have blessed him in his work,
For they have done it by my own fireside;
I know the smiles of youth have made him glad,
And they in happy homes can testify
That his endeavours were a great success.
He laboured well through life's declining day,
And rested not until his work was done.
His body to its mother earth we give,
Regretting much his absence from our midst,
Yet the brave deeds of this good man shall live
In the affections of the nobly great,
When many lordly names are known no more.
He was a practical and plodding man,
A worker, working with a pure delight;
A plougher, sower, and a reaper too,
Beside all waters, casting precious seeds
Alike in sunshine and in shades of gloom;
And we believe for many years to come,

Rich golden sheaves, while earth and heaven rejoice,
Shall crown the harvest and be gathered in.
I know of none devoted to our cause,
Who constantly have done a better work,
In rightly leading young and hopeful souls,
Into the fair and ever peaceful spheres,
Where all the social, moral virtues grow,
And where angelic voices from above
Declare the praises of redeeming love.

JOHN CLEGG BOOTH.

No one with whom we were acquainted had a more scrupulous regard to conscience than he. With him, what conscience approved of and attested was an obligation; it had all the force of a law, "made sacred, made above all human laws, holding of Heaven alone, of most divine and indefeasible authority;" and he was determined to obey, whatever the consequences might be.

Another peculiar quality in the character of our friend was his strict Integrity. By integrity we do not simply mean sincerity or honesty, but that which the derivation of the word interprets it—wholeness, soundness, uprightness, purity. It is no perversion of the Psalm to say that the life of Mr. Booth was a striking illustration of the description there given of the character of a good man —"He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart. He that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbour, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbour, in whose eyes a vile person is contemned, but he *honoureth them* that fear the Lord."

There were other striking features in the character of the deceased over which we should like to linger, but must content ourselves with saying he was generous and warm-hearted, and was ever ready to help the needy and those who were struggling to gain a position in the Temperance movement. He was earnest and active, never yielding to fatigue; and on the platform he was exceedingly eloquent, as many of our readers can testify.

His connection with the Temperance movement commenced in 1835, when he signed the pledge at the close of a lecture by the venerable Joseph Livesey. In 1843, the Long Pledge Teetotal Association was formed in Bradford, and Mr. Booth's name stands first on the pledge-book of that association. In 1847, Mr. Booth left home to fulfil an engagement as a Temperance agent in the eastern counties. We remember hearing him address a meeting on his way to Suffolk, where he was about to labour, and shall never forget the enthusiasm created by that address. Suffice it to say that his labours in the Suffolk and Essex districts proved a great success.

In 1853, Mr. Booth became an agent of the British Temperance League; and since that time, with the exception of a brief interval during which he was engaged in business, he continued to labour under their direction,—and a more faithful, honest, and self-sacrificing labourer never entered into the service of any association. No task was too hard for him to perform, no sacrifice was too great to be cheerfully made, so that he could only accomplish good. None but those who have had the direction of his labours know how much time he devoted to Christian work over and above what was required of him as an agent of the League. Through his instrumentality blessings unnumbered have visited the abodes of wretchedness and want. The name of J. C. Booth was like oil poured out in numberless English homes, and thousands of hearts will be made sorrowful by the intelligence of his comparatively early death. We know

of no one who was more beloved and respected, and deservedly so, for during the twenty-six years of his public life he carried sunshine into every place he visited, and never left a shade of sorrow behind him.

During his illness his sufferings were severe, but he bore them with remarkable fortitude and Christian resignation. At 5 o'clock on Thursday morning, April 24th, he breathed his last, and landed safely "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." "Nothing in his life became him like the leaving it." His remains were laid in the Cemetery at York. A host of sorrowing friends attended the funeral; and while the Rev. J. S. Balmer—an old companion in arms—addressed the people in the chapel, and Joseph Thorp, Esq., the esteemed president of the League, spoke to the mourners at the grave side, the audible sobs and the fast-falling tears evinced the sincerity of their grief. As it was said of the Master when He stood at the grave-side of His friend Lazarus, so it might be said of them—"Behold, how they loved him!" F. A.

When the sun's glory filled the summer sky,
And joyous birds sang out their songs of praise,
After a walk through sunshine and of shade,
We paid a visit to our valued friend,
For we had heard of his great sufferings,
And some were fearful that his public life
Was well nigh closed, and his departure near.
Long had he laboured in our growing cause,
Taxing his physical and mental powers
In the elucidation of that truth,
Which glitters in the gentle drop of dew,
And sparkles brightly in the distant star.
In his career he followed in the course
Of Wesley, Whitfield, Hall, and other men,
Who in the open air have preached and prayed,
That those who sit in darkness might have light
To lead their souls to happiness and God.
The constant strain which such an effort caused,

Brought a great pressure on the bronchial tube,
And so the whispered words he tried to speak,
Were spoken with an effort and a pain,
Until at last, to save his life awhile,
A painful operation was performed;
So by the aid of an inserted tube,
He slowly took his life-sustaining food.
We saw him in the morning of that day,
Before the surgeon had applied his skill,
And after he had passed through such a trial,
We had the joy of seeing him again;
We found him cheerful, and the rays of hope
Shone on his well-known happy-looking face;
And a word spoken showed his soul to be
Strong and abiding in the faith and hope
Of what he called the good and grand old cause.
While in the shades of eve we journeyed home,
Our thoughts reverted to the seasons past,
And how through many years of active life,
He had with all the talents he possessed,
Whether in schoolrooms, halls, or open air,
Opposed the drinking customs of our land;
And by convincing and persuasive speech
Allured his hearers into pleasant paths,
Where fruits and flowers in great profusion grow,
And where no venomed reptile bites or stings.
In thinking, he was pertinent and clear;
In logic, all his premises were seen,
And his conclusions none could well evade.
His illustrations—quaint, but natural,
And all his numerous comparisons
Were playful, witty, grave, and full of point.
His hearers lingered long upon his words,
And our good cause a host of converts gained.
May He who rules by wisdom infinite,
Sustain the widow and the fatherless;
And when they think how peacefully he died,
May the True Light upon their pathway shine,
And Jesus ever their salvation be,
In life, *in death, and* through eternity.

REV. JABEZ BURNS, D.D.

Dr. Jabez Burns was born in the town of Oldham, in Lancashire, in the early part of the present century. The father was a local preacher of considerable acceptance among the Wesleyans. The mother was one of those Christian women whose character gives dignity to the humblest dwelling. In mind, intellect and person she was recognised as superior, and much esteemed in the society to which she belonged. One of her favourite preachers was the Rev. Jabez Bunting, and in accordance with her wish, her fourth surviving child, born December 18, 1805, was called Jabez.

He resembled his mother in countenance, and to be like her in character was the ambition of his childhood, so that with all his vast fund of animal spirits, he was always obedient and loving to his parents, and long before his actual conversion, was attentive to religious duties. He loved the house of God, was a famous singer of hymns, and indeed extemporizer of sermons in his childhood, and God filled the hearts of friends and neighbours with great admiration for, and kindness to, the little clever motherless boy.

From the age of fifteen he dated his conversion, and the fire of zeal burned so keenly that he was constrained to be a preacher of the truth that had made him free. The boy preacher never wanted an audience. Out in the fields, among young companions in the schoolroom, and soon—too soon, in after life he said—in the pulpit he was seeking to win souls; and at a very early age he became an itinerant preacher among the New Connexion Methodists. Leaving York, he was some time in Bradford, and then went to a bookseller's at Keighley.

He looked much older at that time than he really was.

His reading, his manners, and his office as a preacher, all tended to give him an early maturity, which perhaps accounted for his marriage in his nineteenth year—July, 1824—with Miss Jane Dawson, the daughter of Mr. George Dawson, residing at Keighley, and herself a young and faithful follower of the truth as it is in Jesus.

In the early part of the year 1837 he fully recognised the value of the Temperance pledge. As soon as this conviction struck his mind, with characteristic determination he acted upon and advocated the cause. Brother ministers looked stern, and friends grew cold, but that mattered little to one whose first question ever was, Is it right? Will it do good? Can I ask God's blessing on it? If in the depth of his soul he had a clear answer to those questions, his course was plain, whether praise or blame, loss or gain, were before him.

I remember hearing Jabez Burns speak at a Temperance meeting in Pimlico early in the year 1838. His style then was very startling from the enthusiasm which beamed in his eye and quivered on his lips. If he was opposed, so much the better; sparks of truth flashed forth in the concussion of opinion, and a wonderful readiness of reply, a flashing play of wit—none the less wit because it was often deep wisdom—would delight and instruct his hearers.

I was present at the first Temperance sermon preached in Church Street Chapel. Then, this was a great novelty, and gave offence to many. Now, Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's have heard Temperance advocated as an auxiliary—a most powerful auxiliary to the Gospel. The pulpits of the Metropolitan Tabernacle and Surrey Chapel, and other well-known centres of devotional influence, have not merely permitted, but promoted the teaching of Temperance truth as an important part of true Christian ethics; but then in 1839 it was in the pulpit of the Baptist chapel in Church Street that the key-note was bravely struck. Every year since, until the autumn before his lamented death, he kept up the custom of denouncing the sin of intemperance, and holding out

the helping hand of total abstinence to the falling or the fallen.

In the early part of 1875 Mr. Burns was not well. But neither he nor his friends felt alarmed. He retained a wonderful amount of vigour and cheerfulness—indeed, though he lived to complete the threescore and ten years the Psalmist assigns as the usual limit of man's life, he really never grew old. His healthy complexion, firm step, and vivacious manner seemed to promise a long continuance of life. The first intimation of serious mischief was a fainting fit, November, 1874, when giving a Temperance lecture at his chapel. From that time weakness of the heart was feared. In the summer of 1875 he felt himself so well that he was unwilling to take the rest he needed. It was reluctantly that he yielded to the wishes of his family, and did not take one of his distant journeys. He evidently had no fears as to his health, and he never preached or lectured with more fervour or acceptance. Had he heard the footsteps of the angel of death behind him, he could not have been more earnest; and some have since remarked that there was a greater gentleness of manner than was common to him. For while great zeal, tenderness, and generosity were his characteristics, patience and gentleness were not his chief excellences. He was too earnest and zealous to be very calm; yet if he ever gave offence, no man more frankly and readily atoned for it, and in the many instances in which he was maligned, and even injured, none more fully and freely forgave.

During the autumn it was apparent that his strength was giving way. Still he worked on, few of the outer circle of his hearers noting any failure. His last pulpit exercise was a funeral sermon on the Rev. W. Brock, D.D., Nov. 21, and the last words he ever uttered in the pulpit he had so long and faithfully filled were—"Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

In the week following, while on his way to a great *Alliance* meeting at Southampton, he was taken ill in the

train, and, getting out at Farnham, fell insensible on the platform, and was carried to the hotel, Mrs. Burns being summoned to him by telegraph. He rallied next day, and though suffering much, was able to be brought home. From that attack he never recovered. Faint gleams of hope appeared, his constitution being so fine; but the citadel of life, the heart, was invaded, and nothing could be done. With wonderful patience, never complaining, he bore his sufferings. Always thinking of his people, he wrote them or dictated for them a weekly letter, to be read from the pulpit, full of affectionate spiritual counsels; and thus leaning on the bosom of his Saviour, and praying for the dear ones of his charge, and the progress of the truths he had devoted himself to, he calmly passed away on the evening of January 31st, 1876.

Can it be true that Jabez Burns is dead—
Our old, respected, and kind-hearted friend,
Whose beaming face, and ever-welcome smile,
Spoke of a soul replete with light and love?
Though the stern fact proclaim the solemn truth,
Yet we can almost hear his well-known voice
Calling to duty and to noble deeds.
Dead! then let my spirit welcome sorrow;
While with a trembling hand and loving heart,
And a full fond remembrance of the past,
I memorise a brother and a man.
A brother in our good old Temperance cause;
A closer brother in the name of Him
To whom we look for consolation here,
And for the glory in the life to come.
A friend, a manly friend, with open hand
And open heart he loved, and so did we;
His useful life was one great working day;
His spirit lived on manna sent from heaven;
He drank the water from the Living Stream,
And travelled onwards to his high abode.
Why should we mourn? His light shone brightly,

He worked and laboured in his Master's cause;
And toiling well he scattered precious seed,
And God bestowed the fertilizing showers.
Thus he beheld, first the green blade appear,
And after that the full corn in the ear,
Then came the harvest with its golden fruit,
When souls made happy in the love of God
And spirits ripe for heaven were gathered in.
Why should we mourn? Did he not fully preach
The holy, glorious, and soul-saving truth
Of Christ's salvation, rich, and pure, and free?
And who can doubt that while we feel our loss,
His soul is with its Saviour and its God.
With cultured mind, feasting on sacred things,
He spoke with wisdom, eloquence, and power,
And all who listened to his teachings knew
That in his vast and comprehensive range,
His thoughts had traversèd the higher spheres,
Where unseen stars in countless millions shine,
And almost viewless nebulæ reflect
The distant light of blazing brilliant worlds.
He studied wisely well our grand old earth,
Its heights and depths, its mountains and its plains;
And when the eye of keen philosophy
Had marked her mighty changes of the past,
Whether by flowing streams, or raging fires,
He never failed to point the cause to Him
Whose wondrous ways are in the mighty deep,
And whose right hand the universe sustains.
Have we not heard him with a burning zeal
Unfold the love of God to fallen man?
And rising far above all sects and creeds,
And trivial party differences,
Speaking of Jesus in the tenderest tones,
Whose dying love encompassed all mankind.
In writing, he was plain and practical,
And did not scruple to unfold his views
Of God's preknowledge, and of man's freewill,
And much on other themes, which, to our mind,

Is terse, and pure, and bright, and beautiful.
The Church has lost a true and faithful guide;
The Sabbath school, a kind and loving friend;
The Temperance cause, a noble pioneer;
And all the friends of peace and liberty,
An honest, brave, and worthy advocate.
How strangely solemn is the power of death!
How small it makes the great things of the earth,
Turning its gilded glory into gloom,
In whose dread march, sadness and silence reign!
We met the mourners in the house of prayer,
Where all the sable symbols sadly told
The deeply sorrowing hearts, and loving souls,
Who mourned the absence of the one they loved.
The prancing horses of the hearse stood still,
And the beloved deceased was at the door
Where he had laboured for twice twenty years.
The pulpit, pillars, rails, and galleries,
Were shrouded all and spoke of gloom and death.
Then overflowed the tide of pent-up grief,
All hearts were sad, and every eye was dim,
The rich and poor mingled their sighs and tears,
Their hearts with sorrow full, they could not sing,
And the dumb organ spoke of someone dead.
We looked upon the pulpit he had filled,
And at the friends to whom he had appealed;
The young ones there had hung upon his lips,
The aged had been kindly, gently led,
And while he taught them, they could almost see
The fadeless splendours of the higher realms.
But the impressive silence spoke of death,
The solemn prayer had for its burden, death;
And the few words which from the preacher fell,
Proclaimed the presence and the power of death.
But when the mourners recognised the truth
That He who died the death on Calvary
Is now the resurrection and the Life,
And Christ, the Bright and Morning Star appeared,
They knew the *mortal* only could be dead,

The soul immortal was with Christ and God.
Our friend, though dead, yet lives to speak to us,
And all adown the future of our lives
We shall behold his face and hear his voice.
And we will fondly treasure up his thoughts,
And strive to emulate his noble deeds
In the fond hope of meeting him above,
To live for ever with the richly blest,
Where troubles are not, and the weary rest.

ELIHU BURRITT.

A NAME familiar to the men and women of the present generation when they were children, as that of one who broke the "bars of circumstance," and showed to his toiling brothers and sisters, that neither rank, nor caste, nor wealth, are essential to success in life, is now only a memory. The brave, yet gentle, simple-hearted, yet wise old man has gone. He will strike no more sparks from his earthly anvil, but the spiritual touch of his "vanished hand" will be felt by many a generation to come to be full of hope and cheer. And this because he wrought amidst humble surroundings, and owed even more to perseverance than to genius. Born in Connecticut, in 1810, the child of lowly parents, after receiving an elementary education in a common school, Elihu Burritt was apprenticed when he was sixteen to a blacksmith. The years of his apprenticeship were lightened by the study of English literature, and at twenty-one *he was able* to enter upon the study of mathematics.

The spring and summer saw him at the forge, doing as true and honest work as ever Longfellow's blacksmith did, thereby earning enough to allow of his exclusively devoting himself to his studies during the winter. From mathematics he turned to the study of languages. Having become minutely acquainted with Hebrew, he advanced to the study of Syriac, Chaldaic, Arabic, Samaritan and Ethiopic. "Sitting down," to use his own words, "night after night with blistered hands and brightening hopes," he made himself "the learned blacksmith," as he ultimately came to be called. Eastern languages having been mastered, Mr. Burritt turned his attention to Greek, Latin, French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, German, Flemish, Gaelic, Welsh, Celtic, Salvonic, Russian, Danish, Swedish, Norwegian and Icelandic, learning in several instances under native masters. He is said to have acquired in all some fifty languages, rivalling the renowned Mezzofanti. The year 1846 saw Burritt in this country as American Consul in Birmingham, advocating with all the enthusiasm of his ardent nature a "Society of Universal Brotherhood." For Elihu Burritt was much more than a mere bookworm. Having raised himself from the ranks of the people, he sought to render the steep and rough way he had climbed easier for those who lacked his gifts and perseverance. He laboured to establish a higher standard of morals, both public and private, to familiarize nations with the idea of brotherhood, by making travelling cheap and rapid, to improve the social condition of the labouring classes, and to abolish war. The pledge proposed by Elihu Burritt, for universal adoption, with a view to the prevention of war, ran thus: "Believing all war to be inconsistent with the spirit of Christianity, and destructive of the best interests of mankind, I do hereby pledge myself never to enlist or enter any army or navy, or to yield any voluntary support or sanction to the preparations for or prosecution of any war, by whomsoever or for whatsoever purposes declared or waged." Burritt was also an uncompromising foe to intemperance.

His views may be sneered at in certain quarters as Utopian, but never did they need more earnest promulgation than at the present moment.

When first in this great city he appeared,
We heard him speak as he could only speak,
Of freedom, peace, and total abstinence.
And well he merited the cheers of those
Who gave him plaudits welcome, loud and long,
As a true friend to all the human race.
In his fine form could at a glance be seen,
The nervous sensitive held potent sway,
Causing his happy spirit to incline
To what is lovely, chaste and beautiful.
Though he had wielded the great hammer well,
Proofs of the muscular could scarce be seen;
So it appeared to us beyond dispute
The constant labour of the working smith,
Was far too great for so refined a man.
And as his eloquence increased, we thought,
No wonder that he laid the hammer down,
To take in hand his ready facile pen,
From which he caused much brighter sparks to fly
Than ever came from anvil or from forge.
If Moses wrote Leviticus and Job,
We see in one the sternly practical,
And in the other shines on every page
Thoughts, pure and rich, impressive and sublime.
So in a lesser form we clearly see
Our friend Elihu, when his work was o'er,
We mean the work of muscle, not of mind,
Studied the mathematics with success;
This done, he turned his penetrating soul
To make his own a host of dialects,
That he might be familiar with the tongues
Of nearly all the nations of the world.
And so, acquiring knowledge, deep, profound,
In classic lore he stood without a peer.
This was gigantic labour, which required

Patience and plodding, and concentred thought,
Until he found that he could hold discourse
With almost all the learned of the earth.
And after such exhaustive exercise
Of patience, language and comparison,
He gave full play to his poetic powers,
And giving his imagination wings,
He soared in thought above the brilliant stars,
And revelled in the holy and sublime.
Yet he was easy, plain and practical,
Accurate, simple and demonstrative;
Not quite unmindful of the fanciful,
Possessing all the gravity of thought,
And yet as playful as a little child.
With knapsack, staff, and all alone,
From John o' Groats to the Land's End he walked,
And when he thought of suffering and wrong,
He felt a sadness which he could not tell.
We know how much opposed he was to war,
And all the sufferings its woes entail;
And how he hoped the time would shortly come
When swords and spears to ploughshares should be [turned,
And all the nations live in love and peace.
He saw the killing force of alcohol,
By which some brilliant thinkers had been slain;
And knowing well that simple Temperance
Was good for body, mind, estate and soul,
He laboured on in hope of the reward.
And when his life's great work was nearly done,
The scenes grew brighter and the skies more fair:
Then feeling need of rest, his labours ceased;
And full of patience and the living faith,
He calmly waited for the solemn change,
And when it came he passed away in peace;
And ever round his name his deeds shall shine,
Pure, beautiful, ennobling and divine.

JOHN THE BAPTIST.

THE grace, or gift, or mercy of the Lord,
Are all implied in this familiar name.
Good Zacharias was a faithful priest,
Who, with his pious and devoted wife,
Humbly obeyed the teachings of the Lord.
While at the altar in the house of prayer,
Gabriel, the angel of the Lord appeared,
And spoke to him in most assuring terms,
That the Eternal God would grant his wish,
And his well stricken wife should bear a son
Who should be great in God's most holy sight,
And feel the unction of the Holy Ghost;
With which blessed power his spirit should be filled,
And by the aid which God alone can give,
The hearts of many fathers should be turned
Into the ways which lead to heaven and God.
Our gracious Father sent His angel down,
Who pledged himself that John should drink no wine.
And when he heard that no inebriants
Were to be taken by the promised child,
There is no evidence that he inferred
Some useful things had therefore been withheld.
Was angel ever sent from holy spheres
To promise that a great one should be born,
And that in childhood or advancing life
He should, to strengthen and to nourish him,
Have free access to alcoholic drinks?
God fully knows that all intoxicants
Are prone to evil, powerless for good.
But Gabriel, who stood before the Lord,
Facing the throne where saints and angels are,
Came down from scenes so sinless, bright and pure,
For God had sent him to make known His will,

That John the Baptist should from wine abstain.
This blessed angel knew the mind of God,
He knew how prayers were uttered, and how heard,
And how in answer to the fervent wish,
God sent abundantly rich blessings down.
John was the great forerunner of the Christ,
For Jesus very truly said of John,
Greater than he of woman was not born:
And John, when he beheld the Holy One,
Gladly exclaimed, Behold the Lamb of God
Who comes with a desire to take away
The great transgressions of our guilty world.
John was a preacher in the wild domain,
And when the people heard him and believed,
They followed him to Jordan's sacred stream,
Where, in obedience to his command,
They all confessed their sins and were baptized.
And John conducted to the river's brink
The Lord of Glory and the Prince of Peace,
Who claimed that He should be baptized of him.
But John desired this honour to forego,
And Jesus said suffer it now to be,
And by His faithful servant was baptized.
And when from out the water Jesus came,
The Holy Spirit like a dove came down,
The heavens were opened, and a voice was heard,
And God said, This is my beloved Son,
In whose obedience I am well pleased.
John was a sterling preacher of the truth,
Warning them all to flee from wrath to come;
Clothed like an ancient prophet he went forth
In a rough garment made of camel's hair,
And with a leathern girdle round his loins,
He ate the locust bean, and honey wild,
And drank the water from the flowing stream.
John lived on four good things, these were his fare,
Locusts, wild honey, water and fresh air.
John cried aloud, Repent and be baptized,
For now the blessed kingdom is at hand.

He was a burning and a shining light,
And in it for a season men rejoiced;
But when the Sun of Righteousness arose,
The lesser glory gently passed away.
When John was faithful, Herod was enraged,
And so he sent him to the prison-house,
And would have put the noble man to death
Had he not feared the people from without,
For they believed that John was sent by God.
In violation of all modest claims,
The girl Salome danced before the king,
And being pleased with her, the tyrant said,
And bound himself by oath that he would give,
To half his kingdom, what the girl might ask.
And, she instructed by her mother, said,
Give me in charger John the Baptist's head.
And soon the head of this God-fearing man
Was, as requested, in a charger brought.
Was it the dancing, or the mocking wine
Which prompted such a promise from the king?
We know not which, nor do we care to know,
But this is clear, the prophet lost his life,
By a bad king and a designing wife.
We need not be ashamed of our good cause,
When chosen prophets of the Lord abstained;
And when the millions, now enslaved by drink
And useless wine at which we should not look,
Shall into liberty and freedom rise,
Then our victorious cause shall reign,
And millions shall applaud the simple plan
Which is approved by the Eternal God;
And by the highest angel was enforced,
And practised always by the prophet John.

* * * * * *

It is affirmed by some, and not a few,
Though John did drink no wine nor stronger drink,
Yet Jesus at the marriage feast made wine,
And if they try to imitate their Lord,
They do not err who use the gift aright.

To what is said we venture to reply,
The wine our Saviour made was very good,
And like no doubt the pure blood of the grape,
Of which the prophet Moses sweetly sung,
For it, wherever found, is good and pure,
Like that pronounced by Christ, "fruit of the vine."
But John the Baptist from good wine abstained,
Which Jesus in his wisdom made and blessed:
And while admitting Jesus drank such wine,
Surely no Scripture reason can be found
To prove that He, who doeth all things well,
Did at the marriage feast evolve bad wine,
At which we are commanded not to look.
Reverse this logic, and we must believe
That Jesus Christ, in whom all fulness dwells,
To manifest the glory of the Lord,
Made for the guests an interdicted wine,
Which Scripture and pure science both condemn,
And from the first has filled the world with woe.
We cannot, dare not, for a moment think
That Jesus made a useless, tempting drink,
Which holds the cruel venom of the asp,
And like a serpent, bites and stings and kills.

JOHN BUNYAN'S STATUE,

JUNE 10TH, 1874.

To-DAY let Bedford Bunyan celebrate,
And all her favour'd sons and daughters join
To greet the statue of a peerless man.
Let merry bells ring out their joyful peals,

And party flags in emulation vie,
And all the sections mingle into one.
Let the whole town its fondest tokens show,
And ev'ry heart be jubilant with joy,
While ministers and people gather round,
To pay their honours at the good man's shrine.
When God in mercy filled his soul with light,
And he by faith believed the promises,
He felt impelled the Gospel to proclaim,
That the rich blessings of redeeming love
Might give to many everlasting life.
While serving God in spirit and in truth,
The faithful man was captured and confined;
And while a prisoner in the lonely cell,
God gave him visions bright and beautiful,
And all around him shone a heavenly light.
He wrote, and what he wrote has prov'd to be
A literary immortality!
The noble Duke has done a noble deed,
For which we proffer him the world's best thanks:
For never on his fair and wide domain
Was born a truer, greater, nobler man,
And prison doors did never close on one
More richly bless'd with God's abounding grace.
On the new bridge, which spans the classic Ouse,
In all the quietness of eventide
We stood, watching the slowly flowing stream,
And all around was beautiful and calm:
And here the Prisoner and Pilgrim met.
The river slowly flowed, as now it flows,
When the keen ear of the good Puritan
Heard its soft murmurs as we hear them now.
In traversing the ages of the past,
We lighted on a darkly, dull, and dreary "den,"
Where, by the laws which now are obsolete,
For twelve long years the good man lived, and wrote
Of this vain world, and of the world to come.
When there, around him holy light shone forth,
And angels from the world of glory came,

And sweetly sang the music of the skies,
Filling his spirit with a sacred hope,
While he by faith could see the realms of bliss;
And though alone within his cheerless cell,
He still could say, My Father, all is well.
With symbols, songs, and visions of delight,
And richest talents by the Master given,
What wonder that he wrote so wisely well?
Evolving pictures from experience,
And giving force, form, and embodiment
To all the joys and sorrows of the soul.
His parables are preachers, plain, and true,
His rhymes, though quaint, with sterling sense abound,
His prose contains the finest poetry,
And with imagination eagle-like,
He soared without an effort to the skies.
And then betaking a descending course,
He took a fearful, sad survey of hell.
In him the simple and the solid met.
His Saxon words are full of weighty thoughts,
And so while children read him with delight,
The learned men award him highest praise.
Unveil the statue, so that all may see
The noble form, and brightly beaming face
Of Bedford's prisoner—pastor—preacher;
Who, when great darkness brooded o'er the land,
Lived in the light of an enduring faith,
And dared to speak for Jesus and for God.
His genius, like an undimmed splendour,
Diffused its rays in floods of living light,
Ent'ring the houses of the thoughtful poor,
And the fine mansions of the lordly great,
And into palaces where kings abide.
Unveil the statue, let the poor man smile,
And all the merchants of the town rejoice,
And all who from remotest districts come,
And let the teachers and the taught be glad,
And when the saintly features are revealed,
Think of the good man's sufferings here,

And greet the figure with a hearty cheer.
Unveil the statue, let it stand alone,
A solid symbol of a mighty soul:
Yes, let it stand alone, as good John stood
While living, and as he stands now dead.
Unveil the statue, numbers wait to see
The semblance of the sturdy, honest man,
Who wrote a story for the world to read;
Wherein all nations, kindreds, peoples, tribes,
Can see the city which in darkness lay,
And how for life poor Christian from it fled,
And how he hastened to the wicket-gate,
And bravely struggled through the miry slough.
And how the road was narrow, straight, and long,
And what he heard and saw in the fair house
Of the Interpreter, and how arm'd men
Stood at the door, and how upon the heights
The people stood, all clothed in white and gold.
And how he saw the cross and sepulchre,
And the steep hill, and shaded pleasant bow'r,
Near to the wayside house called Beautiful.
And how the crouching lions, chainèd lay,
And where the green and fertile valley spread,
Abounding richly in sweet fruits and flow'rs.
And how up to a narrow place he came,
Where great Apollyon strode across the way,
And how good Christian fought the fight of faith,
And bravely vanquished the infernal foe.
And how the valley darker did become,
Where precipices deep did open wide,
And doleful sounds and clanking chains were heard,
Where all was horrible, and dark as pitch.
And how that road ran by the burning pit,
Which sent out flames of smoke most sulphurous,
And frightful shapes in gaunt grim gloom appear'd
To scare poor Christian from his onward way.
But, heedless of the pits and hidden snares,
And of the dead all scattered in his path,
And of the dens where the old giants dwelt,

His eye and heart alike were firmly fixed
Upon the deathless and the shining land.
And how he journey'd through a waste, wild moor,
And how a distant city came in view,
Where the old fair called Vanity was held,
Where buyers, sellers, drunkards, loungers met,
Jabb'ring the jargon of a wicked world,
And where good Faithful met a cruel death.
And how he left this city and its crew,
To mount a little hill with silver mine,
Then passing meadows where the lilies grew,
And where the gentle pleasant river flowed,
Where fruitful trees on either side were found;
And how at length he caught a pleasant view
Of Beulah's land, so fair and beautiful,
Where blooming flow'rs and luscious grapes appear,
In which the best and finest wine is found,
Where songs are heard and holy joys abound,
And where the sun doth shine both night and day:
Where Doubting Castle is far out of sight,
And where they saw the city of their God.
So when the gates were opened they beheld
The shining glory, and the streets of gold.
  Unveil the statue, which so truly shows
The form of one of England's noblest sons,
And let the people greet it with a shout,
With hearty plaudits, and with songs of praise.
Our Universities might proudly vie
To claim the author of the Pilgrim, theirs,
Whose deep reflections compassed heaven and hell;
And whether gloom or glory was his theme,
He never lacked in force, or point, or power.
No shadow doth his brilliancy eclipse,
Amidst the great he rises truly great:
Appearing greater by comparison.
Test him by Milton's half seraphic strains, [thoughts,
Or Shakspere's matchless, brightest, purest
Or Chalmer's grave and massive eloquence,
Or the sublime outflowings of a Hall,

Or all the thinkers down the lapse of time,
By the effulgence of their blended light,
His gifted mind has never been outshone.
Where are the men who treated him with scorn,
And where the lawyers, judges, magistrates,
Misguided, petulant and bigoted,
Who forced the good man from his loving wife,
A woman, womanly in all her acts,
And from his tender-hearted poor blind child?
Whose sentence was perpetual banishment;
But in those days of cruelty and crime,
Some conscious sense of an outrageous wrong
Curtailed the verdict to imprisonment.
Their little names are now but scarcely known,
For time sweeps swiftly tyrants from the earth.
The prisoner should have been upon the bench,
His persecutors should have stood on trial;
Then those who sent him to a lonesome jail,
Might have found it a fitting place for them.
No bronze nor marble celebrate their fame;
But John, while in the den of bolts and bars,
Took up his pen, and bow'd his head in prayer,
And wrote a book, whose glories cannot fade:
A book for all the ages of the world.
Though death has claimed the mortal of the man,
He never lived more gloriously than now.
His statue stands upon a picture spot,
Where green and shady trees a back-ground form,
Through whose rich foliage is clearly seen
One of the oldest churches of the town;
This chosen spot is like some pleasant nook
In villages or hamlets often found,
Where flowers bloom, and joyous warblers sing,
Where cattle graze, and children fondly play.
Unveil the statue to the light of heaven!
And let the memory, quick as lightning, flash
Athwart the gulf of time, when Elstow's son
Was rude and careless, ignorant and wild;
A godless youth, not heeding things divine.

Old bells of Elstow ring out joyfully,
Good folk of Elstow hear those peals with joy,
For he who once within thy steeple stood
A trembling youth, thinking of things to come,
Was led by God's good spirit to behold
A Pilgrim, marching through this rugged world;
And what he wrote of him, he saw and felt,
And many, hearing of his happy end,
Are pressing onwards in the same good way.
John Bunyan adds a lustre to your town,
And thousands living in the distant lands
Would love his rural place to see,
And gladsomely would blend their joys with yours,
Greeting the bronze which bears his form and name,
Who rose from humble life to deathless fame.

MY BIRTHDAY.

APRIL 23RD, 1817.

How swiftly the revolving years have fled,
In thought my past is but a moment gone,
Life's incidents have sent their telegrams
Upwards to Him who rules the earth and skies.
No sound attends the solemn march of time,
'Tis noiseless as the spirit of the air;
No mortal hears the flappings of its wings,
For ever onward it pursues its course,
Giving the mortal to the hungry grave,
And the immortal to eternity.
Nor earnest prayers, nor tears, nor penitence,
Nor fondest wish, nor highest best resolve,

Can alter or efface what has been done.
Who do not tremble when they scan the past?
Where face to face we interview ourselves,
Calling to mind what best remains untold.
Through mercy all our faults may be forgiven,
As East from West they may be far removed,
And though against us they shall stand no more,
Yet having been they cannot cease to be.
On this reminder of my natal day,
My soul desires to praise the name of Him
Whose kindly hand has ever led me on,
Through sunny vales where pleasant waters flow;
And through the groves where joyous warblers sing;
Turning my sorrow into peace and joy,
My doubts to hopes, my darkness into day.
He hath not failed to show a father's love,
And when the hidden dangers have been near,
He hath my soul from ills impending kept.
Though nearly threescore years have rolled away,
My soul reviews the pictures of the past,
And the fond scenes of childhood come again.
The village life, the rural simple games,
The bags of marbles, hoops, and spinning tops,
The sabbath teaching, and the songs of praise;
And how the milkman went his daily rounds,
And the good miller walking towards the mill;
And how the ploughmen drove their horses home,
And how the children played at Hare and Hounds,
And how at Easter and at Whitsuntide,
Upon the green highway and o'er the hill,
The sport of Thread the Needle pleased them well.
And how May dancers went their merry rounds,
And how the mowers and the reapers toiled,
And how the golden sheaves were gathered in,
And the full shout of harvest home was heard.
And how we played at cricket on the green,
And where we saw the happy bridal pair,
And how for them the bells rang merrily.
And how we heard the tolling of the bell,

When first we saw the sable robes of death;
And mourners weeping round the opened grave;
Where too in winter nights we heard strange tales,
And listened to the distant curfew bell.
All these events seem scarcely to have passed,
And we behold them plainer now than then.
Most dearly do I love the spot, where first
My life was gladdened by a mother's smile,
It was the sunshine of my trusting soul,
Where feeling certain danger could not come;
For me no other place can have such charms,
No other sky can look so fair and blue.
There may be spots which greater pleasure give,
Yet none are half so beautiful to me,
As that where first I heard the voice of prayer,
And rustic voices all attuned to praise;
Where I was told of never-fading joys,
And of the glories of the world to come.
Call me not childish for this simple lay,
For still I see my birthplace as of yore.
Now it is larger, and new streets are formed;
Its ponds filled up, its ditches overarched,
And the church elm and other trees are gone;
And where the feeble candle gave its light,
The lamp and gas perform a better part.
Yet the old village shares my greatest love,
Things altered are not always things improved;
Old scenes are deeply mirrored on my heart,
Old sounds are still familiar to my ears;
But the old friends are numbered with the dead.
In summer time, reclining on the grass,
Where flowers bloomed and gentle zephyrs blew;
Then I believed that heaven was just above
The blue expanse, and all were happy there;
And such belief was very comforting,
And since that time I frequently have wished
That I could be as sure and trusting now.
Shadows and sunshine fell upon my home:
There a severe affliction laid me low;

And there I saw a sister's dying smile,
Whose eyes were radiant with the light divine;
And having suffered, calmly passed away.
And there I saw a much-loved brother die,
And it was there, when in the silence of
A sweetly calm and quiet summer's night,
My saintly father slept to wake no more.
The good old home where he had lived and loved,
Was overshadowed with the wings of death.
The morning light had lost its wonted charm,
The sky was cheerless, and the earth seemed sad;
Joyless was all the music of the birds,
And all around was panoplied in gloom:
But when we thought upon his blameless life,
A holy joy illumed our trusting souls,
And we beheld him as a saint in heaven.
And it was in my native village home,
Where first I heard in plain and homely phrase
The touching, telling truths of Temperance;
They shone upon me like a light divine,
And so they shine in moral glory now.
Though by my rural home no river flows,
Nor lofty hills nor mountains rise around,
There are delightful paths and shady spots,
Where warbling birds their melodies evolve,
And pastures green, and sylvan scenes abound.
Though all, or nearly all, whom well I knew
Have passed away, and the old paths and streets
Echo to footsteps which are new and strange.
The ties are strong which bind me to the spot,
Where I have spent so many days of hope,
And where I made my solemn, earnest vow,
That by God's help I would for ever cease
To touch or taste the false, alluring wine.
When this was known, some rudely laughed in scorn,
And while the opposing forces gathered strength,
The people shouted, "Great is Alcohol,"
And in their folly thought abstainers mad.
*The neigh*bouring Vicar sent a pamphlet forth,

Extolling brandy, whisky, ale, and wine,
And all the lovers of intoxicants
Applauded well their priestly champion,
And boldly said that to his arguments
No perfect refutation could be given.
In a large meeting in the old town hall,
We met and answered all its little talk,
And from that time the missile disappeared.
Why wish we sometimes for the happy past?
When gladly through the fields we passed along,
To the small hamlet in the pretty vale,
To teach the little ones the rightful way;
And to reflect amidst the silent graves,
Where once the plain old Baptist chapel stood,
Where Andrew Fuller preached, and good men prayed,
And where my honoured father was baptized.
This twenty-third of April is chronicled
To be the memorable St. George's day,
When he encountered with the dragon bold,
And with his own right hand the monster slew.
There is a dragon terrible and fierce,
Prowling amidst the fairest haunts of men,
Whose teeth are torturous, whose eyes flash fire,
Whose mouth is like an open sepulchre,
Whose breath is fouler than the pestilence;
Whose might is merciless malignity,
And whose vile objects ever were, and are,
The woe, the sorrow, and the death of man.
And shall not we, equipped with power divine,
Strive to annihilate this dreadful foe?
Be brave, my brothers in the Temperance cause,
Look up to heaven for all the needful strength,
And the great dragon, alias strong drink,
Shall first be captured, crushed, and then destroyed.
There is no time to lose, arise and work,
Leave tawdry ornaments and bubble schemes;
And whether men will listen or forbear,
Do what you can to set the self-bound free.
This twenty-third of April was the date

When first our matchless Shakspere saw the light;
Who wrote as none had ever done before;
And down the ages millions laud his name.
Alas, alas, this great and noble bard,
This grand poetical philosopher,
Light of the mind, enchanter of the soul,
Did once so freely let the "Devil" in,
To desecrate the temple of the soul.
It is affirmed when at the public-house,
He freely drank of the Circean cup;
For now the signboard of that licensed haunt,
Where he was born, is as a relic shown,
And all the pilgrims to his natal shrine
Are told it hung where Shakspere drank too much.
Oh, if I could from such a glorious sun,
I would for ever wipe that dark spot out,
That future generations should not know
That he who wrote so well could fall so low.
In the full prime of life, at fifty-two,
A fatal fever seized his weakened frame,
And England's greatest poet passed away.
Our lives are nothing to eternity:
All things around are older far than we,
And they will be as beautiful as now,
When our poor frames are mingling in the dust.
In all the walks of life lie open graves,
And funeral processions march along.
We weep for those whom sadly we entomb,
And not long hence our friends will weep for us.
We see how swiftly time doth take its flight,
Years seeming shorter than in youthful days.
Let us be active through our life's short span;
The night is near, shadows begin to fall,
Our sun has passed its zenith in the south,
And now is sinking towards the western sky.
The even-tide is very near at hand:
May the full light of the Eternal love
Make all our fears and doubtings fly away.
Spirit of Peace, our aid and helper be,

And fill our souls with light and love divine.
Jesus the Christ, be Thou our all in all,
And when the soul shall from the mortal rise,
May it ascend to bliss beyond the skies.

MELVILLE BONHAM.

He came from America to London in 1875, with limited means, though full of confidence that long before they would be exhausted he should be fully occupied. He was disappointed. He waited, and watched, and sought, but no permanent engagement could be made. He was reduced to abject want, and lived so poorly that in his emaciated condition disease made him an easy victim. Mr. Bonham had relatives and friends at home, who would gladly have assisted him, but he could not brook an appeal to them, nor were friends lacking here who would have freely and abundantly aided him had they known or suspected his real condition. His singing was wonderfully attractive, his humour intensely keen, and his recitations delighted all who heard them. His declamation was remarkably forcible, and some of his elocutionary efforts were simply perfect. But he was not sufficiently known, and he concealed his sad condition. At length it was discovered, and several friends generously came forward. Too late! He was beyond their kindly aid. Engagements also had just been offered, and the success he had hoped for seemed just within his grasp, when relentless death touched the laurel crown and withered its every leaf.

Thus passed away, at the early age of thirty-five, Melville Bonham, an artist whose equal has rarely been known. A gentleman of genial temperament, whose

earnest friendliness endeared him quickly to those whom he met. In the United States, where for twelve years he had pursued a most promising career, and made an excellent name, a large number of devoted friends were much grieved at his untimely death. A few faithful ones here provided for his decent interment in the Highgate Cemetery.

We mourn the loss of one so good and kind,
Of one with rarest mental gifts endowed,
Of one who spoke with loving tenderness,
And whose great heart was in his noble work;
And whose perceptions of the beautiful
Were vivid, lucid, glowing and refined.
He struggled hard, and fondly hoped to win;
But when the prize appeared within his grasp,
And his soul beaming with a lively hope
That he and his most loved and loving wife
Might share the fruitful blessings of success—
The mortal shadow fell upon his path;
And when on earthly scenes he closed his eyes,
His spirit soared to glories in the skies.

CHARLES BUNKER.

Mr. Charles Bunker was a true, good worker in our Temperance cause. He was born at Chesham, March 7th, 1831, and was married to a worthy and excellent lady in the Baptist Chapel, Amersham, March 4th, 1870. He was a teetotaller all his life. and the highly respected Secretary of the Temperance Society for sixteen years.

On Tuesday, August 29th, 1876, accompanied by his

beloved wife, he left home for a short tour in Scotland, when he appeared to be in the enjoyment of his usual health, but almost as soon as they had arrived, he had a severe attack, the first symptoms of which he felt on Saturday, September 2nd, and was obliged at once to return home; and after a few days of patient suffering, on September 10th, 1876, he calmly passed away. He was devotedly attached to the interests of the young, and was the Founder and President of the juvenile "Star of Hope Society," which is still carried on with energy and success. Almost at the last, when surrounded by his beloved ones, he was careful to request them "not to fret, for they should not be parted long." On the 14th of September his remains were interred in the Friends' Burial Ground, Chesham. It was a very large funeral, and all the Societies and Religious bodies in the town felt they had lost a sincere and devoted friend.

A warmer hearted, or a truer man,
I have not in my long experience found;
Always most truthful, courteous and kind,
Who by his patience, love and gentleness,
Allured the young to right and pleasant ways.
Nor is it weakness to record the fact,
That like two brothers we have lived and loved.
As Secretary in the good old town,
Where I have spoken for twice twenty years,
A town much privileged with gospel means,
His character was held in high repute;
And when he died, sadness and sorrow reigned.
He was a worker in a quiet way,
A practical proclaimer of the truth,
And all his life was blessed with doing good.
And when the solemn day of burial came,
The sad procession slowly passed along,
And the closed shops and crowded pathways proved
How much this good teetotaller was loved.
In the good hope and living faith he died,
Trusting alone in Christ the crucified.

GEORGE CHARLES CAMPBELL.

MR. GEORGE CHARLES CAMPBELL was one of the early advocates of Temperance, he was pleasing, pleasant and popular. He was born September 29th, 1822, at St. Martin's Street, Leicester Square, in the house, or the one adjoining it, where the great philosopher, Sir Isaac Newton, once resided, and he was educated at Chamber's Academy, Castle Street, Leicester Square. He was married August 16th, 1844, to the dear lady who now survives him, with whom he lived most happily until his removal by death. He signed the pledge in 1842 at the Teetotal Hall, Waterloo Road, and his after life showed that it was a most excellent thing for the Temperance cause when he resolved to abstain from wine and from strong drink. And in our cause he laboured long and well. In his speeches he was easy, fluent, cautious, humourous and was always listened to with interest and delight. He was first taken ill on Friday, June 23rd, 1876, and died at 2 a.m. on July 4th. And when he died many thousands were made sad, for they fully believed the Temperance cause had never lost a truer nor a better man. His funeral took place at Kensal Green Cemetery, on Saturday, July 8th, and was attended by a great number of representatives from different Temperance Associations, and very solemn and impressive addresses were delivered at his grave. On the 5th of March, 1877, in the midst of many friends, a memorial tablet was unveiled, when his old friends, Thomas Whittaker, Thomas Hudson, Jabez Inwards and others, gave appropriate addresses.

In mood unwilling do I take my pen,
I pause and think, still asking, Is it true?

Has that prized life so quickly passed away?
A star has fallen from our moral sky,
Which makes us yearn to be in sympathy
With all the elements of grief and gloom.
I want no music, but a solemn dirge;
Nor healthful breezes, but a dead, still calm;
Nor friendly smiles, but faces wet with tears.
All summer songs seem dissonant and strange,
And light and beauty stripped of all their charms.
And why? A deep-felt sorrow fills my soul,
While I remember him whose looks and words
Are almost seen and felt as when he lived.
Nothing is purer than a brother's love.
Who would have thought this summary correct—
Life, health, and usefulness, a draught, a cold,
Congestion, inflammation, suffering, death?
As a fierce flash descending from the cloud,
So came the news that our familiar friend
Had, in the silence of a summer's night,
Passed from the lower to the higher life.
A cold electric shock passed through our frame,
We felt some vital energy had fled,
But scarce could feel our friend and brother dead.
  But yesterday we met as we were wont,
To-day the death-cloud hides him from our view;
The Father's loving voice hath called him hence,
To live with all the pure and ransomed throng,
Where the bright seraphim and cherubim
Mingle their purest, sweetest harmonies,
And death and separation are unknown.
Though upon us the shadow deeply falls,
There is a light which pierces through the gloom,
The light of life, God's richest, greatest boon.
  For more than thirty years he laboured hard,
Giving his early manhood to the work;
And buckling tightly well his armour on,
Wore it until the moment of his death.
He was a teacher, popular and true,
Filling a niche which no one else could fill.

In thinking he was quaint, original,
In great effusion wit and humour flowed,
Making the faces of his hearers beam
With hearty laughter and a rapt delight.
He had a pathos deep and full of force,
And we have heard its measured cadences,
When mingled tears and smiles have owned its sway.
Humour in him was a perennial spring,
A gentle light, and sunshine of his soul.
His quiet words were winged with weighty thoughts,
His wit and repartee most chaste and pure,
Convulsing those who came beneath their sway.
And there were moments when from his full heart,
The thoughts of sterling eloquence would flow.
But now we pause, and after all is said,
Can scarce believe our much-loved friend is dead.
In reason's code death is a negation,
But in the eye of faith, which works by love,
The pearly gates stand ever open wide,
And the full splendour of the heavenly world,
With all the angels and the saints of God,
And all the happy round the Eternal Throne,
In the full glory of their perfect bliss,
Have welcomed him with ecstasy divine
Up to their sinless and eternal home.
But yesterday he was a living joy,
A faithful friend, a husband, and a sire.
We pray Thee, Holy Father, guide and bless
Thy widowed servant and the fatherless.
He was a genius, simple and sincere,
Fond of the playful as a little child,
Grave as a prophet, solemn as a judge.
He did not speak to wound, but to convince,
In chastened humour standing quite alone,
Smiling his hearers into abstinence.
In graphic words he sketched the lowly poor,
And the grim drunkard in his dirt and rags,
And with much animation he would tell,
How by the practical teetotal plan,

The sot had been transformed into a man.
His face, most faithful mirror of his soul,
With eyes expressive and alight with joy;
His mirth-provoking drollery was such,
And so remembered by the listening crowd,
That numbers often have expressed the wish
To hear again what he had said before.
We leave the platform for the saddened home:
How bright was all without, how dim within,
Where mourners sat smitten with deepest grief,
All pale and silent in the shade of death.
How soft the footfalls, and how low the voice,
How deep the sighs, how visible the tears,
How sweet the reading, how subdued the prayer,
While our dear friend was gently borne away!
The sable plumes were nodding at the gate,
And mourning coaches, filled with weeping friends,
With slackened pace departed from the house,
Where he had lived so long and loved so well.
It was a grief too deep for utterance,
Making all hearts in sorrow feel as one.
Sun, why didst thou not withhold thy light?
Ye flowers, why did not you in sadness close?
Ye birds, why did not all your warblings cease?
Why was the sky not panoplied in gloom?
We thought all things in nature should have wept,
In sad responses to the sable throng,
Who, as real mourners, stood around his tomb.
With heavy hearts we looked into the grave,
And felt how hard it was to leave him there;
But when the hope immortal filled our souls,
We knew full well that all in him we loved
Was not retained by coffin, earth, or shroud,
But, in the way that Jesus had made known,
He, trusting, leaned upon his Saviour's breast,
And found a place of sweet eternal rest.

For God and Paul and Jesus all were there,
And through His Word we heard the Saviour say,
"I am the Resurrection and the Life!"
And the full knowledge of the faith he had
In Him, who is the Way, the Truth and Life,
Blended its influence o'er his early grave;
And He, who is the conqueror of death,
Said "Weep not, this young man shall live again."
And though we heard the deep paternal sigh,
And saw the gaze which the true mourners gave,
We knew that in that cold unsocial grave
Only the frail and mortal were entombed.
His spirit pure, reliant, loveable,
Made Christ his Alpha and Omega too,
And living in the light and love of God
He joins with all the spirits of the blessed,
To sing the praises of Redeeming love. [throne,
He drinks of streams which flow from Heaven's high
He hears angelic voices pure and sweet,
He sees the cherubim and seraphim,
And glories deathless and celestial,
While richest music fills him with delight.
And while reflecting on these blessed joys,
Methought we looked the wrong way in the grave;
We should have turned our eyes to lofty spheres,
Where neither tears, nor pain, nor death are found,
For there, dear loving mother, lives thy child.
Not with a sorrowful or troubled soul,
Not with the fear, or dread of pain or death;
But with a spirit full of life and bliss,
Where not a sigh is heard, nor shadows fall,
Where neither woes nor sorrows can perplex,
But life and immortality abound,
And God and Jesus must be all in all.
There, there, dear weeping parents, lives your child;
Say to your yearning, throbbing hearts, be still,
For soon, and none can truly say how soon,
It may be ours to greet him in the skies.
So help us, Lord, while through life's path we run,
To kiss the rod, and say "Thy will be done."

WILLIAM CASH.

THIS worthy and devoted friend to Temperance departed this life in the month of September, 1849, aged fifty-seven years. His sudden removal from the bosom of a large and happy family was truly affecting. He had been spending some weeks at Hastings in the enjoyment of their company; on or about the 1st of September, he complained of slight indisposition, he, however, went to London for a few hours, and returned in the evening without appearing to have suffered; he was cheerful and conversant, but feeling a little fatigued retired early to rest. About two o'clock he had a recurrence of his indisposition, and before five o'clock a.m., symptoms of Asiatic Cholera greatly alarmed his friends. Medical assistance was speedily procured, but the disease made rapid progress, and he soon became sensible of his dangerous state. It was soon evident to those around him that the solemn language was proclaimed in his spiritual ear—"This night thy soul shall be required of thee," and it was consoling in the highest degree to witness that death did not approach him as the king of terrors, he was calm, quiet and collected, and expressed that all his hope rested on the merits and mercies of redeeming love. He seemed filled with love, frequently saying to his beloved ones, "How kind you all are." He took leave of his dear wife and surviving friends, adding, "I hope we shall all meet in heaven." In the hour of intense extremity, not anything like a murmur or regret escaped his lips, but in child-like confidence he seemed ready to obey the sudden call, and resigned his precious spirit into the hands of Him who gave it, at about half-past twelve o'clock, and he sank as it were into a sweet sleep. In him the friendless had ever found a friend, his ear was open to the tale of woe, and many widows and orphans

experienced his tender care. Yet by the grace of God he was what he was, and in his sudden removal the language seems proclaimed to survivors: "Watch ye therefore, for ye know not at what hour your Lord doth come."

In principle and truth he was a Friend,
And certainly a friend to all mankind;
And when he saw the nature of strong drinks,
And how they desolated hearths and homes,
He neither touched nor tasted them again.
He was a leader, and he led us well,
A pioneer, who looked right straight before,
Bringing to bear a judgment well matured,
To recommend the most effective plan,
To thwart the efforts of a shameless foe.
As Chairman of the chief Society,
He felt delighted with its great success;
And to all classes he would fondly tell,
How God had blessed our good and growing cause,
And of the noble triumphs it had won.
In business he was careful, diligent,
A truly honest and successful man,
And in his spirit, fervent, serving God;
Ready and punctual, not behind his time,
And worked like one who knew life's day was short.
We saw him with his children standing near,
Good Father Matthew, in the assembled throng;
Over whose heads the flags and banners waved,
While the plain Friend and Romish Priest shook [hands:
For in the light of Temperance divine
All creeds and sects and party feelings die.
He had a deep affection for our cause,
And laboured like a servant of the Lord;
While many could most gladly certify
How he had kindly met their pressing wants,
And well advised them for their greatest good.
He spoke as one who felt the force of truth,
Nor did he rest until his work was done.

We see him in his quiet, peaceful home,
Happy amongst the dear ones whom he loved;
None could have seen him in that social sphere,
And not have wished him long abiding there.
But suddenly our friend was prostrate laid,
When symptoms grave and ominous appeared,
Which baffled all that science could suggest,
And when the mortal shadows fell around,
He felt the presence and the love of God;
At length the solemn parting time arrived,
When full of faith and hope he calmly died.

JOHN CASSELL.

JOHN CASSELL was a worthy and zealous worker, and had it not been for the cause of Temperance, to which he was so devotedly attached, and which both by his pen and speech he so wisely and well defended, it is more than probable that the world would have been deprived of the good and noble enterprises of this very genial and most extraordinary man. He was born, not of affluent, but of poor but honest and worthy parents, in the city of Manchester, in January, 1817. In his youth he began to work as a carpenter, and while he pondered over the sins and sorrows of the city, his soul was deeply moved, and his heart was filled with tenderness towards those who were held in bondage by the influence and power of the subtle and deceptive drink. In 1836 our young hero arrived in London to find employment as a carpenter, and one

of the first meetings he attended was in the New Jerusalem Schoolroom, near the Westminster Road, where he made his first speech in London, and in spite of his broad provincialisms he won the hearts of his hearers. He made many friends, who rallied round him, and when he extended the spheres of his usefulness and became popular, he was ever ready to say a good word for and to lend a helping hand to the Temperance cause. We have met him at many Temperance meetings, where we have heard him speak earnestly and heartily in defence of total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks. We had, one summer, very pleasant interviews and conversations with him while staying at Ventnor, and we listened with much pleasure to his glowing eulogisms of peace and Temperance, and of the pure and holy faith which works by love. It was about this time that he issued his famous "Illustrated Bible." This was a marvellous undertaking, involving immense outlay, but we were pleased to learn that its sale had made it a commercial success. How many thousands have been delighted and impressed with its wonderful pictures, and who can tell how many may have been led to read the precious word, having been first attracted by its striking illustrations? Pictures are popular—all persons like them—and there are but few in this respect who have done better for all classes in this generation than the worthy and excellent John Cassell. He left behind him an enduring testimony to the pure and beautiful, and his life was associated with the excellent and true. What a busy world in the firm of Messrs. Cassell, Petter and Galpin, has he left behind him! When we recently visited the premises where nearly a thousand hands are employed, and heard the ceaseless din of the machinery, we thought of the young and enterprising man whose genius and tact had contributed in no small measure to its great success and to its almost universal renown. We believe it has been and will be a blessing to millions.

The agitation for total abstinence at Preston, under the able and energetic championship of Mr. Joseph

Livesey, had but just started and was making great progress through the county and country when our deceased friend allied himself to the movement, and dear Mr. Livesey, who is now in his 85th year, says of him: "The first time I ever saw John Cassell was at Oak Street Chapel, Manchester. I was lecturing there. I am not sure of the time, but I think it must have been about 1835 or 1836. I remember quite well his standing on the right just below, or on the steps of the platform, in his working attire, with a fustian jacket and a white apron on. Beyond this I have no recollection of what passed between us." There stood the young artizan of high purpose and a truly noble and generous aspiration. He was but a youth of eighteen, but all his moral and intellectual powers were employed in drinking in thoughts which were to guide and regulate his future career. "His foot was on the step of the platform," and did not this foreshadow his ascent to that platform, and from that to other platforms where he should become an earnest teacher of the people? Almost as soon as he arrived in London a friend who heard him, and who knew there was something in the man, recommended him to Mr. John Meredith, that devoted friend of the Temperance movement, who was at the time maintaining several agents principally at his own expense. Mr. Cassell was added to their number and laboured earnestly and well in London and in the surrounding counties. His great love of knowledge and a fondness for intellectual improvement were the characteristics of his life. Who can estimate the good this man singly effected? The books he published have enlightened the world. By his efforts millions of minds have been moved in the right direction, and many inebriates have been arrested and reclaimed. Nor was he unmindful of the higher and more important truths. He read his Bible and loved it well, and for many years before his decease was an active member in the Church of God. He was diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. The love of the divinely true was the crowning glory of his life, so that

when he heard the footsteps of the mortal foe he was calm, hopeful, and resigned, and he passed away in the full hope of enjoying the blessedness of a glorious immortality. Hs was a pattern of perseverance and success, and the myriads of young men who have read his most useful and wonderful publications will, we hope, aim to follow in his footsteps, and to emulate the high and noble achievements of his life. He scattered abroad the seeds of truth, and though his valuable life was not prolonged, he reaped a rich and abundant harvest.

Mr. Cassell was born in my natal year, 1817, and his decease took place at his residence in Avenue Road, Regent's Park, on Sunday, April 2nd, 1865, the same day on which Richard Cobden died. We attended both funerals, and could not but think that England had in them lost two of its greatest and most useful men. At the grave of the latter we saw Wm. Ewart Gladstone and John Bright among the mourners; at the former we saw thousands assembled in Kensal Green Cemetery, who had gathered there to pay the last mark of respect to one who had worked ardently and well for the moral, social, and religious education of the human race.

Hail to thee, angel of fair Temperance!
We gladly celebrate thy noble deeds,
For with thine own benignant smile
Thou didst allure from false and dang'rous ways
Our worthy friend, now taken from our midst,
And sent him forth to make thy virtue known
In the chief places of our favoured land.
We gladly heard him when he first appeared,
A true young hero, full of strength and zeal,
And with a heart burning with fond desire,
He told to all in homely simple phrase
How the mechanics in the busy north
Could deftly use the hammer, plane and saw,
How blacksmiths, anchor smiths, and miners too,
Could work from morning to the close of day
Without partaking of intoxicants.

His northern brogue amused the southern folk;
His anecdotes were well and fitly told,
Helping to clear the point he wished to prove.
He was a speaker, clever, clear and shrewd,
And numbers by the lessons which he taught,
Promptly resolved to banish alcohol.
We write concisely of his useful life,
In giving facts, and not eulogiums,
The summary of which, though grasping much,
Can in a little space be truly told.
A youthful worker—at an honest trade—
A lover of the drink which injured him;
At length convinced it was a useless thing,
He then resolved at once to give it up.
Seeing his country injured and debased,
He dedicated all his powers to God,
And like a prophet earnest and intense,
He saw the shadows of impending woe,
And warned mankind against the ills to come.
He printed, read, and published useful books,
And justly gained a fame throughout the world.
They were all good and marvelously cheap,
Comprising histories, grammars and philosophies,
With dissertations most elaborate,
On mathematics, fluxions, algebra,
And on the wonders of geology,
And higher wonders of astronomy;
And of a host of foreign languages,
Embracing Hebrew, Latin, French and Greek,
And logic, composition, rhetoric,
And music, poetry and eloquence;
And of that universal etiquette
Which lends a grace to what is said or done,
And makes it pleasant to reciprocate
The nice amenities of social life.
Without commending all this good man did,
We will be mindful of his noble deeds;
And when we think how humble was his birth,
And how he raised himself to high renown,

Moving amongst the men of high estate,
He stands almost without a parallel.
Upon his head were many moral crowns,
Telling of deeds heroic he had done.
He died in peace, we saw his opened grave,
And falling tears and loving spirits said,
A noble man is numbered with the dead.

EDWARD CHRIMES.

Mr. Edward Chrimes was born in the town of Rotherham, on the first day of August, 1816, and was the son of Edward and Lydia Chrimes. He was a member of the old Temperance Society, but as he was unable to see the consistency of abstaining from a particular class of intoxicants, while partaking of another, he resolved at that time to abstain from them altogether. About the year 1838 he took the pledge of total abstinence, and remained a teetotaller to the close of his life. On November 17th, 1836, he was married to Miss Hannah Smith, and the union proved to be a very happy one. At the commencement of June, 1847, he was attacked with an incurable disease, which terminated fatally on July 25th, and he was interred in the Masborough Independent Chapel burying-ground.

The following is a brief account of his last hour in this world. His good wife noticed in the morning of the day of his decease a great change in him, and she said "I am afraid, Edward, you will not be here long." *He* replied "I do not think so; the Lord has a great *work for* me to do yet." But Mrs. Chrimes sent for his

friend Mr. Haywood, who when he arrived sent for Mr. Neatby; and his sister-in-law, Mrs. Peter Chrimes, called in to see him. Mr. Chrimes proposed they should have a short spiritual service, which he would try to conduct. He desired his wife to read the 34th Psalm, and although she was scarcely able to do so, in consequence of her intense grief, he pressed her to proceed. She did so, and also at his request read the 14th chapter of John's Gospel, but the doctor coming in at that time, prevented the exercise of prayer, and almost immediately after he had left, the deceased drank a little barley-water, was raised up in his bed, and died as he was being laid down. "Thus," says an excellent writer, "another true man has been torn from the vanguard of the Temperance ranks—from his useful labours to his eternal rest. He was an earnest believer in human progress, and an intrepid asserter of human rights; he bent his powerful mind to an examination of the truth of teetotalism, and he was inflexible and uncompromising in his views; he was powerful and convincing in the advocacy, and his place will, it is feared, long remain unfilled."

One of our best and truest advocates
Was found in him whose death we much deplore;
We looked upon him as a tower of strength
When like a bulwark, solid, firm, and strong,
He plied his physical and moral force
To aid and well defend our newborn cause.
Strong in his head, but gentle in his heart,
With firmness written on his manly brow,
With honest smiles he spoke the words of truth;
And when the light of Temperance appeared,
He felt its mind-inspiring influence,
And his great soul was quickened into love.
When he descried the nature of the drinks,
He buckled on his armour, and went forth
Resolving, by the help of Him who died,
To rescue drinkers from their deadly curse,

And tear the veil from all the eyes of those
Who in their ignorance believed them good.
His intellect was masculine and bright,
And what he loved he loved profoundly well,
And with a zeal, which all should emulate,
He spoke in terms of glowing eloquence,
And so induced his hearers to abstain.
His warfare was against the tempting drink,
And when he met the poor inebriant,
Or the delirious, trembling debauchee,
Or the small drinker with his tempting glass,
He never ceased to make it fully known
That his intense convictions were arrayed
Against the host of dear and useless drinks,
Whose name is "legion," or "intoxicant."
In a short time he did a noble work,
And greatly were his loving labours blest.
We see his smile and feel his friendly grip,
And yet we know his sun of full-orbed life
Went down, alas, in the meridian day;
For while appearing full of joy and hope,
A sore affliction fatal havoc made,
And those who stood around his early grave,
Wept for the loss of one so good and brave.

JAMES CHRISTIE.

JAMES CHRISTIE, Esq., was born at Stockwell, in the month of August, 1787, and he settled at Broomfield, near Chelmsford, in 1806. In June, 1812, he married *Charlotte,* daughter of John Fell, Esq., of Southwark.

He connected himself with the Temperance Society on the first day of January, 1839, and he spared no efforts in endeavouring to promote the practice and principles of total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks. He was for many years one of the respected Directors of the Temperance and General Provident Life Assurance Institution, and after a long and useful life, full of honours and good works, and with a reverent and loving belief in the Lord Jesus Christ, he left these mortal and changing scenes May 22nd, 1874. His beloved wife died at the age of seventy-five, greatly beloved and esteemed, not only by her children and relatives, but by all who had the happiness of knowing her.

Down the long future this good name shall live,
For he who bore it laboured long and well;
Nor did he cease in the great enterprise
Until enfeebled by increasing years.
On him we will bestow an honest praise,
Not for possessing talents great and rare,
But for his earnestness and active life,
And for his firm attachment to our cause,
And which we know he loved so long and well.
In conversation he was frank and free,
And though we never heard him dogmatise,
He always gave to those who questioned him
An apt, a ready, and a straight reply.
Sometimes he felt far more than he expressed,
But what he said was right, and to the point.
He heeded not perplexing sophistries,
For he knew well that alcoholic drinks,
In every part of our beloved land,
Were causing men to swear, and wives to mourn,
And children, pale, to feel the bitter cold,
And some to perish for the lack of bread.
He could but wonder, as we wonder now,
How men can sip and love intoxicants;
How they can nurse the serpent that may bite,
Or love an adder with its deadly sting.

Whether upon the road or in the field
He never ceased to scatter the good seed;
To those he met he would most kindly say,
"May I present thee with a Temperance tract?
If thou wilt read it, I am quite convinced,
It will not only please, but do thee good."
Loving to hear the simple truth proclaimed,
He by his ready, quick responses showed
How earnestly his hopeful spirit wished
To see the downfall of the nation's foe.
He loved to find men provident and wise,
And, with a father's kindness, aimed to show
How easily they might, with prudence, make
A good provision for the time to come.
When he had passed the allotted fourscore years,
He met me with his usual welcome smile,
And in his shady grounds we sat and talked
Of some who now are active in the work,
And of the peaceful and beloved dead;
And then, in tender tones, he said farewell.
Not long from thence our much esteemed friend
Heard in the precincts of his quiet home
The nearing footsteps of the mortal foe,
And being full of years and full of hope,
He saw the glory of the better land;
Then fondly leaning on his Saviour's breast,
He fell asleep to wake amongst the blest.

ROBERT CHARLETON.

ROBERT CHARLETON, Esq., was the son of James and Elizabeth Charleton, born at Bristol, March 15th, 1809. Died December 12th, 1872. He was a Christian gentleman

and philanthropist, and at an early age he commenced his valued efforts in the Temperance cause. At a meeting held by the West of England Temperance League, at Gloucester, Mr. Charleton was present, and though looking very ill rose to speak; after dwelling on the interesting occasion, and expressing his deep feeling and regard for the Temperance movement, he continued in the following strain: "I feel, my friends, the uncertainty of time for me. I am suffering from a complaint which I am aware must end fatally, and I long that others may come forward in this good cause; I long," he added in a faltering voice, whilst his eyes filled with tears, "that others may feel the privilege of visiting the poor drunkard in his wretched home, and reminding him that in his Father's house there is bread enough and to spare." Robert Charleton was the first person who signed the pledge in the city of Bristol, which was at the beginning of 1835, and he faithfully kept it until the day of his death.

Mr. Charleton had for the last eight years been suffering from a cancerous affection under the right ear, which was cut out in 1865, subsequently followed by a second operation. Under skilful treatment, the progress of the malady was kept in comparative abeyance until the beginning of 1870, when it assumed an alarming aspect, and, after medical consultation, it was decided that another surgical operation would prove so difficult and hazardous, and so doubtful in its results, that it was recommended not to attempt it. At this time, under date March 24th, 1870, a letter was received from him, in which, after alluding with true Christian heroism to this decision, and that the disease would probably soon prove fatal, he calmly adds:—

"I am favoured with great freedom from anxiety on the subject, being assured that all will be ordered for the best by One who is infinite, not only in wisdom, but in *love*. I feel it to be also matter for much thankfulness, that I have hitherto had *very little* of bodily suffering to endure. Whether this comparative exemption may

continue or not is a point which I am quite willing to leave to Him by whom the hairs of our head are all numbered."

At one time, it was not expected that so valuable a life would have so long been spared to us. Those who were present at the League Conferences held at Devizes and Gloucester, will remember his touching words which imparted a solemn tone to all the subsequent proceedings, and which caused many to weep in the anticipation that they might never hear that loving voice again.

And now the end has come. Our dear friend was favoured with a peaceful dismissal. During the last years of his life, few knew how much acute pain he had to bear, but he never murmured. It is a matter for thankfulness that he was mercifully spared protracted suffering, which, from the speciality of so malignant a disease, had he lived longer he would most probably have been called in an increased degree to endure.

Mr. Charleton's contributions and unostentatious benevolence were on the most liberal and extensive scale, but it was the magic influence of his whole character which made him a pillar of strength to any movement with which he was identified.

Who is to supply the loss of such a man? Who will be baptized for the dead? A mighty standard bearer has fallen. Who is to take up his banner, and faithfully carry it as he did? We cannot answer these questions.

Farewell, honoured servant of Christ! Thy warfare is accomplished, thy victory gained.

Of all the graces of the Christian life
We know not which the purest, brightest shone,
For his strong faith, and hope, and charity,
Were blended brightly, like a triple star
Shedding a light celestial and divine.
Feeling deep reverence for the Holy Word,
He read it as a message sent from God;
And so relying on its promises,
By faith he saw the glories from afar.

While deeply loathing vice in all its forms,
He loved the sinner, but abhorred his sin.
When through the Western city it was known
That this good, earnest friend had changed his state,
To spheres and scenes higher and brighter far
Than the poor tinselled splendour of this world,
The merchants and mechanics bowed in grief,
And Christian men with deep emotion spoke,
And wept to think so good a man was dead.
Had highly favoured Bristol ever known
A more benevolent and Christian man?
One of the gentlest of the human race,
Who always stood allied to noble deeds;
Wending his way to scenes of saddest woe,
Finding himself amongst the afflicted poor,
And nothing gave his soul a greater joy
Than at the time to meet their urgent needs,
And to unfold the riches of that grace
Which ever shines in the celestial rays
Of the effulgent Bright and Morning Star.
The city scarcely ever had to boast
Of a more generous or noble mind.
Instinct and inspiration coalesced,
Leading his spirit in the ways of peace—
With mind susceptible of finest thoughts—
While the sweet music of his soul was love.
Espousing Temperance without reserve.
He loved it as a principle divine;
And his affections glowed with holy fire
When he described the triumphs it had won.
He saw in it a pure and guileless way
Whereby the drunkard, wretched, bound, undone,
Might rise to freedom, liberty, and life,
And then by faith enjoy the smiles of Him
Who saves believers from the curse of sin.
When ominous impending shadows fell,
His faith was strong, his courage never failed;
And knowing well the pain he must endure
Would end in his removal from the earth,

He said, "My Jesus will do all things well,"
And being filled with the immortal hope,
And feeling, too, the Spirit's aid and grace,
His soul was raised above earth's restless scenes;
And when the moment of departure came,
He passed to life through the Atoning Name.

JOSEPH CLARK, J.P.

JOSEPH CLARK, Esq., was born in Southampton, February 9th, 1794, and his death took place December 15th, 1872. The *Hampshire Advertiser*, of December 18th, 1872, says: "On Sunday, an old and respected citizen of Southampton, departed this life in the person of Mr. Joseph Clark, who for many years was intimately connected with public matters concerning the town, and was a magistrate of the borough. The deceased gentleman had been visiting the various members of his family since the death of his wife in May last, and was at Bury St. Edmunds, on a visit to his youngest daughter, when he breathed his last, about 7 o'clock p.m.; his death being the result of general decay rapidly accelerated by the decease of his wife, to whom he had been wedded fifty-four years and was much attached." He left a family of three sons and five daughters, all of whom were married, and all the years of his life were spent in getting good and in doing good. His venerable father, at an advanced age, took a great interest in the Temperance cause, and was, I believe, the first in the town to sign the pledge; and the good and worthy son followed in

the footsteps of his noble and venerable sire. In the year 1811, Mr. Clark became a member of the Society of Friends, to the principles of which he was warmly and devotedly attached. He was indeed diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. For more than thirty years of his latter life he was devoted to the interests of the Temperance cause, while he was a thorough opponent to slavery in every form, and a warm defender of the Christ-like principles of peace; he never ceased in all available ways to endeavour to persuade men to abstain from all intoxicating drinks. He was warm-hearted, liberal, and yet as firm as a rock. He extended his hospitality to all good men and true, and his son Joseph, since deceased, caught the spirit of his father and worked nobly and well to advance the interests of our cause. In 1856, Mr. Clark became a magistrate, and in the discharge of his official duties he was always kind, considerate and just. He was buried at Southampton, on December 20th. His funeral was very largely attended, and at his grave and throughout the town and neighbourhood every mark of respect and esteem was shown by all classes to the life, labours, fidelity, and usefulness of him whose remains were committed to the dust amidst the tears and hopes and sighs of those who felt that a good man had been taken from them, to live for ever with his Father and his God.

His father was an honoured citizen,
And a good leader in a great reform.
His son, on whom his father's mantle fell,
Aided our work until his life was closed;
And now the grandson of the grand old man,
Catching the spirit of his worthy sires,
To show for Temperance abiding love
Will labour well for it as they have done.
Joseph, the great grandsire, was first to sign,
Joseph, whom now we sketch, soon followed him,
Joseph, his son, was faithful unto death,
And his son lives to advocate the cause

His good forefathers prized so fondly well.
'Tis Joseph Clark, a justice of the peace,
Whom we will honour in these humble strains;
Whose hand and heart, and good and quiet home,
Were always open to receive a friend.
How very often I have heard him say,
Welcome, my friend, I hope I see thee well;
And with his loved ones by his own fireside,
I have spent pleasant and delightful days;
Where souls imbued with love for Temperance
And higher truths, in loving union dwelt.
When in the chair before the assembled throng,
He spoke with earnestness, and always well,
Knowing that in his own delightful town,
What deadly havoc alcohol had made,
Having in ev'ry street in one dread wreck,
Ruined alike the youthful and the old.
He fully taught that were no drunkard's found,
It would be well and better to abstain;
For in his busy life he clearly proved
That active workers in advancing age
Could, with a flow of spirits better feel,
Than if inebriants had been supplied.
The loving spirits in the dear old home,
Though now dispersed, methinks will linger there.
Some are above, others remain below,
And in this changing world it must be so.
Farewell, dear friend; good, honest Joseph Clark;
We love to think how we have known him here,
And how in credit and in peace he lived,
And honoured justice in his native town.
And He who ruleth over all for good
Dealt kindly with him in his closing day.
His loving daughter, watching him with care,
Saw when the solemn messenger had come
Then like a child he gently fell asleep,
And so his spirit calmly passed away.

WILLIAM CRAWFORD.

MR. WILLIAM CRAWFORD was a well-known Temperance agent and lecturer, he died in 1852. He signed the pledge in 1837, when, to use his own words, he "was not at the time possessed of half-a-crown's worth of property in the world, but was in debt in every public-house where they would trust him." In June, 1840, he became a regular advocate, and kept the weapons of his warfare bright until the affliction came of which he died, in 1851. He was educated and kind-hearted, and never have we listened to the touching recital of suffering, with deeper and more intense interest, than we did to his own eloquent and masterly descriptions of the darkness and horror of his drunkenness, and the light and the glory of the Temperance cause. During the twenty-one years of his labours, he lectured in twenty-eight counties, besides the Isle of Man, and had travelled 25,853 miles, delivered 1785 lectures, preached 188 sermons, addressed 120 schools, and received 11,000 signatures to the pledge.

Those who have heard him will not soon forget
The sad recital of his drinking life,
And of the sufferings which he endured.
With slender form, and cheeks without a glow,
He stood before a large assembled throng;
But when his spirit revelled in its theme,
His eyes were bright and full, and as he spoke
They seemed all radiant with the light divine.
His soul was chastened, cultured, and refined,
And in the morn of life he had resolved
To be a useful, and a noble man;
But the drink curse, full of malignity,
Came down upon him, and the young man fell,

And felt the pangs which cannot be described.
He saw grim spectres all around his bed,
And fiends and demons tortured him,
And when at high noon-day he went abroad
His shadow startled him, and all around
A darkness fell upon him, and he wept.
The fiery poison burnt into his soul,
And made him wretched, desperate, and mad.
When he could take a survey of himself,
He saw the wreck his body had become,
And a still greater wreck of mind and soul.
Alas! he was in ruins and undone,
And while a slave to alcohol, he loathed
And cursed the chain which bound him to the dust.
While thus he lay, weak, cheerless, hopeless, sad,
Amidst the poor, the dying, and the dead:
The loving angel, Temperance, came down
And struck the fetters from his trembling frame,
And led him to the pure and crystal stream;
And from that time he felt himself a man.
And when before the people he has stood
To tell of miseries he had endured,
And how strong drink had brought him near to death,
Then tears were shed, and heaving sighs were heard;
But when he told what Temperance had done,
And how it gave him liberty and peace,
They clapped their hands, and shouted out for joy,
And cheered him onward in the better way.
When to the heartless statement he replied,
"There leave him now, the man is only drunk!"
He dwelt upon the sentence, "only drunk,"
With such a force and touching emphasis,
That all who heard were spell-bound by his words—
"Only drunk!"
And as he spoke a solemn silence reigned—
"Only drunk!"
And all his soul seemed staggered at the thought—
"Only drunk!"
But at the Judgment Day he must appear—

"Only drunk!"
Might not the spirits of the blessed be sad?—
"Only drunk!"
Ye heavens above, look down and pity him
"Only drunk;" think of his soul immortal,
And see around him the dark pall of death;
And then, dear friends, look at the useless drink,
And give it up that he may follow you,
And doing so, this man shall rise and live.
And when he spoke from this short text alone,
A silence reigned, impressive, deep, profound,
And some have felt as though their spirits heard
A whisper, and its echo from the skies:
His eloquence was a solemnity.
He felt the nearness of the better land,
And when the message came he looked to heaven,
And felt, through Christ, his sins were all forgiven.

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK was born in Museum Street, Bloomsbury, on the 27th of September, 1792; and when very young he went to a school at Mortlake, and afterwards for a short time to a school at Edgware. He was twice married, first, to Miss Mary Walker, at Dunstable, who died in 1849; and secondly, on the 7th of March, 1850, at Trinity Church, Liverpool Road, Islington, to Eliza, only child of the late Mrs. Widdison, widow, of Dalby Terrace, Islington.

He began to abstain in the latter end of the year,

1847, after the publication of his graphic illustrations of "The Bottle;" but he never signed the pledge, considering that his word of honour to abstain would induce other gentlemen to follow his example who might object to sign a pledge; and his views in this respect were often verified by gentlemen frequently coming to his residence, who pledged, or gave their word of honour to him, that each one would abstain for a specified time.

Mr. Cruikshank took a severe cold in the beginning of January, 1878, and had a very severe attack of bronchitis, which caused him to take to his bed from the 5th of January; that month he was seriously ill for a fortnight, when he rallied a little, but great exhaustion ensuing, he died most quietly and peacefully, without a sigh, February 1st, 1878, at 20 minutes past 7 p.m. Owing to the crypt at St. Paul's Cathedral being under repair, the Very Rev. the Dean of St. Paul's was not able to comply with the earnest wishes of his widow and numerous friends, for the funeral to take place there; but the Dean promised that the remains should be removed to the Cathedral as soon as the crypt was ready for interment. Thus the funeral took place at Kensal Green Cemetery, on February 9th, 1878. A full and interesting account of which appeared in all the newspapers of the 11th of that month; and the following was inserted in all the newspapers of November 30th, 1878.

BURIAL OF THE LATE GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

"The remains of this distinguished artist having been removed from their temporary resting-place in Kensal Green Cemetery, were removed yesterday afternoon to their final resting-place in St. Paul's Cathedral. In compliance with a generally expressed public wish, the Very Rev. the Dean of St. Paul's gave his consent to the burial in the Cathedral, immediately after the death of Mr. George Cruikshank, but owing to repairs which were in progress in the crypt, the reception of the remains was *deferred* until yesterday, November 29th. And on their

reaching the well-known residence, 263, Hampstead Road, at four o'clock, where they halted for a short time, the sorrowing widow, Mrs. George Cruikshank, entered a mourning coach, and was followed by four Sergeants of the Volunteer Corps, of which he was formerly Colonel, and who had followed his funeral to Kensal Green Cemetery, joined the procession, which reached the South Porch of the Cathedral at half-past five o'clock; and in the presence of the Very Rev. the Dean, who offered up a short prayer, the coffin was lowered into the place assigned to it, immediately after the afternoon service."

He was an artist of a kingly kind,
Who led the way and others followed him;
That he might know the evils of strong drink,
He went to see the desolation made,
And there amidst the homes of rich and poor,
He saw the mischief alcohol had done;
And when he entered into licensed dens,
Where revelry and devilry shake hands,
There frowned the drunkard in his grim despair,
And by his side, his pale and starving wife
Sat in the shadow, which portended death.
His head felt giddy, and his heart was sick;
And with a view to further our good cause,
He sketched in graphic style the dreadful scenes;
And none excelled him in the etching art,
Yea, it was said he had no equal there.
He showed how man the crowning work of God,
Had by a ruthless and destructive foe,
Sunk far below the reptile or the brute;
And when he saw such misery and woe,
He asked himself, "How can I take such drink,
The tempting drink which maddens and then kills?"
And so at once he made a strong resolve,
That he would take the tempting drink no more;
And all adown the future of his days,
He neither touched nor tasted alcohol;

He often was compelled to ask, "How long,
O Lord, how long shall this great curse prevail,
What can destroy the force of this great foe?
What can release men from his tyrant grasp?
Can learning? Have not the learned fallen?
Can art? Have not a host of artists died
The cheerless death, of deepest, darkest gloom?"
His fame was world-wide, and he often said
That in the myriad sketches he had made,
Not one had pandered to a morbid taste,
Nor tried to gloss an immorality.
He never aimed to palliate a vice,
And while he felt the comic had its use,
He was no stranger to the other side;
He showed the drunkard in his rage and rags,
And pictured woman in her saddest grief,
And the pale face of the poor drunkard's child.
Nor did he fail to show in vivid forms,
The cruel nature of the useless drink.
To all who utter words of strong reproof,
Against the weak and erring of our race,
May we not say "Judge not, lest ye be judged."
Nor cease to know that of the virtues three,
The greatest and the best is charity.
Our friend has passed away, and very soon
We too shall leave these transitory scenes,
Though ever changing they are beautiful,
Mysterious, complex, shadowy, yet divine;
And when we leave them may our spirits soar
To deathless joys, where sorrows are no more.

An Acrostic.

Give hearty greetings to our honoured friend,
Each virtue emulate, each right defend,
Our matchless artist's name shall live and shine,
Reflecting truth and Temperance divine.
Give him a three-fold, merry, ringing cheer,
England and we are glad to see him here,
Crown him with laurels as a Temperance king!

Rejoice, that he could such rare talents bring,
Uniting art with morals, and in all,
Impaling with his pencil alcohol.
Keep in full view, what he has done so well,
Sketching drink horrors, for no tongue can tell
How many from the ranks of high and low,
Are hurled from homes of peace to depths of woe.
Now we will pray that he and his may be
Kept, guided, blessed, and saved eternally.

RICHARD CUMBERLAND.

It is, says the *Dunstable Borough Gazette*, our melancholy duty, this week, to record the death of an old, and much respected inhabitant of Houghton Regis, Mr. Richard Cumberland. On Monday morning he went out into the village to do some business, though he was then very unwell, yet so strong was his desire to do his own work. After this he appeared to grow weaker, and his son, Mr. John Cumberland, of Luton, was sent for. His eldest son, Mr. David Cumberland, of St. Albans, happened to be at Luton, and they drove over to Houghton in the afternoon. He continued gradually to decline, until Saturday, May 30th, 1874, about half-past one, when his spirit quietly passed away. Both his sons and his three daughters were present.

The deceased was the eldest son of Mr. William Cumberland, farmer, Houghton Regis. He was born on the 21st March, 1788, and was consequently in his 87th year. Thus to him had been apportioned more than the allotted span of years. His name as well as his life seemed to form a connecting link with

generations that have passed away, and his vivid recollection of events national, historical and local, supplied at all times matter for conversation both interesting and entertaining. Quiet and unassuming, he was esteemed by all who became acquainted with him; respect for him deepening with increased familiarity.

During Mr. Cumberland's long life, he several times filled the post of churchwarden and other parish offices, and when the post office was opened at Houghton Regis, he was appointed the first post-master. On the death of Mr. Taylor, in 1820, Mr. Cumberland was appointed master of the Houghton Regis Free School, where he has resided upwards of half a century. The means of education in those days were very different from those now existing, and the free school was attended not only by free scholars but by many who are now occupying high social positions, and who, in a great measure, owe their success to the instruction received while under Mr. Cumberland's care. Many are still living, others have gone, but the old scholars never forgot their kind old master, and when in the neighbourhood they always showed their respect by visiting him. A few weeks before his death, a lady from Birmingham, a daughter of an old pupil, came to see him. She had been taught to respect and esteem him by the manner in which she had heard her father speak of his old schoolmaster, and she was now much delighted to find her father's initials, which he had cut on the desk where he sat as a boy some forty years ago.

On his 80th birthday, the whole of his family met to commemorate that event, and continued their annual meetings to his 86th year. On each occasion he was in his usual good health, and much gratified by these tokens of filial affection and respect.

The funeral, which took place at Houghton Church, on Friday, June 5th, was attended by a great number of all classes, who desired to pay their last respects to *their aged,* honoured and deceased friend.

An old, esteemed, beloved and valued name,
Which from my childhood I have known so well,
Is now enrolled amidst the solemn dead.
It was a bright and cheerful summer's day
When first I heard of his declining state,
And on that day my journey led me where
I could obtain a full, commanding view
Of that well-known and fondly-cherished spot,
Where first I lisped a loving mother's name,
And where I spent my happy childhood's days,
And where for many years he lived and toiled.
The trees were clothed in verdant foliage,
The lark was singing as he soared on high,
The labourers were toiling in the field,
The church and chapel both appeared in view,
And all around seemed full of joy and life,
But while I gazed, his spirit passed away.
The bright sun shed abroad its brilliant rays,
And gentle zephyrs gave a mournful sigh,
And loving ones mingled their tones and tears,
And felt the deep solemnity of death.
'Tis near a half a century ago,
Since, with a cheerful smile and buoyant hope,
I made my pupil bow and entered school;
And from that period to the closing scene
I found him most reliable and true.
I love to think of joyous village life,
And how we played at cricket on the green,
When oft we watched the waving of his hand,
By which we knew the time had quickly come
When we must spend from two to four at school,
Where we all learned the truths he taught so well,
And how he led us all the parish round,
To claim and keep possession of our own.
He was not weak in training nor command,
Nor was he strict, repulsive, or severe,
And none, we think, have ever left his care,
Who did not for him feel a great regard.
His garden was a source of great delight,

The flowers and fruits were nurtured by his care,
And so he strove to beautify his home.
And often on the breezy, shady lawn,
In summer days, when all things seemed to smile,
The teacher and his pupils could be found,
Where, in the midst of sunlight and of shade,
In happy emulations each would strive
To show with knowledge how his mind was stored.
His smiles were more abundant than his frowns,
And in the spheres of social friendliness,
He pleased alike the parent and the child.
Through a long life he bore an honoured name,
Not boasting of the knowledge he possessed,
But in a plain and unobtrusive style,
He led the young to see and love the truth.
He was my teacher, and I loved him well;
And all around the country wide and far,
And in the distant nations of the earth,
His good and grateful scholars can be found.
Peace to his name, and may we hope to rise
To meet him with the saints above the skies.

DANIEL.

The heathen king provided wine for those
Who in his palace should before him stand,
And Daniel, with the brave and famous three,
Shadrach and Meshach and Abednego;
Who when informed it was the king's command
That they must eat the meat and drink the wine,

In order when a trine of years had fled,
They all might fitly stand before the king,
Healthy and strong, commended and approved.
But Daniel and his friends declined to drink;
Then he, the prince of all the eunuchs, said:
"You make me greatly fear my regal lord,
Who hath appointed both your meat and drink,
And should he see your faces looking worse,
My head may be in danger to the king."
By this we clearly see in ancient times,
How in high places the belief obtained
That strength of limb and the cheeks' healthy glow
Were thought to be ancillary to wine.
But Daniel was a wise and prudent man,
The Holy Spirit filled his soul with love;
And while predicting many things to come,
Which he had seen in visions wonderful,
The Angel Gabriel before him stood,
Whom God had sent from heav'n to comfort him;
And when he told him what must come to pass,
He fell upon his face and was afraid. [God,
This man who thought, and walked, and talked with
Whose spirit was imbued with truths divine,
Knew well how groundless was the fear expressed;
And so in terms solicitous he said,
"Prove for ten days thy servants, I beseech,
And give us pulse to eat, and water for our
Drink, then look upon our countenance,
And as thou seest, with thy servants deal."
And when the time required had passed away,
Lo! they appeared fatter and fairer, too,
Than those who ate the meat and drank the wine;
So Melzer took the wine and meat away,
And gave them pulse, and water for their drink.
These wise men knew that water was the best—
Best for the body, intellect and soul;
And though the king had ordered them to drink,
They well and wisely purposed to abstain.
Did not the prophet sorrowfully know

What a great curse wine and strong drink had been
How tyrants had been maddened by their fires,
How kings had fallen from polluted thrones,
How prophets, seers, and priests of high degree,
And dukes and lords, and men in lowly spheres,
Had been debauched and cursed by alcohol,
And living in the deepest shades of gloom,
Had died in all the horrors of despair?
The king assembled with his wives and lords,
The princes and his concubines were there,
And while they tasted of the tempting wine,
He ordered golden vessels to be brought
Which had been taken from Jerusalem;
And as they drank from out the costly cups,
They praised the gods of silver and of gold:
But while in this disgraceful revelry,
An unknown hand was writing on the wall,
Which when the king beheld he greatly feared,
Alas, his countenance at once was changed;
His thoughts perplexing, troublesome and sad.
And loosened were the girdles round his loins,
While his weak knees against each other smote,
And then the troubled king aloud exclaimed—
"Bring the soothsayers and astrologers,
And let them read, and make it known to me,
What means this strange hand-writing on the wall."
But the pretended wise men could not tell.
Then spoke the thoughtful mother of the king,
And of the prophet Daniel she essayed
That in him light and wisdom too were found.
Then Daniel stood before the king and bowed;
And on the eve of the great city's doom,
Gravely foretold its end and overthrow.
And on that night Belshazzar was deposed,
And all his kingly glory passed away.
When a bad law enjoined that all should bow
To worship the great image made of gold,
Then the three young and noble-minded Jews,
Who would not drink the king's defiling wine,

Nor bow before the idol he set up,
Were all into the burning furnace cast.
The raging flames through which they passed
Possessed no power to injure nor destroy;
For God had made them innocent and mild,
And the good men who put their trust in Him
Passed safely through, triumphant and unhurt.
And when another persecution came
Which made it criminal for men to pray,
Daniel, who lived upon the faith divine,
Heedless of it, at morn, midday, and eve,
He turned his face towards Jerusalem,
And, lifting up his eyes to brighter scenes,
Poured forth his supplications unto God.
And when they put him in the lions' den,
He rested calmly, for his faith was strong;
And God in mercy checked their wonted rage,
That Daniel might, in sweetly tender tones,
Mingle his tenor with the lions' roar,
Making the fearful den a little heaven:
Or did he not in kingly greatness stand,
While the fierce beasts were playful as the lambs?
Such men were true reformers of the age.
And we believe that if the lions' den
Were now the place assigned for those who pray,
Or fiery furnace kindled, as of old,
For those who have determined to abstain,
That there are some with spirits undeterred,
Would suffer death rather than break their word.

NELLIE DAVENPORT.

THIS greatly gifted and highly talented young lady was born in London, December 31st, 1859. She was of a delicate constitution, but her improved health led her friends to believe that she had before her a bright, useful, and happy future. Her temperament was a combination of the nervous and sanguine, the former greatly preponderating. The rapid and fatal disease to which she succumbed was tubercular meningitis, and after a few days' illness, to the great grief of her friends, she departed this life, May 16th, 1879. Great numbers have listened with delight to her fine and brilliant performances on the piano, and her numerous Temperance and religious friends, and many of the general public, will feel that by her removal they have sustained a great loss, and will deeply sympathize with her bereaved mother, who by this sad event has had taken from her an only and much loved child. She was a good worker, and always zealously affected in the Temperance cause. She was buried at Highgate, May 21st, amidst every demonstration of respect. Her coffin was strewed with beautiful and costly flowers. The service was most impressive; the attendance was exceedingly large; the singing was sweetly solemn; and while the singers sang, they and the people sighed and wept. All her surviving and sorrowing friends are comforted with the thought that she is now with the white-robed and sinless spirits who before the throne the song of Moses and the Lamb.

arkness intercepts the morning light,
t of tender growth seems rudely plucked,
wind nips a fair and blooming flower,
moment hopes are flown away.

Grim death makes havoc with the beautiful;
And heedless of the sighs from troubled hearts,
Removes the youngest and the most beloved,
From loving spirits and devoted hearts,
And cheeks with ruddy healthfulness aglow,
Are turned to paleness by the mortal foe.
When the full time for birds to sing had come,
And Flora, in her richest hues, appeared,
A precious, fair, and hopeful human flower
Has, by her Father, been transplanted where
Her soul shall flourish in celestial climes,
Amid the sinless pure and beautiful.
She was a kind, true, tender-hearted girl,
Sedate and thoughtful far above her years;
At home the centre of abiding love,
And in her public spheres of usefulness
Greatly esteemed, commended, and approved.
And when she touched the instrumental keys,
Her hearers listened with a fond delight;
And when the choruses in thrilling tones
Moved every heart to join in the acclaim,
She caught the spirit of the sacred strains,
And felt a foretaste of the harmony
Which shall be heard from the assembled throng,
When the united kindreds, tongues, and tribes,
Ransomed from all the nations of the world,
By Him who came that all might join to sing
Eternal praise to Christ our Lord and King.
While young and hopeful in the morn of life,
A shadow, fearful and portentous fell;
Then followed gloom and darkness more profound,
Which pointed to the nearness of the end.
Her short but useful work was fully done.
Then kindly, gently, her loved Father drew
A veil mysterious across the soul:
So, while her loved ones waited by her side,
Unconscious of the fact, dear Nellie died.

JOSEPH EATON.

JOSEPH EATON, Esq., was a distinguished philanthropist and Temperance reformer. He was born Nov. 21st, 1792, and died May 26th, 1858. Mr. Eaton's connection with the Temperance movement may be dated from its very earliest history, having joined the Total Abstinence Society about twenty-three years ago, and had the moral courage to advocate its principles at a meeting of the old Anti-Ardent Spirit Society, which was held in the Assembly Rooms, Bristol, on Monday, the 29th of June, 1835, Colonel Hewitt in the chair. It was not, however, till after the chairman had vacated the chair, and it was taken by the Rev. W. Gray, that permission was granted to Mr. Eaton to make his observations. He was not, previous to this meeting, a teetotaller, which he candidly avowed in the following terms:—"He wished it to be distinctly understood that, notwithstanding he might not agree in all respects with some gentlemen on the platform, he was a warm friend to the Temperance Society as at present constituted, that he was a member of it, and had not yet signed the total abstinence, or, as it was termed, the teetotal pledge, though he had recently, after giving the subject his best consideration, become convinced it was the more excellent way, and his reasons for which he would now briefly attempt to state." Mr. Eaton then proceeded to give very cogent reasons why total abstinence was preferable to limited drinking, and concluded by quoting testimonies from eminent medical practitioners in support of the principles he had that night enunciated. On returning home he began to reflect that, having thus publicly advocated teetotalism, he could not now consistently take intoxicants, and from that period he abstained, and steadily supported the cause during the remainder of his useful life.

For some time Mr. Eaton regularly attended and addressed the numerous public meetings then held in Bristol, besides making occasional excursions into Somerset, Devonshire, and Cornwall, giving "loaf lectures," etc., showing the folly of drinking malt liquor under the vain delusion of obtaining nutriment. God had given him the leisure, the mental ability, and the pecuniary means, and his time, his energies, and his money were never stinted.

Mr. Eaton was exemplary as a Christian. He did what he did for the Temperance cause, from a conviction of duty to God and man. He was not a demonstrative Christian, in one sense; but he was largely so in another. He *said* very little about his Christianity, but he *acted* out the Christian in his every-day life. The great cardinal doctrines of the Gospel were firmly and steadfastly held by him, and his hope of heaven arose, not from any thought of the good deeds he had done; he rested solely on the merits of his Divine Redeemer—his Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

And on the day of the funeral, as the *cortege* wound its way to the Friends' Burial Ground at the Friars, spectators lined the streets, and crowded the grave-yard, testifying their esteem for the deceased, their regret at his loss, and to pay their last tribute to his worth. The flag on the parish church was half-masted, and its bell tolled the knell for one who conscientiously dissented from the Establishment. The shops, not only along the line of route, but in the parish generally, were closed, and Temperance friends, in passing along, could not but notice that even the public-houses and spirit-shops had their shutters up.

When he essayed to speak for Temperance,
He spoke with judgment, sound and well matured.
The busy city where his lot was cast
Had long with means of grace been greatly blessed,
But in its midst, and certes all around,
He saw poor outcasts plunged in dire distress;

And knowing well the deadly power of drink,
He felt convictions, lasting, deep and strong,
That as he held allegiance to Christ,
He must at once endeavour to remove
The wily, dangerous and deceptive cause,
That the poor, self-bound slaves of alcohol
Might break their chains and be for ever free.
He prayed the stumbling-block might be removed
Whereby so many good and noble men,
Merchants, and ministers, and citizens,
Had made sad wreck of bodies, souls, estates,
And found themselves beyond all hope involved
In all the horrors of a cheerless death,
And filled with fears of darker, deeper woe.
At Mercy's seat our good friend pleaded well,
That he might be directed in the way
Which leads directly from alluring drinks;
That others, seeing, might direct their steps,
And truly, closely, wisely follow him.
Mildness and meekness marked his daily life,
And having in possession ample means,
He travelled, wrote and spoke for Temperance.
Believing in the force and power of truth,
He scattered tractates with a liberal hand;
And in his writings very clearly showed
The love and fond desire which moved his soul—
That all the people would but rightly think,
And doing so might shun the tempting drink.
He clung tenaciously to that great truth
So well enforced by the Apostle Paul,
That from things lawful Christians should abstain
If such might cause a weaker one to fall.
Then he would ask if Christians are required
For the well-being of the loved in Christ,
To abstain from meats which in themselves are good?
Are not the reasons far more potent still,
That we should cease to take deceptive things,
That we and all our brethren may be free
From those strange drinks which always injure some,

And by the which ourselves may be undone?
He was the friend of freedom and of peace,
And when he heard the clanking of the chains,
By which as chattel, slaves were gagged and bound,
Then like a saintly hero, full of love
He laboured well, until the voice of Law
Said to the injured bondsmen—Rise, be free!
He loved the soldiers, but he hated war,
He knew that men were made for noble deeds,
And life, which none but the great God can give,
Should not be sacrificed to maddened rage,
Nor should a brother spill a brother's blood.
But as a crowning glory of his life,
Thinking of joys and conflicts yet to come,
Left of his ample fortune a bequest
To further the good cause of Temperance;
A proof, conclusive, that in life and death
He loved it truly, earnestly and well.
He never failed to teach the simple truth,
That alcoholic drinks were dangerous,
Useless, expensive, perilous and bad;
While abstinence therefrom was excellent,
Useful, protecting, fortifying, good.
And the poor blessed him, and grateful parents
Smiled at the good man when they saw him pass.
And though belonging to the peaceful Friends,
All shades and parties showed him great respect;
Half-masted was the flag upon the church,
And licensed vendors put their shutters up
Out of respect to this great Temperance man;
And the solemn bell of the old church tolled
While the procession slowly passed along,
And when all classes met around his grave,
It was to honour well the good and brave.

EDEN.

It was a place of innocence and bliss,
Adorned with shady trees and graceful flowers;
The birds sang out their thrilling melodies,
And beasts could roam along the pastures green,
The gentle zephyrs fanned the fragrant boughs,
The sun exhaled the sparkling drops of dew,
And all around a holy calmness reigned.
Adam, created from the dust of earth,
Was made a happy, perfect, noble man;
And Eve, so sweetly innocent and fair,
Illumed his pathway with her sunny smile.
And thus they lived in harmony and love,
Before the serpent had beguiled to sin;
Eden was then a little heaven below,
And our first parents were supremely blest.
They drank cold water, pure and fresh and good;
And when St. John on lonely Patmos' Isle
Saw the eternal glory, he beheld
A river running from the Throne of God,
The streams of which make saints and angels glad.
In this fair garden hung the empurpled grape,
Full of the new and luscious Temp'rance wine,
Which by no human art can be improved,
God having made it faultless at the first.
It is a blessing from our Father's hand,
Which never made a body frail or weak,
Nor caused a soul from love or grace to fall.
Blood of the grape, oldest and best of wine,
Thou art no mocker, but a precious boon,
Slaking the thirst, soothing the troubled soul;
And little children may without a fear
Take thee and love thee, for thou canst not kill;
And all the youths and maidens of the world

May laud and love thee as a gift divine,
For thou dost energy and strength impart,
Nor by thy power shall mortal ever feel
The serpent's biting or the adder's sting.
The tempter came, and with seducing words
Allured their souls from innocence and God;
And thus they fell into the arms of death,
And—dying thou shalt die—was then fulfilled.
Eternal Justice, with his flaming sword,
Drove them from Eden's streams and shaded bowers,
And sent them wand'rers through a cheerless world.
In Paradise the fairest rivers flowed,
No gin nor porter, beer, nor mocking wine
Had place or power throughout its fair domain.
I saw a drunkard holding up a flower,
And grimly smiling said, "It's very fine,"
Then frowned and flung the beautiful away.
I saw a drunkard fondly kiss his child;
But in a moment, when the dear one cried,
He flung it with a curse upon the ground.
The mother flew to raise the helpless one,
But the vile drunkard, whose blood-stricken eyes
Flashed with a deadly and consuming fire,
Frowned at the act, and scorned the mother's love.
Plainly the gardens and the windows tell
Where herd the victims of our common foe;
Neglected are the paths, the trees and fruits,
While weeds and rubbish everywhere are found.
Ye lads and lasses, keep your gardens well,
Gladly attend to all the little flowers,
For angels might behold them with delight;
They drink the dew and feed upon the air,
The clouds upon them drop refreshing showers,
The sun revives them with his cheerful rays,
And by their varied hues and colours show
The wisdom and the mercy of the Lord.
And yet how soon the best will droop and die—
Fit emblems of our fading pleasures here:
But were it not for alcoholic drink,

How many spots, now waste and desolate,
Might teem with plenty, happiness and life!
Where human flowers in all their loveliness
Might flourish in the garden of the Lord,
And shed a fragrance through the church on earth;
Till gathered up to be transplanted, where
They all shall bloom beside the living stream,
In the Eternal Paradise of God.

ELIJAH.

Light of the darkest times in which he lived,
Whose name interpreted is, "God is Lord,"
His early days are hidden from our view,
And who his parents were is not revealed.
But He whose love and wisdom never fail,
When Israel was steeped in wickedness,
Did with His own right hand bring forth the man,
By whose prophetic skill and earnest prayers
He humbly proved how near he walked with God,
And how the trusting soul can follow Him
Who leads His children with a Father's hand.
Of Ahab, Israel's king, 'twas truly said
He sold himself to work unrighteousness,
And Jezebel, his most atrocious queen,
To vilest deeds of darkness led him on.
Elijah stood before the haughty king,
A king debauched by wickedness and wine;
And in accordance with Jehovah's will,
Told him a dearth should come upon the land;

And no refreshing rain should fall, until
Three years of want and woe had passed away.
But they to whom he spoke the solemn words
Were filled with envy, wickedness, and rage,
And would have killed the prophet of the Lord;
But God in gracious love protected him,
And so the good man, by Divine command,
Did hide himself in shades by Cherith's brook,
Where, when he thirsted, he could freely take
The drink which is the purest and the best—
The drink which symbolises life divine,
Blessing and beautifying all the world.
Was he alone when in this lonely place?
He was not, for he heard the voice of God,
And in the night beheld His glowing stars,
And in the day felt the soft zephyr's breath,
And heard the music of the running rill;
And who can tell what precious faith supplied,
And how his soul was borne aloft with hope,
While things eternal opened to his view?
He might have seen the heavenly chariot stand,
And steeds of fire to bear him through the skies.
And when the ravens came with food from God,
Methinks in him their presence would evoke
A deeper sense of God's abounding love;
When the brook failed, as earthly joys will fail,
He was commanded by his gracious Lord
To rise and wend his way to Zarephath,
Where God would open a poor widow's heart,
Whom, when he saw engaged in humble toil,
Said unto her at once, in earnest tone,
"Go, fetch me water now, that I may drink."
And this poor widow's son he raised to life,
Filling her spirit with a boundless joy.
The Lord again sent rain upon the earth,
And then Elijah went to see the king:
And Ahab, full of darkness and of wrath,
Charged him with bringing troubles on the land.
But the good man declared to him the truth,

That his idolatry had been the cause
Of all the suff'rings felt by rich or poor.
And when the prophets of the false god, Baal,
Beheld how he commanded fire from heaven,
They promptly said, "The Lord is God alone."
Elijah boldly stood before the King,
Whose wicked wife had compassed Naboth's death,
That they his fertile vineyard might possess.
We love all vineyards, for the wine in them
Is all God-made, and free from alcohol;
Not like the man-made, biting, mocking wine,
Which hurries myriads to a cheerless death.
When Ahab's dark and murderous deed was done,
Elijah met him nearing the estate,
And with the voice of an inspired seer,
Showed him the death which he and his would die.
The prophet sometimes was a man of fear,
But when God spoke, all doubts and fears were gone,
And in the strength of active, living faith,
By his intensely earnest, solemn prayer,
The rain was stayed, and fire from heav'n came down.
He was a practical, devoted man,
And when he knew his pilgrimage was short,
He went his regular accustomed rounds
To visit Jericho and Bethel too,
Where for the prophets useful schools were formed.
Now on the margin of the world he stood,
And in the hope of the eternal joy,
Elijah and Elisha walked, and talked
Of heaven we trow, and of all things divine,
Elisha wishing that he might possess
A double portion of Elijah's faith,
When in a moment suddenly appeared
A chariot and horses all of fire,
Which bore triumphantly the man of God
Up to the glory of the better land.
Elijah was a strictly Temperance man,
No mocking wine defiled his sacred lips,
And fitly may we view him as a type

Of the great preacher in the wilderness
Who wholly from intoxicants abstained—
Whose voice was heard throughout Judea's land,
Crying, Repent, God's kingdom is at hand.

J. W. FLETCHER.

Mr. J. W. Fletcher took a great interest in the Temperance meetings held at the Lambeth Baths, and by his capital execution on the pianoforte, accompanied by his fine tenor voice, he greatly contributed to the pleasure of the assembled throngs who frequently crowded that large and popular place of assemblies. He had a fine phrenological development, but a somewhat weak and delicate constitution, and a few days before his decease, we heard him sing with great spirit and effect that sweet and hopeful song—"The far away Home of the Soul." In a few hours from that time we fully believe that he became an inheriter of one of the many mansions which Jesus has prepared for those who love him. He died on Monday, the 4th of November, 1872, aged forty-four years.

Sunshine and shade are our attendants here,
And tears and smiles betoken grief and joy,
And merry marriage bells and solemn knells,
Will tell in varied tones of life and death,
Our kind and gentle Fletcher is no more.
Methinks the spirits of the muses say,
Hush! hush! "Be still and know that it is God."

A little time ago our friend was here,
To charm us with the melodies of song,
None dreaming that he would not come again.
How wise and well it was we did not know:
We saw no hand which beckoned him above,
We heard no footsteps in the march of death,
Nor saw we the pale visage of our foe;
But in our friend we met the welcome smile,
And hoped to meet it oft in years to come.
Here, at the opening meeting, he and his
Blent their sweet voices, singing "Hearts and Homes,"
And finely mingled were their chastened tones.
A crowded meeting heard them with delight,
Awarding freely rapturous applause.
He was in our good work a faithful friend,
Loving it truly, labouring for it well.
In manners pleasant, cheerful and refined,
Never obtrusive, clear and pure in speech,
And kindly loving to the sons of men,
And all believed him free from guilt or guile.
How changed the scene!—it was but yesterday
When his deft fingers touched the yielding keys,
And from this instrument and his fine soul,
The captivating strains of music flowed.
Do we not feel his gentle presence here?
Do we not see again his greeting smile,
And feel the pressure of his friendly hand?
Do we not listen to his tuneful voice,
Thinking he cannot yet have left these scenes?
Alas! we shall not hear his voice again:
Enshrouded in his coffin there he lies,
And the birds warble all around his grave.
His home, dear wife and little ones are left,
And he has gone to brighter, purer realms.
Great Father; in Thy mercy deign to hear
The earnest wishes of our saddened souls,
That Thou wouldst help the lonely bruised reed
Her heavy load of grief and woe to bear,
So that through all the gloom of widowhood

Her hope and faith may rise in love to Thee;
And when the fatherless look up to her,
Put in her hand the life-sustaining bread,
That she and they may find the promise true,
That to the widow thou wilt husband be,
And to the fatherless a father true.
How varied are the scenes of life and death;
The sweet and softened strains we fondly heard
When last we met to sing our praises here,
They are not dead, for now their mystic tones
Are indistinctly by our spirits heard,
And linger with us, loath to pass away.
His spirit seemed to burn with holy fire,
When in impressive and most tender strains
He sang "The Far-away Home of the Soul."
Who asked him, or what made him choose to sing
Such words, so strikingly appropriate?
For he, while singing thus, was nearing heaven.
Had he a glimpse of its radiant light?
Were his notes attuned by his Father's love?
Was he yearning after a higher life?
Was a brighter, holier world in view?
We know not what the departed felt, but
He sang so sweetly that many have said
They had never heard him so well before.
He seemed to be thinking of home far away—
Of a home where the saints and angels dwell,
Of a tearless, joyful, happy abode,
Where no sin, nor sorrow, nor death can come.
And when he had finished his mortal strain,
His harp and his song were suddenly hushed,
For the message had come from the Lord of the skies;
Then his sanctified spirit, abounding with love,
Left all imperfections and discords below,
To join in the perfect ascription above.

JOHN WILLIAM GREEN.

MR. GREEN was born 1783, and died at his residence, Dalston, on the morning of Wednesday, February 1st, 1860, in his seventy-eighth year; but his intellectual faculties remained clear and unimpaired to the last. He took an active part in the working of the Temperance cause, to which he had become attached on its first introduction into London. His efforts were unwearied, and very many of the local societies have to deplore the loss of a steady friend and judicious counsellor. He was not a man of brilliant talents, but remarkable for his clear, common sense, and his readiness at all times to undertake any kind of labour in behalf of the cause he so dearly loved.

In all parts of the country, by the chief persons connected with our cause, Mr. Green was well known. They had seen him on the platform, they had met with him in conventions, or around the hospitable board, and had read the useful little books which he had written or compiled. His fund of anecdote, his admirable elocution, the consistency of his character, his literary abilities, had won for him a great renown. For a lucid exposition of first principles, we know of none who excelled J. W. Green. On the last occasion the writer heard him, the address was particularly impressive, as it followed one that was light and frivolous. The audience was large, and Mr. Green seemed to labour with a feeling that it ought not to separate without its attention having been drawn to the great truths which lie at the root of all our exertions. It was a calm appeal to the consciences of men, an affectionate entreaty that the claims he put forth on behalf of the cause should be well considered.

Mr. Green occasionally appeared in the pulpit, and all his efforts were marked by the same unpretending and

earnest spirit. He was a Wesleyan Methodist by persuasion, but he was as little of a sectarian as any man in the Temperance world.

A worthy man has fallen from our ranks,
A lover of our good and noble cause is dead.
For years he was the unwearied advocate,
And his great labours have been greatly blessed.
When opposition, desperate and strong—
When churches clamoured, and the world opposed—
When fashion from her height of folly frowned,
And custom, appetite, and interest leagued
To stay the progress of our enterprise,
He, with a daring which no foe can doubt,
Boldly defended and proclaimed the truth.
When in the dawning of Old England's hope,
The sacred sun of Temperance arose,
He hailed it with a happy, joyous soul,
And its light cheered him in his dying hour.
Through many years he laboured in our cause,
And while he laboured, trusted—prayed—and hoped.
We knew him when the opposition raged,
A calm, determined, earnest advocate;
And we have heard him when some carping soul
Has rudely spoken, offer his grave reply,
And we have listened to his simple strains,
And when his soul was kindled with the fires
Of classic and impassioned eloquence.
His mind with pleasing tales was richly stored;
His conversation pleasant, hopeful, grave.
His intellect was clear, well disciplined, and strong;
His pen was mighty in defending truth;
His style was chaste, his composition pure,
His pathos solemn, his conclusions sound.
He studied, wrote, and prayed for Temperance.
And at the footstool of the heavenly grace,
He importuned in confidence and faith;
And God in mercy sent a blessing down.
Is there a platform in the City found

Where he, the honoured speaker, hath not stood,
Yearning with love the drunkard to reclaim?
No fulsome bombast, no fantastic freaks
Did he indulge. The straight and simple truth
Was the well tempered, double-edgèd sword
With which he fought against a mighty foe.
But we shall see the dear old face no more;
One of our fathers has been called away
To join the happy in the sinless realms.
We love the cause which he did love so well,
And if his saintly spirit can look down
From sinless spheres, would it not add to his
Celestial joy, to witness our attempts
To rescue drunkards from the jaws of death?
May we his truth and patience emulate,
So that when death shall summon us away,
Our happy spirits may depart in peace,
To join with him in songs of ceaseless praise.

JOSEPH JOHN GURNEY.

JOSEPH JOHN GURNEY was a learned and able minister of the Society of Friends, he was rich in the things of this world, and rich in the faith which works by love, and his Christian ministrations were greatly blessed. He was born August 2nd, 1788, and departed this life January 7th, 1846. We subjoin a short extract of a speech delivered in Exeter Hall, in 1845.

"I rejoice to find myself in my present position, in the *midst of* so large, so highly respectable a meeting of

teetotalers, I hope of pledged teetotalers. Excellent as teetotalism may be, I regard it as feeble and powerless without the pledge.

"I hold it to be desirable, and salutary, and laudible to abstain; and I hope that all my countrymen will not only abstain, but abstain totally; and that they will not only abstain totally, but become pledged teetotalers. The pledge is the bond of combination, the cement of union. The principle of total abstinence is producing great results; it is diminishing the number of inmates of gaols and lunatics asylums, and it is increasing the number of attendants on religious worship.

"If it does not cause persons to enter the temple of religion, it certainly brings many to the porch.

"I wish that those who object to total abstinence would consider the desperate danger of the opposite extreme.

"I know an individual who was once plentiful in good works, and a member of a Christian church, but who is now to be found in the lowest and vilest public-houses, completely the slave of gin!

"I believe that the total abstinence cause is making progress amongst the thinking educated persons, and this affords matter of rejoicing.

"Let us always act as a Christian Society, in a Christian spirit, and with Christian sincerity.

"Let us go forward as soldiers of Christ, obtaining many a blessed and glorious victory, till the whole of our vast population is delivered and redeemed from the great vice of intemperance."

In the decease of this much valued friend,
A deep, prevailing sorrow filled the souls
Of many thousands who had heard him preach
Of the rich grace which God through Christ [bestows.
His character was spotless as the light,
And all his fond affections were allied
To deeds of mercy and to works of love.
None who have read his precepts and advice,
Can call in question his devotedness

In making known the purposes of Him
Who willeth not that any man should die,
But that all men should come to Him and live.
It might be said of the departed one,
He was a master thinker, and he spoke
With all the clearness of a child of light,
Of virtues pure and social, which adorn
And dignify the character of man.
Feeling the presence and the power divine,
And being filled with an undying hope,
The blessed truths of immortality
Cheered him along the way which leads to bliss.
And so he taught as one who walked with God;
And those who heard him freely testified
That while he spoke they felt the love divine
Filling their spirits with immortal hope,
Leading them on to happiness and heaven.
Joseph John Gurney's name shines brightly now,
And down the centuries which yet may come,
Its light and glory will remain undimmed,
For when he spoke of God's beneficence,
His soul was kindled with a living fire,
And truths were uttered which can never die.
What wonder then that such a gifted soul
Should gladly welcome our great moral cause?
He hailed and loved it as a truth divine;
And soon there issued from his facile pen
A most convincing, telling little tract,
Wherein he proved the ancient motto true,
That as a drink for man "water is best."
He knew within the precincts of his home,
So greatly blessed with God's approving smile,
That to his servants, spite of greatest care,
The drink was both a stumbling-block and snare.
And when that tempting evil was removed,
The good seed of the gospel took deep root,
And quickly yielded more abundant fruit.
In wisdom, faith and patience he went forth
To rescue men from darkness, pain and woe,

And with a moral and religious force,
He wrought conviction in the cultured mind,
And won the hearts of the untutored poor.
He honoured Temperance, and it honoured him:
It blesses those who take and those who give,
And knowing this he laboured bravely well,
And when the closing scenes of life drew near,
His faith looked forward for the great reward,
And his confiding spirit passed away
To join in praise with the celestial throng,
Who sing the new but everlasting song.

JOHN VINE HALL.

JOHN VINE HALL, father of the Rev. Newman Hall, and also of the Rev. Arthur Hall, was born March 14th, 1774, died September 22nd, 1860, aged eighty-seven. He had been a teetotaler for about forty years. In early life he was fascinated and enslaved by alcohol, but being at length led to see the folly and criminality of his acts, he entered on a fierce struggle for the purpose of counteracting and destroying the craving appetite he had for intoxicants. At length a physician was consulted, who declared that if he would adopt his prescription the unnatural craving would soon pass away. The remedy tried was accompanied by earnest prayer, and the victory obtained was perfect and complete, and ever after nothing could induce him, whether ill or well, to touch intoxicating drinks. Once, when wine was ordered during a severe attack of typhus fever, he said, "I would rather

die;" and even on his death-bed, when the doctors recommended wine, Mrs. Hall, his worthy and devoted wife, said the proposal was useless. Then beer was suggested, but the good patient, who had been lying apparently unconscious of the conversation, emphatically answered, "Never, never." Mr. Hall was most devotedly attached to the Temperance cause, and frequently assisted at the meetings of the Surrey Chapel Band of Hope. He was known—and will be always known—as the author of that admirable tract, *The Sinner's Friend*, which has been translated into twenty-nine languages, and of which upwards of two million copies have been circulated. He retained the exercise of his faculties till a day or two before his death, and then quietly passed away.

The grim, destroying spirit, alcohol,
Seated upon his throne of skeletons,
With lying lips and flashing eyes of fire,
In league with all things desperate and vile,
Chuckled with fiendish joy when in his grip
He held the lively, genial John Vine Hall.
And then he deemed his victim doubly sure,
When in addition to the poisonous drink
He daringly pursued a godless course,
And with a heart burdened with unbelief,
He scorned the Bible and the Christ who died.
Ye heavens look down, let all the angels weep,
While they behold a sight so strangely sad;
Young, genial, kind-hearted, helpless, mad,
Truant to truth, a slave in self-made chains;
A laugh, a shriek, a yell, and then a tear,
And then the gloom of blackness and despair—
This was a state which could not be endured:
Rise, rise, young man, and fling away the drink,
And let the fire consume the lying book.
And he arose, and when a long way off,
His Father, when his footsteps turned towards home,
Met him, forgave and loved and kissèd him.
And with a joy the hearts of angels burned

When they beheld this prodigal returned.
But what a battle had our friend to wage,
The unnatural cravings must be all subdued,
By abstinence they must be starved to death;
And if he had not killed the hungry crew,
They would assuredly have murdered him.
And then by proper means and grace divine
He left his drinking and his dreary ways,
And wrote for Him who is the sinner's Friend;
And by his pen, and firm yet gentle speech,
He aided on our good and growing cause.
Strange, that this wild and dissipated youth
Should write a book which has been greatly blessed,
And shall be read for ages yet to come.
Strange, that the reckless, laughing infidel
Should be the father of the men of mark,
Who fearlessly defend the sacred truth,
And tell of Jesus and His dying love.
Here we descry a drunkard is reclaimed,
And lo! the gracious influence descends;
The Holy Spirit, with its quick'ning power,
Revives the heart and sanctifies the soul.
He wrote a book which many millions read,
Some heed its teachings and look up to God,
And live anew, and die in Christ the Lord.
My Temperance friends, look on and courage take,
See what the Lord in this one instance did;
See, did we say? You cannot while on earth,
For such fine issues must be seen in heaven,
And as the eternal ages onward roll,
New scenes for gratulation shall arise,
And sacred truth be ever glorified.
Small in appearance when it first began,
But God has crowned it with his own Well done!
And who will doubt that in the great acclaim
Which fills the holy spheres with harmony,
He, with a host of ministering souls,
Will sing for ever in the world above
Of God's great mercy and eternal love.

This question truly may be answered, Yes.
The brilliant sun sank in the golden west,
And over all cast its declining rays;
But its attendant crimson clouds of fire
Had scarcely vanished in the shades of eve,
When in a moment, with her precious freight,
The *Princess Alice* with eight hundred souls,
Came in collision with a pond'rous craft,
And being struck with a resistless force,
At once a frantic, dreadful fear prevailed,
A wildly grim and awful horror reigned;
A dark impending doom encompassed all,
And death and darkness held a carnival.
Parents and children shrieked in vain for help,
The wounded *Princess Alice* must succumb,
For in her battered side the waters rushed,
And then capsizing, the good vessel sank,
Amidst the piercing yells and dying groans
Of those who found, alas, a watery grave.
And this young friend, around whose grave we stand,
To heave our sighs and offer up our prayers,
Was one who in the fatal waters strove
To elude the grasp of the great tyrant, Death.
Of Charlton William Harrison we say—
Peace to his name, for he was true and good,
A lover of the chaste and beautiful!
And having zeal that all should emulate,
He pleaded for the helpless and distressed;
And with a living faith and blessed hope,
He nobly worked for Temperance and God.
He spoke and read with clearness and effect;
And apt in recitation, he intoned
The softened music of "The Sabbath Bells,"
And "Papa's Letter," and good "Little Joe,"
And with sweet poems of intrinsic worth,
His hearers were delighted and impressed.
He was a sower in the world's wide field,
Who has and yet will meet with his reward.
From distance great his younger brother came

To spend with him his holidays in town,
But who, alas! came to the same sad end.
Here let the loving and the much-loved rest;
They both were good and pleasant in their lives,
And now, like Saul and Jonathan of old,
We truly say, in death are not divided;
And from this grave their bodies shall not rise,
Till bidden by the summons from the skies.
That sunken boat shook England's strongest nerve,
And through the world deep sympathy is felt;
In this great city clearly may be seen
Sadness enthroned on many a passing brow.
My neighbour and his wife and other one
Were all on board, and all of them were lost;
And while I write I see the blinds drawn down,
And all around the neighbourhood is sad.
Last night I heard of two good Temperance men,
Who added to the fearful list of "drowned."
And nearly all with whom I have conversed
Have lost a neighbour, relative, or friend.
Who was to blame for this great accident?
The captain of the lost was at his post:
He loved his calling, and he proved it well,
And all the world shall say he nobly fell.

WILLIAM HOLMES.

WILLIAM HOLMES was born at Baldock, Herts, in the year 1805, and departed this life at Alton, Hants, 1867, aged sixty-two. From early life he was the subject of strong convictions, and he often spoke of the impressions

made upon his mind when taken at a very tender age by his mother to her room, on her retiring there to wait upon the Lord; the solemnity of her countenance and manner causing him to realise that she was communing with God, though no words were uttered. He had almost a reverential love for her. He was a man of sound judgment, and ever ready to assist in objects of benevolence. He was a good master, and a sister of one of his assistants wrote to him, thanking him for the Christian solicitude which he had manifested towards her brother. The consistency of William Holmes, and the impressive manner of reading the Holy Scriptures in the family had first awakened the mind of the young man to the reality of religion, and under the divine blessing induced him to seek and to find peace in the great truths of the Gospel. He retired from business on a small competency, desiring to be more at liberty for philanthropic efforts, and for the service of the church. He travelled with ministering friends, often remarking that he felt it a privilege to be a servant of the servants of the Lord. He accompanied W. Foster on a religious engagement to the islands of Guernsey and Jersey in the year 1844, and to the valleys of Piedmont in 1852; and was one of the deputation who, in 1853—4, presented an address on the subject of slavery to the President and Governors of the United States. In 1857 he accompanied George Kemp and his son to the West Indies, and was most assiduous to promote the comfort of his friends by undertaking the management of the journey, and he had an earnest desire to enter into the weightier parts of the engagement. In the latter part of his life he wrote, in a letter to a friend, "I trust I may in truth say—Hitherto hath the Lord helped me, bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits."

Soon after it pleased the Heavenly Father to draw a veil over his mind, by the disease more evidently reaching his brain, but his friends thankfully believe that the victory was won, and that he entered into the joy of his Lord.

In him we saw the patriot and the man,
Patient and kind, and generously good.
He carried on his business with success;
And when he was enabled to retire,
Not with abundant, but with moderate means,
He learned how wise and well it was to work
For liberty, for Temperance, and for God.
He felt the burden of his country's woe,
And fully knew if men would but abstain,
How grandly great our good old land would be.
But he resolved to visit distant climes,
To speak to those who once in darkness sat,
But who had seen the heav'nly Gospel light;
And when he heard them sing their songs of praise,
His heart was filled with peacefulness and joy.
But He to whom the darkness is as light,
Caused darkening shades to pass across his soul,
In dimness veiling intellect once bright,
And fondly hopeful of eternal bliss.
But his past life was full of light divine,
His actions instinct with the love of good,
And none can doubt that when he passed away,
It was to live in the Eternal Day.

GEORGE HOWLETT.

Mr. George Howlett was born at Wendover, Bucks, on May 6th, 1819. His parents were poor, but respectable, and to the memory of his mother especially he paid many a glowing tribute for her simple piety and

affectionate care. As soon as George was able to work he was employed in agricultural labour. When about seventeen years of age he came to London to "push his fortune," and soon found employment as a coal-heaver on the banks of the Thames. Previous to this he had seldom taken intoxicating drinks, but the coal-heavers then (and we believe that many are still under the same delusion) believed their work could not be done without beer, and our friend, who did not know the pernicious nature of intoxicants, became a victim to the popular delusion, and although he never was a drunkard, he continued to spend more of his large earnings upon strong drink than was compatible with domestic comfort, and he was in great danger of becoming a drunkard. He was arrested in his downward course principally by the efforts made by Mr. Parker and Mr. Meredith, and though we are not aware of the precise date when he commenced the public advocacy of Temperance, we understand that his first attempt was in Castle Yard, Holland Street, Blackfriars, and that he entered upon the work with great fear and trembling. But he soon acquired confidence and became one of the most popular advocates in London. Subsequently he visited almost every town in England and Wales, and paid several visits to Scotland and Ireland, and made many converts to the Temperance cause. And he also, through the agency of the National Temperance League, visited many places where teetotalism was almost entirely unknown. But notwithstanding his apparent robust health and strength, during his last few years h received several warnings to be more careful in cor suming his strength; but his earnest desire to be usefu with an over-confident belief in his powers of endurand often led him to undervalue the remonstrances of anxic friends. A serious attack of what appeared to be g confined him to his room for more than two mon during the last winter, and although he was enabled attend a few meetings he never fully recovered f this attack. On Saturday, March 2nd, 1872, he atte

the closing festival at the Lambeth Baths; on the following morning he delivered a remarkably able address at the last of the Sunday morning meetings; and on the following Monday evening he delivered his last public address at the Inaugural Meeting of a new Temperance Society in the Free Methodist Chapel, Paradise Road, Clapham. At that time he was suffering from his old malady, on the following Saturday he was much worse, but he remained conscious to the last, and he gave satisfactory assurances to his friend the Rev. Stanton Eardley, and to others that he was prepared for his great change by a humble but trustful confidence in the blessed Saviour of sinners. The interment took place at Norwood Cemetery, on Saturday, March 30th; the funeral *cortège* consisted of twenty-one mourning carriages, and a much larger number of private vehicles. It was a great funeral, and many wept at his grave. On the following Sunday Mr. Jabez Inwards preached two sermons in the Borough Road Congregational Church, in the course of which he made special references to the life and labours of the late Mr. Howlett.

Alas! how soon another summons comes
To call a vet'ran spirit from our ranks,
Who in the shades of death has passed away.
He was a lover of our great, good cause,
And firmly stood its honest advocate;
And when he fell he had his armour on.
The soul that strove to overcome the foe
Has winged its flight to purer, brighter realms,
To drink for ever of the crystal stream
Which flows so richly from the throne of God.
The name so known, so homely to us all,
No longer represents our living friend,
But stands henceforth enshrined amongst the dead.
A few brief hours have quickly sped their flight
Since we enjoyed his presence, smile, and speech;
His face shone brightly with a gleam of joy,
His witty words, and hearty, merry laugh,

Made glad the hearts of the assembled throng.
And though we sadly know our friend has gone,
It seems almost impossible that we
Should hear his voice and grasp his hand no more.
He was an earnest, noble-minded man,
And through all time his works will follow him.
Our poor blind sympathies exclaim, "Too soon
Our working brother has been called away;"
But He who rules in love knows when to call,
And says, "Be still, and know that I am God;"
We heard the truths out-flowing from his soul,
When like a rock he stood strong in the right
Of Heaven's eternal Temperance,
To warn his hearers 'gainst a deadly foe.
He was not versed in logic nor in lore,
Nor was he mindful of a polished style,
Nor cared he for well-rounded periods,
But when he spoke he flashed out living thoughts,
Plain, pointed, pungent, terse, and practical.
His sentences were strong, and full, and clear;
No myths, nor mists, nor sounds uncertain
Ever encompassed or bedimmed his mind.
He knew strong drinks were foes to God and man,
And so he nobly laboured, hoped, and prayed
That all might be delivered from their power.
He was the working poor man's advocate,
And few could reach their heads and hearts so well.
His homely thrusts, so pointed, and so good,
Have captivated and impressed the minds
Of men of wealth, of learning, and of power.
A diamond not polished, but well cut;
A sterling foe to robbery and wrong.
We well remember how he stood and said:
"My friends, my dear good friends, give it up,
The drink is bad for body, mind, and soul,
Bad for the labourer, and farmer too;
Be men; act wisely, give it, give it up."
We've seen the ploughmen clap their hands and shout,
While yeomen and esquires applauded him;

And wives and sisters with a friendly nod, [true."
Have said, "We know you're right, George; that is
Drunkards have stopped to hear his startling facts,
And have resolved to drink strong drinks no more,
Temp'rance to him was one great living truth,
For which he spoke, and laboured, till he died.
In the bright sunshine of the Lord's day morn
I went to see my dear, afflicted friend;
During the night he had a little rest,
And hopes were cherished that he might survive,
But like the morning clouds they passed away.
Upon him lay the hand of the great foe;
How changed the scene, how changed the interview,
From health to weakness, and from joy to pain.
He knew me well, and grasped my hand, and said,
"God bless you! bless you! I am very ill."
I said but little, being pleased to learn,
A worthy preacher whom he loved had called.
Who spoke of Jesus and His power to save,
Which proved sweet words of comfort to his soul.
I breathed my wishes in a few plain words,
And left him in the calm of sweet repose.
When shades of mortal gloom were gathering round,
He watched, expectant, for his coming Lord.
Though weak in body he was strong in faith,
And ever patient in his sufferings.
Waiting, reliant, calm, and quite resigned;
The Immortal Hope allured him to the skies,
And so from earthly clouds he passed away,
Into the cloudless realms of endless day.

JAMES INWARDS.

JAMES INWARDS, my good brother, was Secretary to the Houghton Regis Temperance Society. He was born in April, 1813, and died November 27th, 1838, after a painful and lingering illness. As a teetotaler he was zealous and most indefatigable, and so long as his health permitted he laboured well in the cause, and was the instrument of doing much good in and around his native place, where he was almost the first to adopt the practice of total abstinence. He was most attentive to those who signed the pledge, and was diligent in visiting them; and by his good counsel and advice they were encouraged to run in the safe and proper way, and he died in the peace and hope of the gospel. He was buried in the Baptist Burial Ground, West Street, Dunstable, and was carried to the grave by members of the Temperance Society. The hearse was preceded by a numerous and respectable company of the Dunstable and Houghton Societies, and the minister and doctor were both teetotalers. This was the first Temperance funeral which had taken place in the neighbourhood. Not a drop of intoxicating drink was used. On the following day (Sunday) a most impressive funeral sermon was preached in the Baptist Chapel, Houghton Regis, to a very crowded audience, by the Rev. Alexander Smith, from 1 Corinthians, xv. 57: "But thanks be unto God, which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ." The minister spoke of the patience and benevolence of the deceased as a Christian, and of his zeal and activity as a member of the Temperance Society, and of many in that congregation whom he had been the means of restoring to the paths of sobriety and peace. At the close of the sermon *a funeral* hymn was sung, the solemn tune of which had

been composed by the deceased, and the deeply sonorous and impressive tones, the memory of which the writer and others still retain with mournful pleasure and a solemn joy.

We felt an inspiration in the truth
Which flashed upon us from the realms above,
When first we heard the glad and welcome news,
How drunkards had been rescued and reclaimed
From all the horrors of a deadly curse.
My brother, loving, kind, affectionate,
Fondly allied himself to this reform;
And when he saw the changes it had wrought,
He gladly traced them to the hand of God.
In zephyr breezes of the summer eve,
Along familiar and secluded paths,
We spoke of what our new-born cause had done,
And fondly hoped the triumphs of the past,
Did but precede far better things to come,
And in our mutual hopes we felt as one.
And now I see the glances of his eye,
And feel the force of precious things he said,
When all alone, our hearts together burned
With love intense for our advancing cause;
And when I looked into his loving face,
I prayed that he might live for many years;
That with an earnest consecrated soul,
He might a noble warfare carry on,
Putting to flight that desolating foe
The fierce and soul-destroying alcohol.
Most earnest he in all he undertook,
And with impassioned and intense desire,
He pleaded with the lovers of strong drink,
That from its tyranny they might be free.
But as he spoke the hectic flush appeared,
The flush which told of a consuming fire;
Of wasting frame and premature decay.
We know how quickly mundane pleasures fade,
And how the holy ties of brotherhood

Are snapped asunder by the hand of death;
We ever knew him gentle, good, and true,
Loving the chaste, refined, and beautiful,
A living joy in his beloved home;
And were he not our brother, should affirm
That in his native place he had no peer,
For though self-taught, he soon became expert
In pencil sketching, and the painter's art;
And in the rural homes may yet be seen
Some treasured proofs of his untutored skill.
As a good reader, but by few excelled
In emphasis and intonations clear,
Easily imitating acts and sounds,
Alternately evoking smiles and tears,
He clearly proved to all how well he caught
The spirit and the genius of his theme;
And as he felt, so he made others feel.
How all our feelings and our faculties,
By a fine sympathy flash out their fires,
Evolving and receiving influences
Which bless the givers and recipients;
In music, painting, and poetic lore,
He found a ceaseless pleasure and delight.
Once at a meeting when the place was full,
A drunkard entered, ragged and forlorn,
Who was the son of parents good and true,
But drink had blasted all his worldly hopes,
And steeled his heart against his dearest ones;
And when he stammered out offensive words,
The President's command was "Turn him out,"
When my good brother quickly left his seat,
And found himself beside the drunken man,
And by his kind and loving Christian words,
The man though drunk was quiet to the end;
And at the close he staggered to the book, [more.
And signed the pledge and drank strong drink no
And shortly after, one bright Sunday morn,
When the Lord's house was filled to overflow,
I saw him in the Eternal Names baptized;

And in the water the good preacher said,
Thank God for that abstaining pledge,
By which you have been made a sober man;
And adding godliness to that resolve,
We in accordance with the great command
Baptize you in the name of Christ the Lord.
But soon the changes were so clearly marked,
That close beside him the dread foe appeared,
And while we stood around his dying bed,
In the sweet calm of patience, love, and hope,
Smiling, he gave a most assuring sign,
Then closed his eyes, and with his fathers slept.

MRS. WILLIAM INWARDS.

Mrs. William Inwards, the wife of Mr. William Inwards, of Leamington, was for more than thirty years an earnest and most consistent teetotaler. The last Temperance lectures she attended were given by myself in the Baptist Chapel, Leamington, and I well remember how her face was frequently lighted up with smiles when she listened to the enumeration of truths which she had so long and persistently endorsed. After suffering patiently for a few months in the presence of her dearest ones, in simple trust in God and in the full hope of immortal life she left the scenes of earth on December 12th, 1874, aged seventy-two.

December seems a fitting month to die,
For those who've passed the autumn time of life:

But when the faith of Christ illumes the mind,
It makes a constant summer in the soul,
Where skies are cloudless, and the springtime seems
With all its hopefulness to come again.
In the first days of our ennobling cause,
Hearing the truth she loved and prized it well;
And at the last refused the "mocker" wine.
Her end was peaceful, calm, and beautiful;
Her only hope was in her Saviour's love,
And ministering angels hovered round,
And heavenly music fell upon her ears,
And thus her hopeful spirit passed away.

ALBERT DURER JOHNSTONE.

THIS remarkable child, after a short but severe affliction, was called to the higher life March 18th, 1876, aged thirteen years. We give a few extracts from the funeral sermon preached in the parish church, Harborne, by the Rev. Dr. Gregg, on Sunday afternoon, April 2nd, to an overflowing congregation. Though so young, his writings were too numerous for us to enumerate. We feel that mentally he lived too fast, and we think, with the greatest humiliation and resignation, that he died too soon.

"Bertie Johnstone, aged thirteen years, entered the better world on the 18th of March, 1876 (yesterday fortnight), resting on the 'Rock of Ages,' of whom he loved to sing. Remarkable for the simplicity and the *naturalness* of his character, he was in every sense a

thorough boy, a bright, happy, joyous, loving lad, who loved his games most thoroughly and played them with all his heart. Full of life, energy, cheerfulness, and mirth, he possessed the simple-mindedness of the child combined with the talent of the man. He wrote dramas, tragedies, comedies, lectures, and (since he was seven years of age) sermons; the latter, *i.e.* the sermons, to be preached in the attic of his home to (his sole audience) his own little playmates, including his younger brother and sister. The sermon on Jude 14, which I shall read for you this afternoon, was written for Christmas last, but it was never preached; so that now, through it, Bertie will speak to you to-day as *a Voice from the better world*.

"For a short time the dear boy was a member of my Wednesday Bible-class, and I feel it to have been no insignificant honour to have had even so small a share in teaching such a boy when living, and to be permitted to think and to speak of such a child when dead.

"As regards his final illness, he was at school (North London Collegiate) as usual on March the 14th, and early on the morning of the 18th, he had passed away to the better land, and his earthly remains were interred on the 23rd, in Harborne Churchyard.

"He is gone to a better land and cannot now return, but although he is dead yet he speaks to us. A flower has been plucked by the Master's hand, to bloom in Paradise—a plant so fragrant has been transplanted by the great Husbandman to the garden of the Royal Palace. And now he dwells in the better land; he enjoys the higher life; he beholds 'the King in His beauty;' he sees the face of that precious Saviour Jesus Christ, of whom he loved to write.

"His death has been to me a heavy blow. What must it be to those who knew him better? But although the blow is heavy, it is not cruel. It comes from the Father's hand, and that Father's hand is 'love.' Love laid Bertie low, and love, eternal love, has carri
on high.

"Let me here repeat a few lines written by the dear boy when he was little more than twelve years old:—

'GOD.

'God immortal and eternal,
God who lives above the skies,
God the great, the everlasting,
God who caused His Son to rise.
God who made this world of splendour,
And the firmament above,
God of peace, and Lord of wisdom,
God of all things, God of Love.
All rejoice in God our Lord.'

"Again; here is a poem conceived by the same mind on the subject of

'YOUTH AND AGE.

'When the fields are green with splendour,
And the boys are out at play,
The old man then forgets the time,
Of his young and playful day.

When the sun sets in the horizon,
You hear their playful din,
And the old man leans on his walking-stick,
And looks till his eyes grow dim.

And he calls back the time of his boyhood,
When with his friends he played;
Where now are those old friends gone to?
Ah! in their graves they're laid.

And he thinks that he next will be taken,
And a tear rolls down his cheek;
But the boy in his play and his study,
No traces of death doth seek.

But perhaps some of us boys will be old men,
And then we shall feel it the more,
When we see the boys play in the meadow,
And the golden sun shine on the floor.

Then we feel that our legs grow tottering,
And our hair is getting grey,
And we leave the boys to their pleasure,
And think of our younger day.'"

Dr. Gregg then read to the intense interest of the large congregation, one of the sermons which the dear child had written and which was intended to have been read to his little brother and sister, the text of which is in the 14th verse of the epistle of Jude: "Behold the Lord cometh." The following is an extract:—

"Then, fifthly, what a land of peace England would be without alcohol! Why could we not drink the pure juice of the grape? When the noble left-ones came back from the jaws of death the first thing they offered them was alcohol! Look at the annual average of drunken men, and then look at the average of people that die annually from the drink. Look at the many poor bleeding hearts who are earnestly begging their husbands to leave that den of thieves! God never made a drop of alcohol (which has been in existence ever since Noah, whom we read of getting drunk). I say, abolish it in England, if not anywhere else. It only brings imprisonment, murder, robberies, and last of all it brings the sleep of death.

"I once read the following little anecdote:—At a seaport town there once lived a poor sailor (who had one little girl) who was a notorious drunkard. He led his wife a sad life, and at last she died of a broken heart. One day his little girl said, 'Father, do come to our Band of Hope meeting to-night?' The wicked father threatened to flog her well if she asked him again; but again she persisted, and the words sinking into that heart of iron, turned it into a heart of love.

"At last he went, and what was more, he signed the pledge; but after this the little girl got him to go to chapel, and often in his supplications at the throne of grace, did he thank God for the efforts of his little girl."

Why should we tell our sorrows to our friends,
Or memorize in verse our heartfelt grief?
Perchance we may some comfort realize,
If in our plaintive tones we find relief,
Receiving loving sympathy from those
Who feel for spirits burdened with a woe.
We have not felt the pang to lose a child,
For those whose prattlings long ago we heard,
In the sweet innocence of childhood's morn,
We yet behold them gentle, good, and kind,
Whose manly smiles and womanly delights
Reflect their own, and fill our hearts with love.
At night, when silence, peace, and darkness reigned,
The great foe, Death, with noiseless footsteps came
And took our darling grandson far away.
We know it was so, for he comes not now
To please us with his ever-loving smile.
And yet, we ask in wonder, can it be?
When only but a few short hours ago
He ran to meet us like a living joy,
And stood before us beautiful and fair,
Loving to put his soft white hand in ours,
And telling, with a zest what pleased him well;
He was our child's first, fond, and lovely babe,
And so we loved him with a double love,
And fondly hoped that in the time to come,
His talents rare, and virtues would combine
In emulation of the good and great.
He loved to listen to the wise and true,
And with rare talents filled us with surprise.
Deeply reflecting he would take the pen,
And sweetly write in telling, touching strains,
Of peace, of hope, of Temperance, and heaven.

Our sighs ascend, our tears will flow, that one
So full of promise in life's opening spring,
So kindly frank, so generously good,
Should from our midst so soon be called away.
We see him, feel him, hear him, love him now;
He was a gem reflecting purest light;
A flower which opened to the rays divine,
A bright mild star in our domestic sky,
Shedding the light of Temperance and peace.
But when no eye the mortal foe could see,
He shot a fiery arrow from his bow,
And with a fearful certainty of aim
It struck our precious one a fatal blow.
So in the silent morn when stars were bright,
And the blue sky unshadowed by a cloud,
And all without was calm, and cold, and still,
Our loved one wrestled with the enemy,
Who proved the victor, and the darling fell.
Nor earnest prayers, nor sighs, nor streaming tears,
Nor parents' love, nor hope could now avail;
And in the hush of silence and suspense,
The peaceful spirit left its mortal home;
And loving, ministering angels came
And winged their precious treasure up to God;
Where the bright cherubim and seraphim,
And all the angels in the sinless spheres,
Join in the song of one eternal praise.
It was the wisdom and the will of God
That he should leave earth's transitory scenes,
And all the priceless treasures of his home,
To live in mansions of supernal bliss.
His father, ever perfect in his sight,
His mother dear, his beau ideal of love,
And little Dug, and lovely Ida too,
And you and yours to him were very dear;
He loved us all and truly we loved him,
And never have our hearts had greater joy
Than in the presence of our darling boy.
With a child's hand he wrote heroic thoughts

Befitting intellects of ripened years.
We never knew a child who worked so well,
So hard, continuous, and so happily;
His moral musings in sweet numbers flowed,
And the poetic filled him with delight.
His charming lines on "Summer," "Youth and Age,"
The "Heavens," "The Robin," and "Old Christmases,"
"Of God," and "Flowers," of "Nelson" and of "Peace."
And other bright effusions of his soul
May live for centuries, and then be read
With interest, pleasure, profit, and delight.
We love to note the spots he knew so well,
Where in the garden we could see him play,
Spinning his top, and full of childish glee;
Then we have seen him thoughtful and absorbed,
Evolving truths which time cannot destroy.
But while we almost hear his well-known voice,
Our loving spirits linger round his grave.
We see thereon the gentle sunbeams fall,
And all around the graceful trees and flowers;
We hear the singing of the happy birds:
The dew-drops sparkle where the dear one lies,
Fit emblems of our silence, hopes, and tears.
But our fond spirits rise beyond the scene,
And we behold on high our risen Lord,
Who is the Resurrection and the Life.
Through whom we know that his now happy soul
Is in His presence, who can never change.
Eternal ages shall His praises tell,
Who though exalted on His kingly throne,
Looked down and claimed dear Bertie for His own.

WILLIAM JANSON.

WILLIAM JANSON, ESQ., was one of the first and most active teetotalers in the city of London. His heart and head were in the work, and he spared neither talents nor money to make known the safety and advantage of abstinence from all intoxicants. He was kind, pleasant, and conversational, and it was a great sorrow to his numerous friends, that the mind which was once so clear and bright, had a partial veil drawn over it by the hand of his kind and loving Heavenly Father. He was universally esteemed and beloved. He departed this life, after thirty-two years of abstinence from intoxicating drinks, January 1st, 1868. And he has left behind him a character pure as the light, and a good name which can never die.

A man most gentle and a gentleman,
He spoke and won the hearts of those who heard,
Not by the rhetorician's eloquence,
But by the kind, persuasive Christian way
He put the pressing claims of our good cause.
A kind adviser, and a generous friend,
He seemed to feel the blessedness of hope,
And strong in faith he trusted in the Lord.
Earnest in prayers that blessings might descend
Upon the hearts of all the good and true,
And supplementing loving faith by works,
He saw the dawning of the better time,
When inebriety shall be no more.
His words were few, but well and wisely said,
And some were charmed with his persuasiveness;
While he declared in pleasing gentle tones,
The victories which Temperance had won.
And when the fact of his decease was known,
The young and old were burdened with a grief,
But all who knew how well he lived and died,
Felt that in both our Lord was glorified.

THOMAS LANE.

In the quiet and sudden decease of this good friend and worker, the Temperance cause has sustained a very great loss. He died at his residence, 44, Orange Street, Bethnal Green, and was buried February 3rd, 1878, in the Cemetery at Ilford. He signed the pledge in the year 1851, and he was baptized by the Rev. T. J. Messer in 1853. He was a man who possessed very considerable talents, and though ever diligent in business, he was fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. On the day of his funeral the neighbourhood of Orange Street was the scene of a great and solemn excitement, many hundreds of whom were clad in mournful attire. On each side of the door of his residence stood two mutes, with their draped and sable wands, and the crowded streets of the neighbourhood testified how much the people loved him. Impressive addresses were delivered by Messrs. Ripley and Brown, and many hundreds listened with tears in their eyes to the words which were spoken. At half-past one o'clock the hearse, with a number of mourning coaches, and also a number of cabs and private conveyances arrived in Orange Street, and by this time the crowds were so great that locomotion became very difficult. As soon as the procession was marshalled into order it began slowly to move to the weird, wailing notes of the Dead March in Saul, with the sepulchral beat of the muffled drum. The procession was very long, and as it passed, even the men with pipes in their mouths at the doorways and from the windows of the gin-shops looked quietly and reverently on the scene. Several hundreds were waiting in the cemetery, and it was suggested that a procession should be formed, and Mr. Ripley being requested to mention the matter, at once

mounted the chapel steps and called the crowd together, and he led the people to the entrance gate to receive the cortége, and so a long procession went before the hearse softly and sweetly singing, "Safe in the arms of Jesus." Mr. Jabez Inwards had agreed at the request of the family to conduct the service, and it was fitting that he should do so, for he and the deceased friend had been long fellow-workers together. A short service was held in the chapel, which was crowded with mourning friends, after which we proceeded to the grave, around which a vast crowd had gathered; when the coffin was lowered, bearing up by his side one of the mourning daughters, Mr. I— commenced an address, that for appropriateness and solemnity we have never heard excelled. As his massive form bent over the open grave his calm, sad countenance seemed to tell of a sorrow too deep for tears, and when his sonorous voice, like a second death-knell uttered the words "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, and dust to dust," a sympathetic thrill of sadness vibrated through the hearts of the people, and many tears were shed, and loud sobbings were heard. And when he spoke about the home with the vacant chair, and looking into the grave, said, "Farewell, Thomas Lane, you have been a loving husband and a good father," the daughter, in an agony of grief and tears exclaimed, "He has." After the address the hymn "For ever with the Lord," was sung, and so sweetly sung that none but loving, mourning, hopeful spirits could have sung. It was light to us at eventide, and we left him in the full hope of a glorious resurrection into eternal life.

On Sunday evening, February 10th, after several short addresses had been delivered by Messrs. Child, Pottier, Hawes, Cobley and Richardson, all personal friends of the deceased, Mr. Jabez Inwards preached an impressive sermon from the words in Job vii. 21, "They shall seek me in the morning, but I shall not be." There was a large gathering, and all who were present seemed to feel that a great, good, noble-minded worker for Temperance and for pure and undefiled religion had

been taken from our midst. He was a noble-minded, God-fearing working man, and of him it could be truly said, he was not, for God had called him. C.

One of the great unknown has passed away,
Unknown to millions, but well known to some;
Unknown to noble lords, but to the poor,
The lowly and afflicted, nobly known.
In humble houses with the needy poor
This working brother could be often found,
Speaking the words of Jesus to the sick,
And comforting the weary and distressed.
He was a working and a worthy man,
And when the hours of daily toil had fled,
Impelled by Christian love and holy fear,
He found himself beside the dying poor,
Where in the tenderest and sweetest tones,
He spoke of Jesus and his deathless love.
He was a model of a working man,
He neither smoked nor chewed the noxious weed,
Nor were his lips defiled by alcohol;
But fond of home, devoted to his wife,
A saintly sire, leading his children where
The faithful meet for reading, praise, and prayer,
With him we broke the sacramental bread,
And in remembrance of the precious blood,
We drank the fruit of the prolific vine,
And felt a foretaste of that holy joy,
We hope to feel in higher, purer realms;
When Christ fulfilling what he said in love,
Will drink it new with us in realms above.

JAMES LARNER.

Mr. James Larner was born in 1817, at Stoke Ferry, in Norfolk; and in his earliest days was trained up in Methodistic principles. He passed through the Sunday School there, and at the age of fourteen became a teacher. He removed with his family to Framlingham in 1832, and in the same year, after a sermon by the Rev. Robert Bond, in the old Wesleyan Chapel, from the text "Thou Solomon, my son, know thou the God of thy Father," he became fully decided to live to the Lord. Four years later he was accepted as a "local preacher" with the Wesleyans, and in the same year he became a "total abstainer." He was rightly termed the Apostle and Father of teetotalism in Framlingham; for to him alone is due the honour of introducing, advocating, and maintaining such God-blessed principles. The conflicts through which he passed in the advocacy of sobriety in those days when brick-bats, rotten eggs, and the like, were the rude arguments with which he and a few others were violently assailed, is within the memory of most of the inhabitants. By his advocacy of "these new-fangled notions" the old town was stirred to its very dregs, and the wildest opposition from saint and sinner was brought to bear against him; yet after a few fierce storms good men and true saw the truth and rallied around him. From those troublous times to the day of his death, through good and through evil report, he was an unflinching uncompromising advocate of Temperance principles, and James Larner and teetotalism were almost synonymous terms.

Deceased's labours were not limited to Framlingham nor even to his own county; but his fine commanding form might often be seen at the monster Temperance gatherings in all parts of the kingdom, and his voice

heard in the largest halls of the land. And it is somewhat painful to note that it was only on the morning of the day of his interment, a very pressing invitation was forwarded to him to open a large Temperance Hall in a neighbouring county. But his ringing, rapid utterances will no longer shake his gigantic frame, nor will his heart-stirring appeals and flights of eloquence again move the toiling masses; only so far as they still live in the memories of those he has been enabled to set free from the galling chains and slavish habits of intemperance.

The deceased was for a large number of years a member of the Peace Society, and looked upon our military system with much dissatisfaction. Often has his voice been lifted up at the Framlingham Mutual Improvement Society, of which he was Vice-president, and other public meetings in various parts of the country in behalf of Christian peacefulness, and in this sphere his "labours have not been in vain."

Deceased had been suffering for more than six months from an illness which befell him in the spring at Leek, in Staffordshire, whilst on a preaching and lecturing tour.

His death took place at his own residence, October 7th, at 6.45, in the fifty-fourth year of his age. Mr. Larner was twice married, to his first wife on July 1st, 1846, and to his second, who survives him, on September 8th, 1857.

During his illness many were the expressions and manifestations of sympathy from all quarters. All that medical skill could perform was done to rally his failing strength; but

> "Sweetly, gently,
> He passed away
> From the world's dim twilight
> To endless day."

The interment took place on Tuesday afternoon last, in the family vault in the Cemetery. The principal tradesmen of the town closed their shops as a token of respect;

and a large number of his friends followed his remains to the grave, where a much larger concourse gathered to hear the burial service read by the Rev. S. A. Browning, and pay the last tribute of respect to one so deservedly honoured by all sects and parties in the town.

On Sunday Evening, says the *Framlingham Weekly News* of October 28th, the funeral sermon for this deceased gentleman was preached at the Castle Hall, by Mr. Thomas Whittaker, of Scarborough. The Hall was crowded to overflowing, with friends from all parts of the neighbourhood, hundreds being obliged to go away without obtaining admission; whilst hundreds crowded round the windows and approaches to the Hall, determined to hear the "last words" for a much honoured and loved inhabitant.

Before we thought his summer days had passed,
When hope was bright and prayerful seasons blest;
When those he loved were hoping for the best,
The deep cloud gathered and his sun went down.
And shall we see his smiling face no more?
Nor listen to his flowing earnest words?
Yes, we shall see it, radiant with life,
And hear him sing the never-ending song.
When first we met in Wickham Market town,
With manly form, and clearest intellect,
He nobly pleaded for the Temperance cause;
When publicans and preachers both combined
To raise on high opposing barriers,
To hinder those who hate the deadly drink;
Firm as a rock he stood, a champion,
Equipped with words of light and looks of love.
Oft we have met him in the ancient place
Where his good name is now a household word;
Where little children hailed him with a smile,
And wives and husbands loved him as a friend.
There in the morning light and evening shade,
We have conversed on peace and Temperance.
And in the cooling summer shades reclined

While listening to the music of the birds,
And the low murmurings of the flowing stream.
There, in the fulness of his hopeful soul,
Some well-known couplet would escape his lips,
Or some sweet passage from the Book of Life
Would show the bias of his reverent mind.
We always found him open, cheerful, free:
Where'er he went, the people followed him;
And when he told them of a Saviour's love,
He heard from some the penitential sigh,
And the deep yearnings for eternal life.
Men who were once the votaries of drink,
And who were clad in rags and wretchedness,
Heard his persuasive and impressive words,
And from that moment drank strong drink no more.
Honour, and truth, and prayer, and song, and praise,
Made up the total of his useful life;
And when the shadow which foretold the change
Darkened his noble brow, light from above
Gave him that peace which none can understand,
And blessed his spirit with a holy calm.
Thus full of hope, and love, and living faith,
He closed his eyes upon the things of earth,
And fell asleep to wake with Christ and God.
And when we think how soon, how very soon,
We all must hear the summons, and obey,
The beauties of the world begin to fade;
Its music has a chastened, softer sound;
Its glitter and its glory are bedimmed;
And all that is or can be counted real,
Is the great gift of God—eternal life!
The prayers of those who loved him will ascend
For the dear widow and the fatherless;
And some who've passed from darkness into light,
Who claim him as their Father in the Lord,
While bending lowly at the mercy-seat,
Will pray and plead for the bereavèd ones.
Great Father, Lord of Life, inspire our hearts
With deeper, purer, and intenser love;

And do Thou crown our now declining days
With bright and living hopes of joy and bliss,
That we may meet him who has gone before;
And we will praise Thy name for evermore!

SIR WILFRED LAWSON.

Sir Wilfred Lawson was born in the year 1796, and was a noble-minded, clear-headed, and God-fearing man, a true patriot, and a friend to all good measures of reform. He secured the esteem and respect of all who had the pleasure of knowing him, and was a full believer in the apostolic doctrine, that faith without works is dead, and was constantly in the habit of showing his faith by the doing of good works. In reference to the Temperance question, he was one of the early reformers, and he never relaxed in his efforts while health and strength permitted him to work. He was a large-hearted, liberal-minded man, and after a career of great activity and much usefulness he departed this life at his family residence, Brayton Hall, Cumberland, on Wednesday, the 12th day of June, 1867, aged seventy-two years. He was a most firm adherent to our Temperance cause, and his worthy and popular son, the present Sir Wilfred Lawson, M.P., succeeded to the baronetcy.

When the first dawnings of the Temp'rance light
Were seen but faintly in the moral sky,
He, like a watchman on a lofty tower,
Saw indications of a future joy,

And hailed the coming of a better day.
When almost universal darkness reigned,
And men and women in grim glimmer sat,
Gnashing their teeth, and cursing God and man,
And good old England lauded alcohol,
He had a clear perception of the truth,
And knowing well the nature of strong drinks,
He felt resolved to treat it with contempt;
Nor did he hail it to his grand old home,
But if the widely told report be true,
He turned from out his house such useless stuff,
Proving he thought that none was quite enough.
This was a veto thorough and entire,
Upon the making, keeping, drinking sale,
And opposition perfect and complete.
He who condemns the soul-ensnaring drink,
Does that which merits universal praise,
And gives us courage to oppose the curse,
And not to tolerate by word or act
Its tempting presence, near our hearts, nor homes.
The worthy baronet knew fully well
How perfectly it led the young astray;
And knowing this, heedless of smiles or frowns,
Expelled it from his old ancestral home,
Resolving it should not return again.
But when the drink was poured into the stream,
True to its nature, murderous and vile,
It vitiated the pure element,
And it is said that numbers of the fish,
Inhaling it, fell sick, and gasping, died;
Whether on land, in rivers, lakes or seas,
This great deceiver smites with pain and death.
In all its forms, it is unnatural,
It cannot live where air is fresh and pure,
It covets darkness, and avoids the light,
And never expedites the good of man.
Sir Wilfred loved and did not war with men,
He knew the evil lay within the drink,
So in the closing of his useful life,

He clearly made it manifest to all
How he despised the useless drinks which lead
Myriads of drinkers to the realms of woe.
And when the good man died, it was in peace,
Leaving behind a stainless, Christian life,
And though not with us, we with pleasure think
How wisely and how well he shunned the drink.

JOSEPH LEACH.

It is with profound regret we have to record the decease of our dear friend and beloved brother, Mr. Joseph Leach, who was a vice-president and one of two surviving members who originally formed the good old Southampton Temperance Society, on October 11th, 1835, and continued a most earnest and faithful working member up to the time of his death. We little thought that one with whom we had worked for nearly a quarter of a century, and with whom we had so often walked, and talked, and taken sweet counsel together, would so soon be taken from us; he was conversing with us on one Friday evening, and on the following Friday devout men carried him to his burial. He preached his last sermon in the Wesleyan Chapel, Shirley, selecting as his text, Romans v. 11, "And not only so, but we also joy in God through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have now received the atonement." He died early on the following Wednesday morning, April 23rd, aged fifty-nine years, and was interred in the Southampton Cemetery. The funeral service was conducted by the Rev. J. Portrey, Superintendent

Wesleyan minister. He was borne to the grave by six members of the Wesleyan Methodist Connexion, among whom he had been a local preacher and a class leader for the last twenty-eight years, and six of his old Temperance friends of long standing were selected by the Society to act as pall-bearers. Many of the Committee and a number of other members and friends were present to pay the last tribute of respect to one who had toiled so hard and so long. "The memory of the just is blessed." "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord. That they may rest from their labours."

"Calm as the bosom of thy God,
Blest spirit! rest thee now!
E'en while with us thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow."

Let those of us who are left to wage war in this mighty conflict be more earnest than ever. May we all feel that the battle is the Lord's, and may He prepare us to fight for Him. A.

The Book divine unfolds the solemn truth,
That in the midst of life we are in death:
On last Lord's Day, our good and long tried friend
Was holding forth to men the words of life;
Before another Sabbath had returned,
Alas! he too was numbered with the dead.
He was an early worker in our cause,
Steady and thoughtful, honest, brave and good,
And what he said was well and wisely said,
And his great love for truth was most profound.
In him true kindness and great firmness met:
He was retiring, quiet, reticent,
With strong convictions and the love of right.
He knew what desolations drink had made
Within the precincts of his favoured town,
And when a young man in the distant past,
He lent a listening ear to what was taught, [wine,"
When those who spoke denounced the "mocker

And did not shrink to teach that in the Book,
We are enjoined upon it not to look.
He was a practical, plain, plodding man,
Loving the truth, because it was the truth,
And when he saw the right he followed it.
He was not rich in wealth, but rich in faith,
And in the calm reflections of his soul,
He looked beyond the changing scenes of earth,
And waited for the coming of his Lord.
And when the message came his spirit fled
To live and reign with Christ its Living Head.
As sober men we will remember him,
And how he laboured for our noble cause;
And should opposing elements arise,
May we his Christian patience emulate.
And while we think of his devoted love,
To pure and simple total abstinence,
We will endeavour by the Higher Help
To make our principles more widely known,—
To watch poor drinkers with a greater care,—
To warn the youth with yearnings more intense,—
And to beseech the buyers of strong drink
To cease their evil doings and to stand,
As our good friend long stood, to work and pray,
That all the world might see a brighter day.
Adieu, good friend and brother, Fare thee well:
Death and corruption claim thy mortal part,
Yet while thy body rests beneath the clod,
Thy soul rejoices in the light of God.

ROBERT LOWERY.

MR. ROBERT LOWERY was born at North Shields, on the 14th of October, 1809. When he was five years old his father, who was a seaman, went to the north of Scotland as mate in a Greenlander, remaining four years at Banff and Peterhead, and then returned to Sheriff-hill, near Newcastle-on-Tyne, where after four years he died, leaving Robert to the care of an affectionate mother.

When ten years old he was sent to work to pick out the brasses from the coals at the mouth of the mine, working from 5 a.m. till 6 p.m., by which he earned five shillings per week. When thirteen years old he removed with his mother to North Shields, his native place, to be apprenticed to the profession of his father, for which he had manifested an ardent passion. During this voyage he learned the superiority of tea and coffee over ale and spirits to enable men to endure cold, wet and fatigue. In a subsequent voyage his left knee was dislocated, and he had to walk on crutches for two years. During this time he devoured the whole of a lending library kept by an old bookseller, as, through his lameness he was unable to go back to sea, he was apprenticed to a tailor, at Newcastle. He soon became a good worker, and was so devoted to literature that he often rose at 4 o'clock a.m. and read till 6. He married at the age of eighteen, and though he and his excellent wife had a hard struggle, their domestic life was happy and peaceful, and his good partner was as fond of literature as he was. When on a visit, in the year 1840, to Aberdeen, where he was presented with a silver lever watch at a public tea party, there was a Temperance conference sitting in the "granite city," and the subject

of Temperance was pressed upon his attention by a number of delegates to whom he was personally known; after considerable discussion he signed the pledge, and from that time he was an earnest and eloquent advocate of our cause.

In January, 1862, a meeting was held in Edinburgh to originate a testimonial to Mr. Lowery, a considerable sum was realized. And in September of that year he sailed for Canada to spend the remainder of his days with a married daughter, to whom he was warmly attached. But his health continued infirm, and on the 4th of August, 1863, under his daughter's roof at Woodstock, he passed away at the comparatively early age of fifty-four.

To write as one would write of such a man
Is not by any means an easy task.
To say he was a thinker is quite true,
And with a broad and comprehensive mind,
He battled with the subtleties of men,
And clearly showed how good and safe it was
To shun the tempting and deceptive drink.
He was as great in morals as in mind;
His soul had mastered the great arguments,
Which in their fulness prove our doctrine true.
In all his teachings he was clear, exact,
And none could answer the objections made
More clearly or convincingly than he.
From him was heard the figures and the facts,
And as he spoke they seemed embodied forms
Standing before us in their dark array;
And when he dwelt with his impassioned soul
Upon the mournful and revolting scenes,
Which they could only faintly shadow forth,
Then with an unction and an eloquence
Which we believed could scarcely be excelled,
He swayed the hearts of the assembled throng,
And stubborn souls were melted into love.
His acts and words were like a living fire,

The never-fading glory he beheld,
And the Good Shepherd kindly led him on
Through the green pastures and by quiet streams,
Until he reached the calm and peaceful shore,
Where death and separation are no more.
When very young he listened to our words,
And while of a pure Temperance we spoke,
And of the higher and eternal things,
He gladly heard, and heartily believed;
And from that moment to the closing scene,
He shunned the mocking and alluring wine,
And with a hallowed rev'rence worshipped Him
Who saves from death, and all the power of sin.
He spoke the words of soberness and truth,
And wrote of facts which myriads have read,
More than a million leaflets sending forth,
All silent advocates of our great cause,
Impressively appealing to the heart,
And doubtless causing numbers to abstain.
And they have found their way to distant lands,
And the brave soldiers and the British tars
Have read them with approval and delight.
He sowed the seed, but who shall live to see
What shall the crop and what the gath'ring be?
Peace to his name; he was a happy sire,
His children caused his heart to beat with joy,
And made his face alight with loving smiles.
At length a cold and chilling shivering came,
Alike portentous to himself and us—
That pale consumption in its noiseless march,
Stood face to face with our beloved friend.
And while we saw the inroads of disease,
The glassy eye, and ever-weak'ning frame,
Yet he was then intent in making known
The truths which bless the body and the soul.
Our cause has never had a truer friend;
We feel we cannot estimate his worth;
But we will strive to tread the path he trod,
Until we meet him round the throne of God.

REV. ROBERT GRAY MASON.

ROBERT GRAY MASON was born in the town of March, in the Isle of Ely and county of Cambridge, on November 18th, 1797, where he received an English education at the expense of his mother's father, John Gray. His maternal grandfather chose his calling and his master, and at the age of fourteen he was bound apprentice to the trade of carpenter and builder, and served his time at the village of Nordolph, in the county of Norfolk, where he learned to fell timber, erect houses, build bridges, and to do almost everything which could be done with wood and stone. Prior to this period he lived chiefly with his grandfather, who was a landed proprietor, occupied a house of his own, and cultivated a farm, the value of which had been greatly increased through the industry and integrity of Robert's father.

Like many of the early friends of the cause, Mr. Mason acted several years on the old Temperance principle before he adopted the more thoroughgoing pledge of abstinence from all intoxicating liquors. The teetotal pledge was adopted by Mr. Mason on the 25th of December, 1836. On that day, as I have heard him state, he drank "his last drop of beer." His adoption of the pledge was brought about in a somewhat singular manner. Mr. Mason had been driven to the ancient town of Dumfries by a drunken coachman. On reaching the end of his journey he expostulated in the following manner with the intemperate driver:—"Sir, you have placed my life in jeopardy, and perilled the lives of all the passengers; allow me to say that you are not fit for your present position. You are unfit to have the charge of a horse, much less of men, and if you don't give up your drinking habits you will be suspected at head-

quarters, and will lose your character and situation. Take my advice and give up your drinking." "Coachey" was very civil, and thanked Mr. Mason for his advice, and departed. Shortly after this interview, the coachman met with John M'Intosh, the then highly esteemed teetotal guard of the Edinburgh and Dumfries Mail, and thus accosted him :—"I think I have met one of your sort to-day, John." This zealous, weather-beaten teetotaler resolved to call on Mr. Mason, and did so, at his lodgings, on the following day, which was Christmas. Mr. Mason had just finished dinner, and had been using beer. When M'Intosh's eye caught the glass, he was taken aback, and discovered that he had been mistaken, and in the most respectful manner addressed Mason in nearly the following terms :—"You are an intelligent man, Mr. Mason; you are a public character, have access to pulpits and platforms, and must know that the drinking customs of this country are dreadfully polluting to society, and the difference between your giving your countenance to these customs and fighting against them, when weighed in the balances of eternity, an angel cannot guess!" Mr. Mason was much impressed on hearing these words; and when he thought on what that man had to meet with on the road from the public and from tipling associates on account of his teetotal principles, and when he thought of how for more than three years the total abstainers had looked at that man, and at himself, he dashed the goblet from him, and never touched another drop from that period.

When in Scotland, besides giving a lecture at the weekly meeting of the Abstinence Society, he visited ten day schools, two Sabbath schools, and the weekly meeting of the Band of Hope, at all of which he delivered instructive and interesting addresses. After the lecture at the Society's weekly meeting, the President proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. Mason. Mr. Robert Herriot said, as he was one of Mr. Mason's first converts to *abstinence* in this town, he thought he ought to second *the motion*, and it gave him great pleasure to do so.

For the information of those who had not previously known Mr. Mason, he had to tell them that he was one of the earliest and most successful advocates of Temperance; and he was founder of this as well as most of the Abstinence Societies in Scotland. For twenty-six years he has advocated the total abstinence principle, and in the promotion of the cause he has laboured incessantly, zealously, and successfully. Before he went to plead the cause in England, he travelled several times over the whole of Scotland, even to the remotest of the Shetland Isles. Few men have worked so hard as Mr. Mason, for it was no uncommon, indeed it was a regular thing with him in the early days of the agitation, to deliver twelve or fifteen addresses every week, besides preaching three or four times on Sabbath.

As a proof of the kindly interest felt in this old pioneer of the Temperance movement, he received a pressing invitation to attend the anniversary of the British Temperance League, in York, held in the month of July, 1863, and to preach in connection with the annual meetings of that Association. On Sunday morning, July 5th, Mr. Mason accordingly preached a Temperance Sermon in Landel Independent Chapel; and on the afternoon he addressed a "Temperance camp-meeting," attended by from 1500 to 2000 people. On the Monday evening following, he also took part in a public meeting held in the York Temperance Hall. These meetings were addressed by the agents of the British League, and on both occasions, his fellow-labourers displayed their good taste and personal esteem for Mr. Mason, by asking him, as senior agent, to speak first.

And after a life of much usefulness, a shadow fell upon the mind of this good man. His brain had been overworked; but there were bright intervals, when his deep religious feeling and his great love for Temperance would find expression in loving looks and broken sentences. He died August 31st, 1867. His mortal remains were interred in the cemetery at Bolton, and many of his affectionate and loving friends attended his funeral.

When men of character and talents rare
Are taken from these busy scenes of life,
Their thoughts still live, their actions cannot die.
Robert Gray Mason preached the truths divine,
And years before the Temperance cause began,
He had proclaimed the way to endless life.
When he resolved to drink strong drink no more,
He felt his influence for good increased,
And he went forward in the love of God,
To warn mankind against the tempter's wiles,
And to invite them all to come to Him,
Whose yoke is easy and whose burden's light.
In very early days of our reform,
Almost in every town throughout the north,
He preached and lectured to assembled throngs;
And such a change was wrought by what he said,
That he was called by some, and not a few,
The Father Matthew of Old Scotia's land.
In preaching he was plain and popular,
In illustration apt and to the point;
He spoke as one who verily believed
That an eternity of weal or woe
Was near to all, and close at hand to some.
In the choice little poems which he wrote,
And his religious hymnal melodies,
You can perceive him simple as a child,
And yet descry the wisdom of the man
Who knew the forces of our grand old tongue,
And how they wrought convictions strong and deep.
In using, good, plain, homely, Saxon words,
Which all who heard or read could understand,
But few have equalled, fewer still excelled;
And when he made his passionate appeals,
No harsh, repelling sentences were heard,
Nor gloom nor darkness gathered on his brow,
But a fine smile illumed his manly face,
And by his kind entreaties many felt
That from henceforth, and for all time to come,
They would not touch nor taste the tempting drink.

His Lord's Day services were sacred times,
When vast assemblies met to hear him preach
Of Him who is the Sun of Righteousness,
The Rose of Sharon, and the Morning Star
Whether he went to village, city, town,
A great success and blessings followed him;
And we opine that thousands through the land
Can truly say, he led us first to turn
From the broad way where sin and sorrow are,
Into the paths of virtue, truth, and peace.
And numbers who were captive led by drink,
By earnest Christian importunity,
The Holy Ghost in love came down, by whom
Their hearts were melted and their nature changed,
And in the love of God they lived and died.
Like good James Teare he was an earnest man,
And seeming healthy, vigorous, and strong;
We hoped he might be spared for many years,
And though it may be hard to rightly judge,
Yet we will venture to express our thought,
Both had been better had they proved it true,
It is not good for man to live alone.
The nervous system of our friend gave way,
And the strong pillars of his temple fell.
The mind of all its brightness was eclipsed,
And dimmed with shadows ominous, and dark,
And fanciful illusions deemed as real,
Yet there were intervals when sunlight gleams
Of rays celestial illumed his soul,
And while he felt a momentary joy,
In ecstacy he would repeat and sing,

"Just as I am, without one plea,
Save that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O, Lamb of God, I come."

My heart was full of sadness mixed with joy,
And hand in hand we said, dear friend, farewell.

And while he lived such gleams and shadows fell,
But none can doubt who knew the worthy man,
That his now happy soul is with the blest,
Where saintly spirits find eternal rest.

FATHER MATHEW.

Father Mathew, the great Temperance apostle, was born at Thomas Town, in the county of Tipperary, in 1790. In 1814, he was ordained a priest of the Catholic Church, and went on a mission to the city of Cork; there, in 1838, he became an abstainer, and joined the Temperance people, and in that city he commenced his extraordinary labours. The place of meeting, the Horse Bazaar, though holding 4000, was soon too small. The reports of his great success induced multitudes to flock to that city from all parts of Ireland. 25,000 signed his pledge during the first five months, and in a short time the number exceeded 200,000. Invited by pressing invitations he visited other Irish towns, and afterwards England, Scotland, and America. He held crowded meetings in London, Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds, and other places. He pledged as many as 10,000 in a day. At Maynooth, for instance, he received the pledges of eight professors, 250 students, and 35,000 of the people. Daniel O'Connell took the pledge, and was for some time a teetotaler, till he was broken down by his physician. It was a proud day to see the Liberator, as an avowed teetotaler, joining in a monster procession at Cork. In this procession there

were 57 Temperance Societies, 41 bands of music, and 10,000 people, headed by O'Connell, Father Mathew, and the Mayor of the city. Though surrounded by aristocratic and wealthy persons, he declared he felt the happiest amongst the beggars of Cork. Altogether this great Temperance reformer, it is said, received the names of five millions to the abstinence pledge! These were glorious times! Crime in Ireland was diminished nearly 50 per cent. In the open air this worthy priest stood bare-headed surrounded by dense crowds of all classes. With an honest, smiling countenance he poured out the words of truth and soberness. After his address, in which he urged them all, rich and poor, to refrain from the practices of drinking, and to abstain entirely from all kinds of intoxicating liquors, large numbers fell on their knees to receive the pledge. This they repeated after him word for word. He then offered a short prayer, and marked each with the sign of the cross. Group after group followed; the scenes were most exciting; his heart and soul were in the work. He died in December, 1856, in the sixty-sixth year of his age, administering the pledge to the poor penitents as they knelt at his dying bed-side.

Ireland, so long afflicted with strong drink,
Which bites and mocks, yet fascinates to woe,
The drink so eulogized and so beloved,
For ages hath in Erin's emerald Isle,
Smitten the lordly rich, and humble poor
With its destructive pestilential breath.
This bravely good, and self-denying man,
Saw clouds of gloom and darkness thick and dense.
The winds were burdened with distressing sighs,
And piercing shrieks oft fell upon his ears,
While opened graves, and solemn tolling knells,
Touched his kind heart, making his spirit sad;
And being filled with love for those who drank,
He felt for Christ's sake something must be done.
And when he heard how drunkards were reclaimed,

In such deliverance he saw God's hand,
And felt it was a power to break the chain
By which the lovers of strong drink were bound.
And though some persons viewed it with contempt,
He said, I will defend its claims, because
It frees the drinkers and it feeds the poor.
He was a priest, and most sincerely so,
And though observant of official forms,
He superadded to his sacred trust,
The right to travel in the cause of truth,
That those in darkness might behold the light,
And be delivered from impending death.
Whither he went thousands around him flocked,
And great rejoicings long and loud were heard;
The people shouted, see the hero comes!
Then numbers in humility bowed down,
Expressing in the name of God a wish
To take the sober vow of abstinence,
Which freed them from the soul-enslaving drink,
And made them happier and better men.
And while he blessed them, they looked up to him
With cheerfulness, and confidence, and hope,
And saw the dawning of a brighter time.
He came to London when all classes met,
And for a moment sects and parties died,
And politicians mingled into one.
The streets were crowded, and the windows teemed
With those who wished to see the great, good man,
While deaf'ning plaudits were awarded him,
He smiled, and bowed, but always seemed devout;
And when upon the open space he stood,
Where bands were played, and banners waved,
We heard him speak in measured, solemn tones,
Of the dread power of all inebriants,
And how they murdered those for whom Christ died.
The sun was shining, and the sky was clear,
And twenty thousand had assembled there,
And all were orderly, and most intent,
And while a host of those enslaved by drink

Came and knelt down, resolved to take the pledge,
We saw great merchants and rich friends as well,
And many others who had long abstained,
Felt they would like to take the pledge anew
From such a worthy and devoted man.
We spoke with him, and in the Eternal Name
Entreated twice ten thousand to abstain.
Had all the preachers in our sister isle
Acted like him of whom we love to write,
The deadly foe ere now might have been crushed,
And all the sighs and groans in silence hushed.
But when the good man's health and strength declined,
And fully knowing that his end drew near,
He seemed to love our noble cause the more;
And while his dearest friends around him stood,
Thinking of death and immortality,
The light celestial from the Morning Star
Shone in the chamber of the dying saint;
And angels standing all in bright array,
Beckoned and said, Good spirit, come away.

JOHN MEREDITH.

JOHN MEREDITH, Esq., was one of the earliest workers in the Temperance cause, and to a large number of the friends both in London and the country his name was a household word, and knowing the good that had been done, and still hoping for better things in the future, he was most assiduous in making known as widely as possible the advantages of total abstinence. He was

born at Brampton Brian, Hertfordshire, in 1785. He was married to Miss Butt, a most pious and excellent lady, with whom he lived most happily, and their dear children have grown up to honour the cause which was so well beloved by their kind and liberal parents.

Mr. Meredith was much attached to all good and earnest advocates; his house was frequently, yea, almost always open to those who were engaged in the work, and there are many who at the present time can gladly testify of him, that they found in him both a father and a friend. He was for several years a member of the Executive Committee of the New British and Foreign Temperance Society, and he possessed all the excellencies of a devoted and practical worker in our good cause. There was a time when a Temperance meeting in London scarcely seemed complete without the well-known presence of Mr. Meredith. He was all ears and eyes to the Temperance cause, and he worked like one who seemed to feel that he could never do enough for the institution which he knew God had so greatly blessed. He signed the pledge on the 28th of July, 1836, and to the great regret of a large number of worthy and sympathising friends he exchanged worlds on the 22nd of January, 1859, and he was buried about a week after, in the Cemetery at Norwood.

At a Temperance meeting at the Memorial Hall last year, at which Sir Charles Reed presided, he made a very interesting allusion to the valuable and disinterested efforts of Mr. Meredith, as one of the pioneers in this great reform. Mr. Meredith and his most amiable wife were eminently pious, and earnest and devoted workers in the cause of Temperance and of Christ, and were the means of privately doing much good, and their efforts were greatly blessed in many conversions to Christ and the Gospel of His grace, and to total abstinence from all intoxicants. They laboured lovingly and well, and their earnest efforts were greatly and abundantly blessed. Mr. Meredith had great faith in good organizations; he s punctual to a minute, and very orderly and precise.

A loving husband, a kind-hearted father, a sincere Christian, an honourable citizen; he lived in peace and hope, and so he died.

He was a man to high resolves most true,
Kind and persuasive, fearing to offend,
And yet most dauntless in defending truth.
An early worker, ever at his post,
And at the meetings always there in time;
And being blessed with independent means,
His heart strings, and his purse strings, too,
Were always well and liberally employed
To further efforts which he felt to be
The hope and glory of our favoured land.
He spoke but little, but he acted well,
He saw the dark surroundings of the drink;
And when he looked upon the fallen ones,
And heard the piteous cries of the distressed,
He humbly knelt before the Eternal Throne,
And prayed that God's great blessing might descend
Upon the Christ-like efforts which were made,
To free alike our country and the world
From the drink curse, and all its bitter woes.
He was what all will generously grant,
One of the fathers of our great reform;
And when the hopeful young aspired to speak,
He took them by the hand, and made them feel
It was a righteous and a noble work
To induce their hearers, one and all, to help
To bless the poor, to lift the lowly up,
That drinkers and all drunkards might be free,
And rise at once to life and liberty.
Careful—executive—methodical—
In patience and in quiet doing well,
Rejoicing in the actions nobly done,
He worked and hoped and prayed and travelled on.
And this he did with all a Christian's love,
And when his earthly course was fully run,
With heaven in view he bade his friends farewell,
And soared above, with God and Christ to dwell.

REV. T. J. MESSER.

ANOTHER of the early Temperance advocates has entered upon his rest. The Rev. Thomas J. Messer, well known to many of our readers, passed away peacefully on Monday, January 13th, 1879, in his seventy-sixth year.

Mr. Messer was born at Brentford, near London, on November 14th, 1803. He early manifested an aptitude for public speaking, having commenced to address religious meetings when about fifteen years of age, and he preached many sermons long before he was twenty. He became a minister of the Gospel in connection with the Baptist denomination, and was settled as pastor over churches at Hayle (Cornwall), Hull, and other places. He identified himself with the Temperance movement more than forty years ago, and devoted a large share of his life to the advocacy of teetotalism on the platform as well as in the pulpit, and was engaged as a lecturer by the National Temperance League, the Scottish Temperance League, and other large organizations. His latter years were spent chiefly in Scotland, where his labours were very acceptable and useful, and it was only when advancing years warned him that the time for rest was approaching, that he was persuaded to relinquish his continuous efforts as a preacher and lecturer, and to confine himself to occasional engagements, as he has done during the past two years. The last time we met him in public was at Mr. Gough's lecture, in Exeter Hall, on Saturday, October 26th, and we learn that on the following day he preached two sermons at Battersea, his last text being, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, which is the power of God, and the wisdom of God unto salvation." On the following Tuesday, October 29th, he attended the quarterly gathering of the Excelsior Band of

Hope, at York Street Meeting House, Walworth, and delivered an impressive address. After leaving the meeting he had to wait, in a heated and exhaustive condition, for some time at the railway station, and caught a severe cold, from the effects of which he never rallied. But although confined to bed, he suffered little pain, and while exceedingly happy in the enjoyment of a strong and unswerving faith, he was profoundly thankful to the loving daughter who ministered to his wants. He retained almost perfect consciousness until about two days before his departure, which took place on Monday morning at the residence of his son-in-law, Mr. Shenton, 1a, Sabine Road, Shaftesbury Park.

Like as the waning sun in summer skies,
Pillowed upon the soft and silvered cloud—
Fringed with the golden and the beautiful—
Fades from our view and sinks to rise again,
So after a long day of active life,
The spirit of our now departed friend,
In the full prospect of the better hope,
Smiling with joy, sank in the night of death,
To rise again in the Eternal Day.
When but a lad of only fifteen years,
He preached the Gospel of the Grace of God,
And by a faith, strong, living, and divine,
He walked through Jordan, and around the Cross,
And while he thought of the atoning blood,
And of the sacrifice his Lord had made,
His heart was moved in tenderness towards those
Who by the mocking and deceptive drink
Were stripped of all the comforts of this life,
And stood obnoxious to the wrath of Him
Who from His high and holy throne has said,
Nor thieves, nor drunkards, can inherit heaven.
Touched with a zeal which seems to us divine,
Our friend was hearty in the Temp'rance cause,
In journeys oft through heat and cold he toiled,
And when he spoke the people gladly heard,

And seeing the great good which had been done,
He felt it was the guiding hand of God.
Our friend was blessed with talents not a few,
Having a clear and ready utterance;
And soon his earnest soul was all aglow
With holy light and pure and burning love.
And then his hearers felt, as we have felt,
That for our good old cause he reasoned well,
And oft appended to his arguments
The earnest pleadings of an eloquence
Which moved his audience to high resolves.
His words were weighty and replete with power:
Who like St. Paul was in his body weak,
But with a careful heed to Temperance,
The frail materials of his mortal frame
Survived the allotted three score years and ten.
Proportionately his active brain was large,
His temperament was nervous, sensitive,
Not well adapted for all kinds of work;
But for the pure, persuasive, and refined,
He could in flowing sentences unfold
The precious truths of things both new and old.
Against strong drink he was a living foe,
And never gave a half uncertain sound,
And for our cause, so simple and divine,
Made no excuses nor apologies;
But, clinging to the great eternal truth—
With nature, God, and science on his side—
He aimed his arguments against the drinks—
The drinks which are so useless, yet so loved!
And by whose strength all drinkers are deceived,
And myriads live in sorrow and in woe,
While some are murdered by this deadly foe.
Thy death was not so, being full of hope—
God gave thee calmness in thy dying hour;
Around thy bed thy loving friends were found,
And ministering angels, too, were there;
And it is pleasant for thy friends to know
That thy good daughter, with her loving soul,

Could speak to thee in gentle, tender tones,
And wait by faith to see thy spirit rise
From this dull earth to yonder blissful skies.
Farewell, dear Messer, thy good work is done,
Thy travels and thy conflicts now are o'er,
But there are living ones to bless thy name,
And happy wives who think of thee with joy,
For thou didst send their sottish husbands home
Resolved to touch the mocking drink no more.
And round thy name, and all around thy grave
Shall gather grateful, loving memories;
And spirits from the earth and heaven shall tell
That thou hast laboured honestly and well.
The number of the ancient veterans
Is getting fewer as the years increase,
And soon the early leaders in our cause
Must humbly lay their well-worn weapons down,
And all their armour must be taken off,
And left to others who shall put it on.
May those who yet may wear it prove to be
As true and valiant as were the first,
The men of Preston and our brother Scots,
Who hailed with praises and unbounded joy
The dawning of a brighter, better day.
Messer, thy deeds shall live, and shall not die,
Peace to thy memory, in our love embalmed! [stay,
And though with friends on earth thou couldst not
We hope to meet thee where all troubles cease,
And Jesus lives and reigns the Prince of Peace.

He saw how British sailors drank and fell,
And how they quaffed the soul-ensnaring curse,
Which to a host of otherwise brave men
Had proved, alas! more fatal than the deep.
He spoke to men in tones of Christian love;
They felt his kindness, and it won their hearts;
And while their eyes were radiant with tears,
They thanked him much, and promised to abstain.
His converts now in every zone are found,
Happy, and thankful, useful, sober, free.
He had a noble moral sense of right,
A keen appreciation of the good;
His words abounding with strong common sense,
And what he fondly felt he fully said.
He was a plodding, persevering man,
Toiling and travelling for the sailor's weal,
Scattering by tracts and books the seeds of truth,
And speaking words of comfort to the poor.
He loved the seamen, and they honoured him;
And while he spoke to them of Temperance
In loving, earnest tones, he told of Him
Who saves from all the pow'r of death and sin.
Twenty-five years have sped their rapid flight,
Since he resolved to shun the useless drink.
For fifteen years he was the sailor's friend,
And frequently his spirit has been cheered
By what our simple, good old cause had done.
* But three short weeks ago he was at work,
With hope elate, and all his harness on; [home,
But when that night he reached his much-loved
He sighed and said, "I feel a little tired,"
And then there came a sickness unto death.
But when the shadows cast a darkening hue,
The spirit felt a brighter, living hope;
And when the mortal tenement gave way,
It soared to regions of Eternal Day.

* December 1st, 1875.

MOSES.

WHEN cruel laws are made, the people fear,
The mothers weep, and proud men lick the dust.
In ancient times a tyrant king decreed
That all male children under two years old,
Though pure and sinless, should be put to death.
Good Jochabed and Amram had a son,
And he was good and fair to look upon;
And though they greatly loved their humble home,
They knew it would be death to keep him there;
So in a cradle on the flowing stream
They strove to hide their precious darling boy.
Flow gently on, ye waters of the Nile,
Close by the royal house of Pharaoh flow;
Blow gently, softest zephyrs, nor disturb
The quiet, nor the sleeping of the babe;
Keep back, all greedy and destructive things!
Darkness of night fall gently on the child!
And so it was, when in the Orient morn,
The king's fair daughter, as her custom was,
Went to the famous healthful stream to bathe,
She saw the baby—and, behold, it wept:
What wonder that such tears should touch her heart,
Moving her soul to love and save the child?
The cruel king decreed the child should die—
His daughter fair decreed that he should live;
The king despised the mother's sacred love,
The daughter thought of her who loved the child;
The king said, Let the little one be slain!
The daughter said, Nay, nay, it must not die.
The king said, Let no male by me be seen!
The daughter looked, and looking, loved the babe;
And in the fulness of her generous soul,
Said to the mother, "Nurse this child for me."

He saw how British sailors drank and fell,
And how they quaffed the soul-ensnaring curse,
Which to a host of otherwise brave men
Had proved, alas! more fatal than the deep.
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They felt his kindness, and it won their hearts;
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They thanked him much, and promised to abstain.
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In ancient times a tyrant king decreed
That all male children under two years old,
Though pure and sinless, should be put to death.
Good Jochabed and Amram had a son,
And he was good and fair to look upon;
And though they greatly loved their humble home,
They knew it would be death to keep him there;
So in a cradle on the flowing stream
They strove to hide their precious darling boy.
Flow gently on, ye waters of the Nile,
Close by the royal house of Pharaoh flow;
Blow gently, softest zephyrs, nor disturb
The quiet, nor the sleeping of the babe;
Keep back, all greedy and destructive things!
Darkness of night fall gently on the child!
And so it was, when in the Orient morn,
The king's fair daughter, as her custom was,
Went to the famous healthful stream to bathe,
She saw the baby—and, behold, it wept:
What wonder that such tears should touch her heart,
Moving her soul to love and save the child?
The cruel king decreed the child should die—
His daughter fair decreed that he should live;
The king despised the mother's sacred love,
The daughter thought of her who loved the child;
The king said, Let the little one be slain!
The daughter said, Nay, nay, it must not die.
The king said, Let no male by me be seen!
The daughter looked, and looking, loved the babe;
And in the fulness of her generous soul,
Said to the mother, "Nurse this child for me."

When fourscore years had winged their rapid flight,
By God's good grace his earnest soul was moved
To plead for the degraded and oppressed;
The tyrant king was resolute and proud,
And Moses' pleadings seemed to be in vain,
Until God smote the land with blood and death,
And then at last, with a triumphant hand,
The good man led them towards the promised land.
Are there not myriads in our own loved isle,
Degraded, wretched, miserable, and poor,
Who by the power of alcohol are enslaved,
And bound in chains far weightier than steel?
O, that some daring Moses could be found,
Who would this deadly wickedness decry,
And faithfully denounce the wrong of all
Who make, buy, sell, or drink the mocker, wine.
Moses was good, but not a perfect man,
For by an act which none can justify,
Through fear of his ill deed, he fled the land.
Then soon we find him near to Midian,
Wearied, and tired, and resting by a well,
When, with a gallant and a brave resolve,
He kept at bay the froward and the rude,
While Jethro's daughters with their thirsty flocks
Drank of the drink which God alone supplies.
E'en Marah's bitter waters he made sweet,
And the tired wand'rers drank and loved it well.
Again the people felt a craving thirst;
Then Moses, by the power and will of God,
Drew water from the hard and solid rock.
Up in the holy mount he was with God,
And, while the lightnings flashed and thunder rolled,
There—all alone—he loved and worshipped Him.
To him the moral law was fully given;
But when from heights so sacred he came down,
The idolatry of Israel vexed his soul,
And from his hands he hurled the precious stones,
And thus he broke the tables of the law.
When from the Mount a second time he came,

A light celestial beamed upon his face,
Which clearly showed that he had been with God.
Again, and lo! the people thirst for drink,
And God, at Kadesh, said to Moses, Speak;
Instead of which His servant smote the rock,
And though at once the precious stream outflowed,
Because he disobeyed the sacred word,
He entered not into the promised land.
Drawn from the waters—so his name implies—
And just before the good man passed away,
In fervid, glowing eloquence he sang
A holy, grand, majestic Temp'rance song,
And classed with other creatures God has made,
The richly good, and unfermented wine,
Both food and drink, the pure blood of the grape.
We never read that this distinguished man
E'er drank a drop of useless, mocking wine.
He was a teacher by the flowing stream,
A water-drinker in the desert wild,
A shrewd defender of the truths of God,
And, though a writer of the plainest truths,
He was a poet, earnest, fervent, true,
Who spoke of things eternal and divine,
In language simple, but in thoughts sublime.

REV. JOHN MOSS.

The Rev. John Moss was born at Stock, in the county of Essex, February 1st, 1806. He studied for the ministry at Newport Pagnell, Bucks, and signed the pledge at Christmas, 1839, at Chelmsford, with several

others, but we are sorry to say he was the only one who kept it. From that time until his last illness he worked "with a will" in the good cause, attending meetings, giving lectures, holding classes, and in many other ways, both in his private and public life, he lost no opportunity of recommending the adoption of total abstinence. His last public engagement was in 1871, to travel for the West of England Temperance Society, under the auspices of which he lectured most acceptably in the counties of Dorset and Somerset. He returned from that scene of labour very much fatigued, having walked and lectured day after day. He continued a most patient invalid for twelve months, and died the death of the righteous, January 20th, 1872. His widow's only daughter is the happy wife of a merchant abstainer, and her five surviving and most excellent children are earnest workers in the good cause which their revered and honoured father advocated so wisely, and loved so well.

One of the earliest of the good and brave,
Was this upright and dauntless advocate,
Who parleyed not with appetite nor drink,
But like a man who felt his country's woe,
And heedless, too, of what the world might say,
In many cities, villages and towns,
He openly declared to all who heard,
His horror of the drink-debasing power,
And his great love of truth, and Temperance.
He and the writer, when our cause was young,
Went forth as brothers in a holy cause,
To make it known to all the country round,
That abstinence from alcoholic drinks,
Was both a duty and a great delight.
We frequently with strong opponents met,
And some were wild, and desperate, and mad,
And others raved in favour of the drink,
Which brought them hopelessly to ruin's brink.
When but a youth he preached the Gospel truth,
Telling of Jesus and His dying love,

And while inviting all to come to Him,
At every point he saw that alcohol
Blinded the eyes and stopped the ears of some,
Who but for it had heard, and might have lived.
One fact we will in substance now unfold;
The wife of this dear friend was taken ill,
And it was deemed an illness unto death,
Two learned doctors said she could not live,
And one declared he nothing could prescribe,
Except the taking of some sherry wine,
To soothe her in her fast declining hours.
In haste the sherry was at once procured,
And though the case was quite devoid of hope,
For two learned men had said that she must die,
The doctor took it to the patient's room;
But when she saw it, then she made a sign,
And so refused to take the soothing drop;
And to the great astonishment of all
She was restored again to perfect health.
Now, had the lady touched the proferred drink,
The doctors would have said, it saved her life,
And preachers, farmers, lawyers, nurses, too,
Would have declared the statement just and true:
And if all drinkers had the thing believed,
It is most true all would have been deceived.
After a life of labour and of love,
Of earnest preaching and of earnest prayer,
Of travels oft, and lectures not a few,
Our good, dear friend, felt the great change was near;
And in a calm and peaceful state of mind,
He looked for glories which can never fade,
And for immortal joys which cannot cease.
Thus, full of Christ, he passed away in peace.

HENRY MUDGE.

HENRY MUDGE, M.R.C.S., of Bodmin, Cornwall, was born July 29th, 1806, and for almost forty years of his useful life was a rigid and consistent teetotaler. He was greatly esteemed and respected, and although he had an extensive professional practice, he rarely if ever prescribed intoxicants, as he firmly believed them to be both useless and dangerous. He was a firm adherent to Methodism, and amongst the Churches and the world was very highly esteemed, and when he departed this life, it was in the full assurance of a resurrection unto the life which is eternal. He lived for great and noble purposes, always looking to the things which are beyond. He touched the world lightly and held the truth firmly, and when he exchanged worlds, he left behind him a spotless character and an honourable name.

We were not much familiar with this friend,
But in his quiet and beloved home
We have conversed upon the treasured truths,
Which glitter brightly in the Temperance crown.
He lectured as a scientific man,
Showing with clearness and with great effect
The injuriousness of alcohol,
Not only on the drunkard's wretched frame,
But in its dangerous insidious form
When smaller quantities have been employed;
And clearly proved such drinks were powerless
To aid the body, or improve the mind.
In speaking he was always practical,
Clear in his views, and loving in his heart.
Fancies, and doubts, and foibles he had none;
To him the truth was always paramount,

And with the calmness of a man of thought,
Impelled by living faith, divine and strong,
He never ceased to make it fully known
That total abstinence from alcohol
Was safe for all and ruinous to none.
And when in time his mortal labours ceased,
As he had lived in peace and hope and love,
So in the better hope the good man died:
And in the moments of his life's decline
He clearly saw the glory all divine.

NOAH.

Soon after the dread waters had retired;
While the new world was like a virgin clad
In clothing soft, and fair, and beautiful,
The demon Drunkenness began to reign;
And with a fierce and desperate design,
He clapped his sable wings, and sped his course
To the frail tent-home of our ancient sire—
Where, in the heat of day or evening cool,
The good man, with his children, sat, and talked
Of Him who through the restless billows had
Led them to safety, by His own right hand.
There the good preacher spoke of God's great love,
And there by faith he saw his Father's smiles.
It was a lonely but a cheerful home,
The zephyr breezes whispered love and peace,
And hope sat smiling in the light of love.
He looked, and lo! upon the frowning cloud,
The golden bow of promise brightly shone,
And, though its splendour very quickly fades,

The truth it symbolizes cannot die.
In this tent-home the saved ones loved so well,
The grateful father frequently reviewed
The scenes of desolation and of death
Which he had witnessed, ere the deluge came;
And how he strove to let the people know
That God would soon their wickedness avenge,
And, by a flood, bring ruin on the world.
He was a noble type of faithfulness,
An earnest preacher of the truth divine;
For God had blessed him with His saving grace.
Had he not read the history of sin?
Had he not heard its wails and seen its woes?
Had he not seen its issues—fear and death?
Yet God, in mercy, had preserved his life,
And gave him peace of mind and songs of praise:
So, when the awful deluge swept the world,
Noah was saved, and God was glorified.
But a change came—a sad and fearful change—
And on his soul a deep, dense darkness fell,
A darkness ominous of future woe,
Sadly portending evils yet to come.
Quick as the eagle darts upon its prey,
So suddenly on God's elect did fall
This health-destroying, soul-debasing curse;
And righteous Noah, the beloved of God,
With eyes bedimmed, and faith and hope extinct,
Was found debased and drunken in his tent.
The mocking wine, which like a serpent bites,
In the one home began its deadly work,
Smiting the only preacher in the world.
Dark forecasts of the future pain and woe;
The wails of which shall to the day of doom
Tell of fond spirits by the drink-fiend bound.
How dark the shadow, and how great the fall,
How changed the status of this once good man!
His eyes were closed, his looks were imbecile,
His hope had fled, and all around was dark.
Nor will nor strength had he to stand erect,

But bound and helpless there the preacher lay,
And through the realms of darkness it was known:
The first great triumph alcohol had made.
For Noah, preacher of eternal truth,
The link which bound the old world with the new,
Our second fallen great progenitor,
Whose name was written in the heart of God,
And known by all the angels round the Throne,
Was first to quaff the tempting, mocking wine,
And, though elect, by wine was first to fall.
Entering his tent, we tremble while we gaze,
And ask what crafty fiend has wrought this change,
Marring the temple of the Holy Ghost,
Which God had built so wisely and so well?
A little time before, the good man stood
In the dread glance of God, most innocent,
And choicest blessings from the sinless world
Had been to him a pure and ceaseless joy.
His eye upon the awful scene had gazed,
Of a sin-ruined, grace-rejecting world.
Though God had spoken with an awful voice,
And myriads had in wrath been overwhelmed—
So prone is the poor human soul to sin—
That in the face of God's avenging ire,
It presseth onwards in the path of death.
How bold was the attempt of alcohol
To aim a blow at this devoted man?
Why not select a child and spare the sire?
The crafty, wily foe was well aware
How Noah's name in heaven was known and loved,
And how the powers of darkness hated him;
He knew his downfall would enrapture hell,
And darkly shadow forth the ills to come.
Noah possessed the grace and love of God,
And was the callèd and the chosen one;
For him the ark was made, the rainbow formed,
And all the beauties of surrounding scenes
Invoked his spirit to a loftier praise.
We do not learn he touched the wine again;
And from it *all* should totally abstain.

DANIEL NORRIS.

THIS recently deceased friend was one of my earliest helpers and co-workers in the Temperance cause, and notwithstanding the great age to which he attained, he was always ready to assist in the promotion of religion, peace and Temperance. On the day Queen Victoria was married I gave my first lecture in the town of Hemel Hempstead, and this good friend was on the platform, and took part in the meeting. He was an earnest and most active worker for more than forty years. He was blessed with a most excellent wife, with whom he lived most happily for many years, and she thoroughly sympathized with him in all his efforts to promote our good cause. When the time of his great change came he calmly passed away, feeling assured that, through the merits of his Saviour, he should enjoy the inheritance of the saints in light. He was a true friend, always the same, quiet, gentle, and of few words, but what he said was always said wisely and well. The funeral took place on July 2nd, in the Friends' Burial Ground, Berkhampstead, amidst every demonstration of respect; a very solemn and impressive address was delivered at the grave, and many felt that Berkhampstead had never committed to the dust a truer or a better man. He died at his old house, "The Lower Mill," on June 26th, 1879, aged eighty-eight years.

When young, he kindly took me by the hand,
And said, If thou canst see it right to give
Thy time and talents to our Temp'rance cause,
We entertain with others the belief,
That in this work thy labours would be blessed.
To this complying, in my first attempt

I was received and kindly entertained
By this much honoured and devoted friend;
He was a quiet, wise, and prudent man,
And lived a spotless and a blameless life,
Considerate and cautious in his speech,
In business upright, prudent, just, and true;
And though attaining patriarchal age,
Until the closing of his useful life,
He earnestly desired that God would bless
The cause of Temperance, Peace, and Righteousness.

REV. BENJAMIN PARSONS.

He was born at Nibley, Gloucestershire, February 16th, 1797, and died on January 10th, 1855. His parents were eminently pious, but his good father died suddenly when Benjamin was but six years old. His early years were marked by sorrow, and during his apprenticeship he passed through many difficulties. About the year 1815 he entered into church-fellowship with the Countess of Huntingdon's connection, at Rodborough Tabernacle, near Stroud. In 1821 he studied at Cheshunt College, and in 1826 accepted the pastoral office at Ebley, where he remained through life, and after an earnest and most useful ministry of twenty-five years, he peacefully and hopefully departed this life in the house adjoining the chapel. He was a prominent mover in the agitation for the freedom of the slaves in our own colonies, in 1834, and frequently lectured to excited audiences on behalf of the enchained and oppressed. His tracts for the

labouring classes were very successful. His larger works comprise "Education, the Birthright of every Human Being," "The Mental and Moral Dignity of Woman," and "Anti-Bacchus," which has perhaps been more extensively read than any other of his works, and which we heartily commend, as one of the most honest and practical works in the literature of our cause. Teetotalism to him was a truth, a whole truth, and a divine and eternal truth, and he was unceasing in enforcing its claims. In 1854 his friends and admirers presented him with a testimonial, consisting of a purse of three hundred sovereigns, in presenting of which it was said: "The clergymen of the Church of England, the members of the Society of Friends, the Tory of the old School of Politics, the Freetrader and the Radical, the disciple of the most Puritanic Nonconformity, and the Conservative Dissenter have all contributed to do you honour." On October 24th, Mr. Parsons preached for the last time, from that date he began to decline; he was not only reconciled to his painful affliction, but he waited anxiously and hopefully for the change.

A man of talent, fortitude, and strength,
Who with a quick perception, well combined,
Fondness for truth and persevering zeal.
He knew the world had made a great mistake,
And brought upon itself unnumbered woes,
In cherishing the vain and foolish thought,
That alcoholic drinks were gifts of God.
And when he searched the pages of the Book,
His eyes were opened to the amazing truth,
That all inebriating wine is called
A mocker, and by the Holy Spirit
All are enjoined upon it not to look.
In the beginning of this great reform
He laboured for it by his speech and pen.
From him the volume "Anti Bacchus" came,
One of the best of good teetotal books,
Replete with sound and solid arguments

In favour of that Bible Temperance
Which bids us take the pure blood of the grape,
And which, without dispute, is God-made wine,
And a rich blessing, not a curse to man.
He was not spared to labour with us long;
But his whole life was one great working day,
And what he did was well and nobly done.
The truths he uttered will with glory shine,
When suns and moons shall rise and set no more.
He did not stand before the list'ning crowd
To eulogise a false expediency;
But like a teacher, not ashamed of truth,
He proved by declarations from the word,
And moral demonstration clear as light,
That as disciples of our Christ the King,
We must all useless, mocking drinks condemn.
His spoken truths in many minds still live,
And what he wrote, I venture to affirm,
Will bear good fruit for ages yet to come;
And when the angel shall uplift his hand,
To swear by heaven that time shall be no more,
Beyond that period in the eternal day,
Such holy truths shall flourish and abound,
And live for ever in the light of God.
What is true now, will, must be, always true,
And what is wrong cannot be changed to right.
Knowing so well by nature's changeless laws,
That alcohol was foodless, fiery, fierce,
And seeing its destructions on the earth,
He felt that as a minister of Christ,
He must expose so merciless a foe.
He took the Bible to enlighten those
Who strive to make it justify the deeds
Of men who make, keep, buy or sell strong drinks,
And clearly showed that what the Book commends,
Is verily the unfermented wine.
And we are told at the Passover Fea
The interdicted alcoholic drinks,
No Jew would dare to shelter in h

But that pure wine of which the Saviour spoke,
Which symbolizes the atoning blood,
By Him was rightly termed Fruit of the Vine,
Which is a blessing by our Father sent,
Pure in itself, and strengthening and good,
Which Moses calls the pure blood of the grape,
Fit for the lowly poor or lordly great.
Our worthy friend and helper clearly proved
That total abstinence from alcohol
Was natural, protecting, pure, and good,
And well commended by the Eternal Word.
And when he felt his end was close at hand,
And his terrestrial course was nearly run,
He sweetly, hopefully looked up and prayed,
Father, not mine, but let Thy will be done.

JUDGE PAYNE.

We record with deep regret the death of Mr. J. Payne, Deputy-Assistant Judge of the Middlesex Sessions, who died suddenly in the month of March, 1870, at West Hill, Highgate, in the seventy-third year of his age. Mr. Payne got up in the morning at his usual hour, and took his breakfast. He had put on his great coat, intending to come with Sir William Bodkin to hold the second Court of the Middlesex Sessions, when, as they were about to start, he complained of feeling ill and went indoors again. Sir William, who himself was necessarily obliged to go to London to attend the Sessions, sent some men of his farm to Mr. Payne, whom they found in a semi-conscious state upon the floor of his breakfast room. He was sufficiently conscious to give directions,

but in about two hours he died. We knew Mr. Payne more than forty years ago, as an able and eloquent speaker long before he joined the Temperance cause, but from the time he signed the pledge until the day of his decease, he was one of the most homely, familiar, witty, and interesting speakers on the Temperance platform. He loved to speak to the children, and they loved to hear him speak, and at his grave they sang in touching and hopeful strains of the heavenly joys and the better land.

The Late Mr. Payne.

The following letter has been received by Mr. Jabez Inwards from Mr. Serjeant Payne:—

"26, Brunswick Square, London,
"9th April, 1870.

"Dear Sir,—Some one has been so kind as to send me the *Temperance Record* for this day. I much wished to thank those societies who were so good as to do honour to my brother's memory by attending his funeral, but the only name with an address which I recognise, is yours, and I observe that you appear to be intimately connected with the National Temperance League, and are probably acquainted with those members of the other societies whose names are mentioned therein.

"May I be permitted to thank you and them for your kindness in doing honour to the memory of my late good brother, and I shall feel much obliged, when you have an opportunity, if you would take the trouble to communicate to any of those kind friends, how much both my son and myself appreciate their goodness.

"I beg to remain, Sir, faithfully yours,
"William Payne.

"To Mr. Inwards."

In a bright morning of the opening spring,
When hills and valleys smiled, and joyous birds
Warbled their gladsome and melodious notes,

And graceful trees, and sweetly fragrant flowers,
And passing clouds were rich and beautiful,
And heights and depths were eloquent with life—
Then the swift rider on the great pale horse,
Entered the precincts of a peaceful home.
From the tranquility of balmy sleep
Our friend awoke, fondly to hail the light
And gladly welcome the returning day.
His friend, with carriage, waited at the door,
And while arranging for his city ride—
There to adjudge his erring fellow-men—
A tremor seized him, and a summons came
For him to stand before the Judge of all.

He loved the holy Book, lived in its light,
And ran the race along the narrow way
Which leads to peace, and everlasting joy.
We know a numerous host would love to feel
That they might see his smiling face again;
But He who knoweth what is really best,
Hath said, "Be still, and know that I am God."

And shall we never see his friendly smile?
Nor hear again the music of his voice?
Nor listen to his pleasing, peaceful strains,
His witty sallies, and his pleasant rhymes,
His apt quotations, and his warm appeals?
Nor see him frown again on drink's dark deeds?
Nor hear him advocate pure Temperance?
The answer, burdened with a sigh, exclaims,
"No more his presence will delight the young,
No more will children hang upon his words,
No more will he the graphic sketches read!
God has removed him to a higher sphere,
And truly his good works do follow him."

Twice twenty years ago we heard him speak,
Both in the parish church and humble barn,
High praises of the pure and holy Book,
Whose sacred beams dispel the deepest gloom,
And lead the soul to Jesus and to God.
Though to stern justice he was ever true,

His charities extended far and wide;
The poor were fed, the mourners made to smile,
And Joseph Payne became a household word.
In his departure we have lost a friend:
A great, good man has fallen in our midst,
A breach is made, and who will fill it up?
Father of Mercy, we will look to Thee,
And pray Thee in Thy goodness to raise up
Friends of the fallen and the fatherless.
His burial day was calm and beautiful,
The sun shone brightly on the sable hearse,
Sorrow and joy were mingled into one;
And as the slow procession passed along,
The sighs and tears bespoke a loved one dead.
Thus to a useful and a well-spent life
A crowning glory was his funeral:
Thousands assembled at the good man's grave;
The poor were there whom he had greatly help'd;
The young were there whom he had led aright;
Children were there whom he had clothed and fed;
The learned were there with whom he had conferred;
And one of England's noblest, truest peers,
Stood a sad mourner by his hallowed grave.
Great hearts were full, and eyes were brimm'd with tears,
And young and old in silence sighed and wept.
In the bright sunshine the blue banners waved
Over alike the living and the dead,
And when the Bands of Hope their voices raised,
We thought his loving spirit heard the song,
So like to us a sweet foretaste of heaven.
All was most solemn, but no shadow fell,
No gloom the moral glory did bedim,
Music and tears and sunshine mingled there.
And when we looked into the deep, cold grave,
What we all loved we knew was not entombed,
The mortal only mixes with the dust.
In higher spheres the soul immortal dwells
With holy minstrels, praising the great God
For the rich blessings of redeeming love.

CHARLES PEASE.

CHARLES PEASE, ESQ., the son of the late Joseph and Emma Pease, was born at Darlington on the 7th of April, 1843; he married Sarah Elizabeth, daughter of Henry and Anne E. Bewley, of Dublin, in September, 1871, who with one child survives him. Signs of failing health showed themselves after the funeral of his father and brother, which took place in 1872. And he went to Bournemouth to spend the autumn; from thence, accompanied by his wife and medical attendant, he set out for the East, entertaining the hope that his health might be greatly improved; while, from his deep religious convictions, many of the objects there would be seen with deep and intense interest. But when he arrived at Damascus, at the latter end of April, he felt a chill which appeared to affect his whole system, and the effects of which never entirely disappeared. But, notwithstanding, they travelled on to Beyrout, and from thence to Constantinople, and from thence crossed over to Vienna.

He was greatly attached to the Temperance cause, in which he felt a warm interest, taking the chair at public meetings, and seeking both by example, and earnest loving words, to influence all in the cause of total abstinence. After leaving Palestine, Mr. Pease grew weaker, and he reached the house of his brother, Mr. J. W. Pease, Prince's Gardens, London, in the month of June, 1873, and was greatly prostrated, having suffered much from the effects of sea-sickness; and in full assurance of faith he departed this life at eight o'clock on Wednesday morning, July 9th, 1873, in his thirty-first year. He was a young man full of hope and promise. His strong attachment to the Temperance cause was proved by his

earnest efforts and eloquent appeals on its behalf; but while endeavouring to impress the minds of his hearers of the necessity of prompt and personal abstinence, he never forgot to exalt the blessed Saviour, and to crown Him Lord of all, to the glory of God the Father. In life and death there are many problems which neither reason nor philosophy can solve; and when the young, the good and affluent, full of good works and possessing many talents, are taken away, surviving and reverent friends can only be still and humbly say, "It is the Lord; let Him do what seemeth Him good."

We gave attention to this active friend,
Who spoke to us in earnest, telling words,
Of truths immortal and of priceless worth.
And while we listened, felt elate with joy
That such devoted young men could be found,
Ready to vindicate the sacred trine
Of Peace, of Temperance and Righteousness.
In faith he put the Christian armour on,
And with a heart yearning with love for souls,
He pleaded in the all-prevailing name
That He, who doth the universe uphold,
Would deign to help him in his work of love;
That sinners by the light which is divine,
Might by their Father's hand be kindly led
Safely along the straight and narrow way;
And while through grace possessing the good hope,
Would live to honour the Eternal Name.
We heard him when his face appeared illumed
With light, which seemed to come from higher [spheres,
And all around him there appeared to be
A glowing from the Sun of Righteousness,
And the soft splendour of the Morning Star.
How strange that such an one should die so soon,
One so esteemed and so beloved by all
Who knew him as a lover of the truth,
And a warm pleader of our sober cause.
The vital flame was too intense to last,

He worked as one who felt the time was short;
And by a living faith he looked beyond
The mortal, fleeting things of time and sense,
To the enduring and eternal joy.
Partly for health and with a higher aim,
Accompanied by his beloved wife
He paid a visit to the holy land;
And when he saw the roads which Jesus trod,
The mountains, valleys, hills, cities, and towns
Which were familiar to His sacred glance,
He felt for Him a deeper, holier love,
Who died for us that we might never die.
When the far-famed Damascus he had reached,
Which is the oldest city in the world,
Where Paul began to preach the name of Christ,
And to confound the unbelieving Jews,
He felt a chill pervade his weakened frame;
But not dismayed he still pursued his way,
And with his nearest and his dearest one,
Still visited some places of renown;
But with fatiguing journeys on the land,
And the prostration which he felt at sea,
Much weakened and exhausted he returned
To see once more his country beloved,
And in his brother's house to find a home.
When in the close of life, amidst his friends
He found a little interval of rest,
A silence and a calm preceding death,
No murmuring nor repining voice was heard;
Though all would gladly have prolonged his life,
They humbly bowed to the Eternal Will,
When in the morning of a summer's day,
His hopeful, loving spirit passed away.

REV. THOMAS PHILLIPS.

THIS good and devoted minister and earnest Temperance worker, was born at Northampton, on the 18th of November, 1810. He was twice married. To his first wife, Miss Ann Smith, at Northampton, about the year 1830. To his second wife, Miss Elizabeth Bradley, formerly of Kettering, at Stoke-upon-Trent, in the year 1854. He signed the Temperance pledge when about twenty-five years of age, and was one of the first in Northampton who took an active part amidst much opposition to defend its principles, and commend its claims. After a life of much usefulness, he was taken ill on Saturday, September 23rd, 1871, and died September 30th, in London, where he had been pastor of a church for several years, and where his earnest labours had been greatly blessed. He was buried at Ilford Cemetery, October 5th, 1871. As a preacher and lecturer he was intelligent, clear, practical, and popular. The last text he preached from, was from Isaiah 64 chapter and part of the 6th verse—"We all do fade as a leaf." This was the end of his earthly ministry; in a few days his gentle and loving spirit was called away from a world where leaves are always fading and falling, to where, like a tree of God's right hand planting, he shall bloom for ever in the paradise above.

Let us be watchful, for the time is short;
Our old friends meet us, shake our hands, and smile,
And then go home to say farewell and die.
No news of illness reached us. We had thought
Our friend was well, and setting forth the truth,
Which is the love of God and hope of man.
We heard not of his sickness nor decline,

But suddenly the information came
That he was not—for God had taken him.
At the fall of the leaf the sad news came,
When autumnal flowers were fading away,
And the moaning winds were sighing around;
With them we mingled our sorrows and sighs,
And mourned for our friend who has passed away.
For more than thirty years he had proclaimed
In telling tones the truths of our good cause,
And then he neither feared nor shrank,
But calmly spoke, and firmly stood his ground.
He pleaded for the stricken drunkard's wife,
And for the babe which hung upon her breast,
And for the wild, besotted, wayward man,
Whose crime brought on them all their misery.
Goodness and truth were his beloved friends.
He was so frugal, friendly, loving, wise,
His smile so pleasant and his words so kind,
We feel as though with us he yet remains.
As a good pastor in the church of God
He fed his hearers with the bread of life,
And led them by the pure and living streams,
Which gave them foretastes of the joys divine.
His mind was clear, his reasoning correct;
Pathos and humour were in him combined;
And from his soul both love and light went forth.
A few days ere the fatal summons came
He preached the gospel to the flock he loved,
And clearly showed that to himself no man
Could live. The words of life fell from his lips,
And having done the work assigned him here,
In hope and peace his spirit passed away.
We pray Thee, Father! for the fatherless,
Guide them and lead them in Thine own good way,
And keep them as the apple of Thine eye.
We pray Thee, Husband! for the husbandless,
Speak to her soul the words of hope and peace,
Illume her pathway with Thy holy light,
Wipe from her pallid cheek the falling tear,

And kindly bid her to confide in Thee.
In Thy great wisdom Thou hast called him hence,
To dwell in mansions bright and beautiful,
Where he shall live for ever in Thy love.
No more in this world shall we meet again,
But we shall meet in that pure world, where all
Is glorious, and tears are never shed,
Where death is not, and partings are no more.
Thus do we hope to meet in higher realms,
Our now departed, but beloved friend.

JOHN PLATO.

John Plato died August 10th, 1869, aged sixty-four, at his residence, Church Street, Chesham, Bucks. He had greatly addicted himself to the lowest and most degraded habits of debauchery, but at length was induced to sign the pledge, and from that time he became an industrious and useful man. He was diligent and successful in business, and acquired property which enabled him to vote in three counties, and he has given his experience in his own graphic and humorous manner, in many small and in some of the large towns and cities in England; he was unlearned but not ignorant, for he had business tact, and great practical knowledge. His very blunders added an interest to his singular oratory, and always elicited applause. He told his own tale in his own way, and in that respect none could imitate him, and none could excel.

His was a poor, dejected, shattered frame;
His house was desolate, his poor wife sad,
His furniture was scarcely worth a crown,
His clothing nought but torn and tattered rags,
His shoes were bad, his hat a great deal worse,
His eyes were red with alcoholic fire,
His lips were parched to whiteness by the drink,
His language most degrading, vile and low,
His prospects all as dark as death and gloom,
His course by Temperance was quickly changed,
His liberator, Dr. Jabez Burns;
His grand resolve to sign the pledge was made,
His body, mind, home, and estate improved,
His life was lengthened, and his end was peace.

REV. JAMES PRICE.

THE subject of this short sketch was born at Slapton, Bucks, near Leighton Buzzard, July 21st, 1805. He was an active lad at school, and had a very retentive memory. At the age of eighteen he went to London, and this step, by his friends, was looked upon with grave apprehensions, but God mercifully ordered it for his good, and he was brought to a knowledge of himself, and joined the Wesleyan Methodist Society, and soon became an earnest and active preacher, but in the year 1836 he joined the Independents, and was ordained Pastor of the Congregational Chapel, Hemel Hempstead, *and remained* so until his death. On December 28th,

1829, he was happily married to Miss Ruth Hawkins, of Pitstone, at St. Mary's Church, Bryanston Square, and in all his Temperance and religious views she thoroughly coincided. In a speech which he delivered in Exeter Hall, he gave an account of the reclamation of four drunkards, and he concluded by saying that he desired no better epitaph to his memory than to be called "the drunkard's friend." This statement soon reached his village home, and he had presented to him a beautiful silver medal and case, bearing the motto, "The Drunkard's Friend." This was presented May 10th, 1838. Through his instrumentality many who were once debased and besotted, became sober and honourable men. One Sunday, on reaching his pulpit, he found a most beautiful Bible with the following inscription in gilt upon the cover, "Rev. James Price, presented by the Rechabites, Temperance and Christian Friends of the Independent Chapel, Hemel Hempstead, as a token of their regard and esteem, March 4th, 1843." And there were very many most pleasing associations connected with his early Temperance work. His death was preceded by a very painful illness—his was the unstrung bow, frequently preaching three times on the Lord's Day, and conducting other services during the week. He was a most affectionate parent, and often expressed a wish that he could take all his family with him. He wished not to be questioned in his dying moments, saying, "I am on the Rock." His mind was stored with Scripture and sacred poetry; speaking of death he said it was like emigration, "I have so many friends gone before, that I seem to have more there than here." Shortly before his death he asked his family to sing, "My spirit looks to God alone," but their hearts were too full to sing, and shortly after his happy and confiding spirit took its flight to dwell with Him whom he loved. His death took place February 11th, 1863, and he was buried in the ground adjoining the chapel where he had been a faithful pastor more than thirty years. The Rev. Newman Hall preached an impressive funeral sermon on the same evening.

At the first lecture in my public life,
And in the temple where he preached the word,
He took the chair and spoke the truth in love.
The place was full, the songs of praise went up,
The truths proclaimed were heartily received,
For all the people had a mind to hear.
Without, we heard the opposition roar,
Within, we feared no frowning of the foe,
Without, the yells were clamorous and wild,
Within, a calm and holy trust prevailed.
When my address was closed, the good man spoke,
And in the name of many earnest friends,
Wished me a useful and a long career;
Not doubting but that God in mercy would
Crown all my efforts with a great success.
Then I was young and fresh from village life,
And knew but little of the tempting world,
But I had fath, and faith without a doubt,
That the good cause in which I had embarked
Would scatter and defeat opposing foes,
And to the end of time great triumphs win.
He prayed that God would bless me in my work,
And who shall say that such an earnest wish
Has not commanded blessings until now?
He was the only preacher in the town,
Who vowed a firm attachment to our cause,
Ever evincing an unceasing love,
By working for it constantly and well.
No idle man was this beloved friend,
But as a merchant and a minister,
He lived for this and for the world to come.
Although in manners easy, simple, free,
He was a master at analysis,
And when men largely talked their little talk,
Advising what they deemed a safer course,
With quick perception at a glance he saw
Wherein the weakness of their statements lay,
And with a smile evincing some surprise,
He demonstrated to the minds of all,

That we had found a safer, better way.
He was a neighbourly, kind-hearted man,
Tall, clever, upright, witty, good and wise.
Feeling our sacred cause was born of God,
He spoke as one who knew the time was short;
And though opponents stood on either side,
Heedless of ridicule and bitter scorn
He went straight forward, and in earnest tones
Denounced the murderous, fascinating drink,
And warmly welcomed to his fond embrace,
The pure, and safe, and independent plan,
Which wisely shuns the soul-ensnaring cup,
And sets the drinker and the drunkard free.
And when the drinkers did essay to ask
If those who took it in the proper way
Did not pursue a wiser, better course
Than those who would not touch nor taste the wine?
He would reply that he was quite convinced,
That science and experience had shown
That alcoholic mixtures were not good,
And so he felt with others bound to shun
The drinks which can no strength nor blessing give,
But which may lead to ruin, gloom, and death.
His life was earnest, and his end was peace,
And when he laid his earthly weapons down,
It was that he might wear the fadeless crown.

E. F. QUANT.

E. F. QUANT was born November 12th, 1811, and for more than thirty years before his decease he was deeply interested in the Temperance cause. He was for several

years the active and respected Secretary of the British Temperance League, and in the advocacy of Temperance and the promotion of the higher truths he continued active and faithful unto death.

Another sable-bordered letter comes
To tell again the oft-repeated tale,
That a dear friend beloved has passed away.
We heard of him a little time ago,
When, in the midst of true devoted friends,
He showed the progress of our noble cause.
For thirty years we've called each other friend;
Our hearts and souls in Temperance were one,
And in our conversation we have charged
The mocking drink with England's deepest woe.
Nor he nor I had felt the drunkard's shame,
But we had seen the downfall of the strong;
And having seen the tempter's mighty power,
And knowing drinks were treacherously vile,
We formed the resolution to abstain.
He loved the social, sacred ties of life,
And we have seen him with a cheerful smile,
The centre and the joy of those he loved,
A happy dweller in a happy home.
The Bible was his light and comforter,
And all his trust for the eternal life
Was placed in Him who died to conquer death;
And having worked his Holy Father's will,
He dropped his pen and gently passed away.
Father of love, we pray for the bereaved:
Be Thou a husband to the husbandless!
Speak to her troubled soul the words of peace;
In her great sorrow be Thou ever near,
And give her faith to trust alone in Thee.
And be Thou present with the fatherless!
He loved his children, and they all loved him;
And as in wisdom Thou hast called him home,
On his belovèd let Thy blessings fall.
We've seen the reflex of devoted love

In cheerful smiles and happy, glistening eyes;
But the scene changes, and a gloom prevails,
How the tear startles, how the sighs ascend,
How pale the visage, and how low the voice!
It was the presence and the power of death;
But knowing Him in whom he had believed
To be the resurrection and the life,
Fearless he passed through the deep valley's gloom,
To rise again in the unclouded light
Of one unending and eternal day.

SAMUEL RHODES.

SAMUEL RHODES, Esq., Mayor of Kendal, was one of the first in Westmoreland to engage in a determined warfare against alcohol. From the first he was ever found to co-operate with good men, and he faithfully abided by his convictions until the close of his life. He was very greatly respected, and when he died the inhabitants of Kendal not only felt they had lost their chief magistrate, but that they were deprived of the wisdom and judgment of a truly practical and honourable man. He peacefully departed this life on June 25th, 1875, and his Temperance mantle has fallen upon his sons, and through them and others he will not only speak to us, but it may be, to many generations yet to come.

Twice twenty years have quickly passed away,
Since the good people in the good old town

To worship Dagon, or some other gods.
Samson was too impulsive in his choice,
Yet, while pursuing his unseemly course,
He met a roaring lion in his path,
Which by his strength he severed right in twain;
And when he had, with nothing in his hand,
Given such demonstration of his might,
He went to Timnath there to make it known;
How foolish and how weak the strong can be.
His wife was not a comfort nor a joy,
But most deceptive, and she loved him not.
Young men, be wise: marry, but marry well;
Seek a true woman, and thou shalt have peace,
Love is allied to finest sympathies,
Souls thus united verily are one.
It may in truth be said of this great man,
He slew a lion and his wife slew him,
Not by the sword or sharply pointed spear,
But by her feignèd grief and lying tongue.
He caught the foxes and took firebrands,
And two ill-chosen firebrands captured him.
We love to praise the good, deserving wife,
But those whom Samson chose possessed no traits
Of moral beauties which adorn the soul;
But were adepts, in all deceit and guile,
Strangers to pure affection, and to love.
When quite enamoured with Delilah's charms,
He little thought that she for sordid pelf,
Would tell the secret how he was endowed
With strength so mighty and so marvellous:
Nor will we try to justify his words,
He to Delilah lied, and she to him.
And when we think of the great light he had,
And of the darkness which encompassed her,
He of the twain was certainly the worse.
We all may learn from Samson's peerless strength,
Not to be proud of gifts we may possess;
They are but lent that we may use them well
And render at the last a good account;

For in a moment they may pass away;
Adverse intelligence may cause distress,
Another's sorrow may derange the mind,
Commercial failures may unhinge the soul,
And sudden grief may leave it but a wreck.
We should be thankful for the gifts bestowed,
And mindful be that their continuance
May be dependent on the slightest change,
As variations in the air we breathe,
Or the removal of a lock of hair.
Delilah, with green withes entwined her lord,
But with a power which only God could give,
He snapped them easily as burning tow.
And when new ropes were used to bind him down,
Like threads he broke them from his fettered limbs.
Whatever strength this mighty man possessed,
None could ascribe it to inebriants,
And as one said who listened to our talk,
It is quite useless to oppose their cause,
For they have got Judge Samson on their side.
When Samson asked, Now shall I die for thirst?
God caused a spring in Lehi to arise,
Of which our hero drank and felt revived.
Delilah's cunning importunity
Caused him to tell wherein his great strength lay,
So when his flowing locks were shaven off,
His force departed, and his godless foes
Bound him with fetters, and put out his eyes.
When the great lords and nobles of the land
Offered to Dagon a great sacrifice,
And praised their idol for the captive made,
With merry hearts elate, perhaps, with wine,
They called for Samson from his gloomy cell,
That they might witness feats of his great strength;
Led by a boy the poor blind captive came,
But not to show them what they most desired,
But grasping the strong pillars of the house,
Uttered the prayer, "O Lord, remember me,
And only strengthen me, O God, this once,

That for my eyes I now may be avenged."
And grasping the great central supports,
He bowed himself before the Lord of Hosts;
The pillars staggered like two drunken men,
And the whole building with a fearful crash,
Fell on the heads of those who met for sport,
And they were all ingloriously entombed.
Had I the strength of Samson, I would go
To the great temple where grim Bacchus reigns,
And lords and ladies laud the mocker wine;
And grasping the supports on which it stands,
I would, as the afflicted Samson did,
Bow down myself and offer up a prayer,
And in strong faith I would the pillars grasp,
And pull a worse than Dagon's temple down,
Though in its fall I might be overwhelmed.

SAMUEL.

"ASKED of the Lord" is what this name implies,
So when the mother of this gracious child
In pray'r made known the wishes of her soul,
The God of Glory granted her request;
And in the sunshine of the eternal love,
The child of hope, and faith, and joy was born.
What a delight the loving parents felt,
When they beheld him beautiful and fair;
The evening of their day seemed turned to morn,
And light and hope were in their happy home.
The loving mother made a solemn vow,

Which was both heard and registered on high;
That he should bear the Nazarite's good name,
And so from all intoxicants abstain.
The father smiled, and blessed the darling babe,
The mother's heart was filled with hope and joy,
And at the opening and the close of day,
On wings of faith they bore him up to God;
And as they valued much the treasure giv'n,
They felt the ever-guiding hand of Him
Who leads His people through the pastures green,
And by the waters which are calm and still.
With deep emotions, and abiding love,
The child to God's great work was set apart;
His earliest scenes were in the house of pray'r,
And the first tones which fell upon his soul
Were those which told of the eternal love;
And thus in pure and elevating strains
He earnestly proclaimed the love of Him
Who guides His children with a father's hand
Through earth's dark shadows up to realms of light.
Poor children of the wild and desperate,
How widely different their mournful lot!
No loving father takes them by the hand,
No mother's happy smiles upon them shine,
No sacred music fills them with delight;
But o'er their hovels clouds of darkness hang,
Making their day-gloom blacker than the night.
And while they sit, the victims of despair,
Hungry and wretched, ragged and forlorn,
The savage father in his violence comes,
And while he curses like a raging fiend,
His coward blows, and their wild shrieks are heard
And there enthroned grim Terror holds its court,
And Famine gaunt and Desolation reign.
Not so with him, the child of fond desires,
For he was guided by the light divine.
For him his mother strove and fondly hoped
That as in childhood he was richly blessed,
So in the future of his youthful life

His labours might be crowned with great success.
Had not his mother seen the pow'r of drink,
And how good men by it had been destroyed?
And how it tempts from pure and rightful ways?
She had; and in her arms with strongest faith,
She fondly took her loved one to the Lord,
And made a vow that Samuel should be
Sacred to God and to His laws divine,
And neither taste nor touch the mocker wine.
To Shiloh's Tabernacle he repaired,
Where, with a holy love, he worshipped Him
Who with the true and faithful loves to dwell.
He was from birth a Nazarite indeed,
And so we claim him as a Temperance man;
And from his cradle to his sepulchre
None by his practice could believe or think
That mocking compounds could be fit for drink.
It would be well were all men to abstain!
Our world would blossom like a paradise;
Our wives and children would with joyful souls
Live in the glories of a better day,
And all would then be what all should be now—
Free, healthy, sober, safe, and natural;
Then by the lordly rich, and humbly poor,
Drinking and tippling would be known no more.
By God our hero was appointed judge,
And at returning periods was found
Seated at Bethel, Mizpah, and elsewhere,
Wisely enforcing just and righteous laws;
And whether rich or poor before him stood,
He judged as one who would himself be judged.
Not in the period in which he lived
Had this great evil such dread havoc made;
But now the fiery demon marches forth,
And misery and death are all around.
Wherever judges in the courts are found,
They see poor drunkards, tattered, tossed, and torn,
And hear for ever tales of saddest woe.
Judges of England, we beseech of you

Well to consider both the cause and cure
Of this degrading and enslaving sin,
And emulate good Samuel of old,
Nor buy, nor keep, nor touch the useless drink!
Speak from the bench in firmness and in love;
And when you gaze upon the fearful sight
Of ruined bodies and enfeebled souls,
And men made mad, and some made murderers,
Judge righteously, and calmly ask, What is
The cause and what the cure of this great woe?
And from the heights of heaven and hades' depths
A voice shall say, The cause, and only cause,
Is fierce, and false, and fiery alcohol;
And this the cure, so practical and plain—
Touch not the drink, but totally abstain.

EDWARD SMITH.

EDWARD SMITH, Esq., of Sheffield, was born in 1799, and departed this life in April, 1868; he was possessed of rare qualifications, and had a mind capable of grasping all the points and circumstances of any principle, and the power to enunciate the same with great clearness and authority, and the most undaunted courage, which rose triumphant in the presence of danger and difficulty. To these were added social position and a well-supplied purse held in a liberal hand. One important work he accomplished in companionship with Mr. Samuel Bowly, in visiting many years ago the principal meetings of the Society of Friends, to explain and enforce the claims of

the Temperance cause. This service he performed with singular ability, and he ever since held a prominent and most useful position amongst his brethren in upholding the practice of total abstinence. In this his light burnt bright and clear, and without disguise.

Edward Smith's life was a practical refutation of the silly calumny that teetotalers are men of one idea. Amongst the ideas which he worked out with untiring labour, we find free trade, anti-slavery, peace, educational and religious mission work amongst the poor, etc. To this must be added a full share of town's business, and a prominent share in the management of a large and successful joint stock bank, and other works of a similar description.

He was an active and influential member of his own religious society, both in his local meeting and the more national assemblies. In the coming yearly meeting of the Society of Friends, his massive head and white locks will be greatly missed and sincerely mourned. In all the various departments of usefulness in which he was engaged, his love for and loyalty to the Temperance cause were never obscured.

In him the highly cultivated mind,
Mingled with morals sacred, good and pure;
And through a long and active useful life,
He strove and laboured for his country's good.
His gifts were many, and his kindly deeds
Were faithful offsprings of a noble soul.
A mild demeanour chastened all his acts,
And those who knew him most, prized him the best;
His thoughts and words were weighty, good and wise;
What could be known in science or in fact,
By application earnest and intent,
And wide research, he quickly made his own.
In this commercial, grand old land of ours,
He occupies a high and princely place,
And young men filled with expectation great,
Looked up to him for practical advice,

And what they sought he very freely gave.
All who have heard him speak need not be told
With what distinctness he expressed his thoughts,
And how his hearers listened with delight.
There were no random flights, nor fancies wild,
But all his premises were well sustained,
And the deductions evident and clear.
We knew him well near forty years ago,
In the full prime and manhood of his life,
When quite at ease in his beloved home,
Where lovely flowers, and ferns, and clusters grew;
And then of all the points on which he spoke,
He showed a knowledge ample and complete.
I well remember the event I note,
When in the Sheffield meeting-house of Friends,
He cheered me onward when I was but young,
And kindly said he heard me with delight.
And when I had the solemn question asked,
Am I my brother's keeper? He said, Yes.
And in his closing speech, with great effect,
He called upon his townsmen to abstain.
He made the intricate self-evident;
And when good friends dissented from our views,
Trying to prove they had a right to drink,
That which when taken may intoxicate,
He never failed with Christian love to show
Far stronger reasons why they should abstain,
And work with us to set the drinkers free.
His work was noble, and 'twas nobly done;
His life was calm, but full of moral force,
He had the power to charm and please the great,
And men of science sometimes learned of him:
And though great thoughts inspired his loving heart,
His gentle thoughts would guide and bless a child.
So virtue, love, and Christian Temperance
Were living forces of his cultured soul;
And when the dark, portending shadows fell
To him at eventide, God made it light,
And in that light his spirit soared above,
To *sing the praises* of Redeeming Love.

THOMAS ALLEN SMITH.

It is, says the *Temperance Record*, with extreme regret we have to announce the sudden death of the talented and well-known lecturer on Temperance, Mr. Thomas Allen Smith, which took place on Monday evening, November 23rd, 1874. Aged 73 years. He was one of the first, and also one of the ablest lecturers in the Temperance movement. He died in harness, having delivered five lectures in the week previous to his death in Derby and the neighbourhood, in connection with the Church of England Local Temperance Society.

It was at least twice twenty years ago,
When with a party of abstaining friends,
We took an early boat at London Bridge,
And so we steamed along the charming Thames
To spend at Richmond a delightful day.
Our brother, whose decease we now lament,
Was then a noble champion in our cause;
And when he spoke, some smiled and others frowned,
Some thought it wrong, but others thought it right,
And numbers hailed us with a vulgar laugh;
While some declared they thought we must be mad.
But as they listened to the speaker's words,
Some shouted bravo! others called it bosh;
But when he told them how the drinks were made,
And how they could not make the body strong,
They clapped their hands and shook their sides, and said
He was a clever and a funny man:
Whoever saw him when he did not smile,
Whoever heard him when he was not wise,
Whoever followed him and went astray?
There are but few amongst the wisest men,
Who knew and understood so well as he,

The nature and effects of Alcohol.
To him the platform seemed to be a home,
Where he unfolded scientific truths,
That none should taste nor touch the mocker wine.
His style was simple, plain and popular,
And when he analysed the much-loved drinks,
He made the evil spirit fly, and clearly showed
The folly and the ignorance of men
Who deemed them either medicine or food.
His wit was dry and kind and genial,
He did not smite, but when opposed he smiled,
With a full consciousness of being right;
And while he well defended Temperance,
It might be said he never made a foe.
Though rising from the humble spheres of life,
He in a very unpretentious way
Won the esteem of scientific men,
And some who had collegiate honours gained,
Were not ashamed to make it widely known
That they as learners had been taught by him.
And when he spoke in Ipswich good old town,
Richard Dykes Alexander signed the pledge;
And so he made a convert of the man,
Who by his speech and pen made thousands more.
Though sometimes suffering from acutest pain,
Until the last he kept his armour bright;
One week he wore it, and he lectured well,
Defending precious, deathless principles,
But in the next compelled to put it off,
And our good friend was numbered with the dead.
In Willesden's old rural parish church,
We heard the Vicar read the Holy Word,
And never have we heard it better read;
Yea we believe had Paul himself been there,
He would have listened with the gravest joy.
All those who stood in sadness round his grave,
Felt they had lost a kind true-hearted friend;
But full of faith we hope to meet him where
No Jordan shall divide us over there.

SIMEON SMITHARD.

"SIMEON SMITHARD was born at Melbourne, in the county of Derby, 31st August, 1818, and was married at Sackeverel Street Baptist Chapel, March 2nd, 1839, and he and Mrs. Smithard signed the pledge on the 25th of November, 1839, at the house of Mr. Shepherd, who was then and for many years afterwards, President of the Derby Temperance Society. He was baptized by immersion in the church at which he was married, and the one of which he was a Deacon at the time of his death is the same, although the chapel is a new one, and is now called Osmaston Road Church, the old chapel being used for a School-room. His death took place at Bridlington Quay, on the 13th of February, 1878, and he is buried in the cemetery, Uttoxeter Road, Derby.

"His last hours were passed in great suffering, and his beloved widow often thinks of him in those lonely hours before he called Mr. and Mrs. Puckering, and although he did not think the end was so near, he thought he should not get better, for when Mrs. Puckering proposed that a doctor should be sent for, he said, 'Ah! no doctor will ever cure me,' and after means were tried to ease his pain, and he could collect his thoughts, he said, 'Telegraph for Mrs. Smithard and my niece;' then directly afterwards he said, 'Perhaps you had better only telegraph for Mrs. Smithard, it might alarm them;' and after that he only lived a very short time. Mrs. Puckering stood by his bed-side with a little milk for him, when he seemed to go off to sleep, she thought as he was sleeping so nicely she would not disturb him, and so stood watching him. After waiting

some time she found he did not breathe; the Lord had called him to his rest.

"Impelled by his loving heart and Christian kindness he went to see one of the old teetotalers in Hull, just before leaving for Bridlington; the poor man was very ill, he says of him, 'I found poor Stafford very ill, he has kept his bed seventeen weeks, and will never get up any more; he is a terrible sufferer and will be to the last. I prayed with him, and gave him half-a-crown, and I shall never meet him in this world again;' but our dear Simeon was taken first, the poor man died very soon after. In a letter written just before he left Hull for Bridlington, he wrote, 'The pain keeps increasing; I hope I shall be able to go on with this week's engagements till after Scarborough.' And he goes on to say, 'I can now understand the value of being in the south of France or Italy for the winter; thousands of poor creatures cannot get these advantages, but many of them go to a better climate, who have the good hope of eternal life.'

"The last Sunday he spent on earth was in Hull, and in writing to his beloved wife, he says, 'I went to chapel three times, and in the evening I heard Samuel Coley, a noted Wesleyan minister, and the warmth of the chapel suited me, and I felt better.' In looking over, continues Mrs. Smithard, these letters, it brings my sad, sad sorrow back in all its bitterness; I feel almost heart-broken to think of that last meeting when he stood up to speak and sing, and his last piece before the two closing verses was, 'Nearer, my God, to Thee;' ah, he was very near, much nearer than he thought. The doctor told me he was sure he was half dead at that meeting, circulation having partly stopped; all this makes it hard to bear, not to have been with him, though he was spared much anguish of mind in not knowing the end was so near; but he was fully prepared for the change, and all his little affairs were settled and in order, and had been for some time. I do not think I can say more; my niece shall copy this for you, and if you

should wish for anything further, and will let me know, I will do my best to send it.

"I remain,

"Yours very sincerely,

"A. SMITHARD."

When in the City's dense and passing throng,
A friend accosted me, and gravely said,
"And so another worker is no more."
And then at once the startling truth was told—
Our old familiar, loving friend was dead.
With quiv'ring lip, and sadden'd soul, I asked,
"Can it be true?" And then through all my frame
There quickly passed a cold electric shock,
And while amidst the pomp and wealth of life,
I felt that all was vanity and dust.
'Twas but that morning I had read of him,
And how in Hull he had been moved to speak
On the behalf of brave and hearty men,
Who often face the fiercest, wildest storms,
And challenge all the dangers of the deep.
It is indeed a serious thing to die,
But is it not more serious to live?
Life with its phantoms, and its passing shades,
With all its changes and uncertainties,
Seems but to mock us with its pleasant gleams,
Which shine a moment, and then pass away.
All things of life and beauty, peace and joy,
All sounds enchanting, and the brightest scenes,
All fragrant flow'rs, and rich autumnal tints,
And all the harvest treasures of the world,
Do mingle with the sighs of human woe,
Telling of disappointment and of death.
Our good, long-tried, and much-esteemed friend,
In the full flow of a warm, youthful love,
Equipped himself with armour good and bright,
To fight against a bold and daring foe,
And by a faith strong, living, and divine,
Did consecrate his soul to truth and God.

Goodness and greatness shone in all his ways,
And in the light of Christ his happy soul
Beheld the glories of the better land.
He felt that in the churches and the world
The desolating and enslaving foe was there,
To allure immortals to the spheres of woe.
He spoke, and those who heard said, Speak again;
He sang, and with the melody of song
Allured the youthful into virtue's ways;
And when his hearers joined in the acclaim,
They seemed to catch the soul-delighting strains
Of that great song in which the cherubim
And seraphim and all the angels join.
He heard the crying of the drunken poor;
He saw the pale and half-starved drunkard's wife;
He caught the piteous tones of tender age;
He saw the sensual victim steeped in vice,
A trembling beggar, clad in filthy rags:
And looking into homes where wealth abounds,
He saw the man of lofty intellect,
Who had all earthly comforts at command,
And whose attire was of the richest kind,
Helpless and prostrate in his splendid home;
And hearing from all quarters of the land
The tale of sadness and the wail of woe,
His soul was full of sorrow and of love,
So in the name of the Eternal King
He formed the resolution to abstain.
He did not, could not, dare not, hold his peace,
And with an almost apostolic zeal,
By perseverance and a spotless life,
He had throughout the land a Temp'rance fame:
And many who have followed his advice,
Are now enjoying all the sweets of home,
And live in hopes of purer joys to come:
His voice was clear, his matter sound and good,
His speeches interspersed with songs,
To which his hearers listened with delight.
He knew the truth, and firmly held it fast,

And while he praised the purest drink on earth,
He drank by faith of that celestial stream
Which flows for ever from the Throne of God.
In him nobility and meekness joined;
And Christian kindness moved his loving heart.
In speaking,—gentle,—genial, powerful,—
Kindly persuasive, dauntless, fearless, true.
By the fireside and in the social sphere,
At fleeting intervals our friend was found
As simple, fond, and playful as a child,
And in his looks the young could always see
The welcome beaming of a sunny smile.
In our great cause he was most "apt to teach,"
By illustrations, anecdotes, and facts;
And music's sweetest tones were often heard,
To tell to all what Temperance has done.
With weapons which no carnal hand had formed,
He fought against a foul and daring foe,
And only took his armour off to die.
Upon the night preceding his great change,
He spoke and sang to an assembled throng;
Then suddenly, and early in the morn,
His eyes were closed on all terrestrial scenes,
And when his work below was fully done,
Doubtings, and fears, and darkness passed away,
And light eternal dawned upon his soul.
The night before the final songs were sung,
One told of joys and glories "Over there,"
And when he sang, he sang as one who felt
That he could see the eternal glory near.
Then came the last—how fitting for the close—
"Nearer, my God, nearer, my God, to Thee;"
And while he sang, his congregation saw
He looked as though he felt his Father near,
His glowing face seemed all illumed with love,
And his rapt soul was fixed on things divine.
In such a calm of hopefulness and peace,
His sun was setting in a cloudless sky,
To rise again in purer, brighter climes,

Where pain, and night, and death are known no more.
His songs had ended, his last meeting closed,
And he was welcomed by his generous friends;
But in the early morn the shadows fell,
Through which he passed to Jesus "over there."
God bless the *lonely one*, and to the end
Be Thou her Father, Brother, Husband, Friend,
My Temp'rance workers, brother advocates,
Are we not coming nearer, nearer home?
List! hear you not the footsteps of the foe?
Does not his shadow closely pass us by?
How soon it may impinge upon our own?
Are we not near the vale, so strangely dark?
Then let us go the way our friend hath trod,
And we shall meet him in the light of God.

REV. THOMAS SPENCER, M.A.

THIS worthy clergyman and earnest worker in the Temperance cause was born October 14th, 1796, at Derby, and died in London, January 26th, 1853. In 1816 he entered St. John's College, Cambridge, and was elected "Fellow" in 1823, which fellowship he retained until his marriage in 1829. In 1826 he was presented to the perpetual curacy of Hinton Charterhouse, near Bath, which he held for nearly twenty-two years. Here he displayed all the fine characteristics of a noble-minded, God-fearing man, and by the efforts he made the inhabitants were improved and greatly blessed. He had seen the dark doings of strong drinks, and gladly signed the

pledge of the British and Foreign Temperance Society, But he soon obtained a clearer light, and in September, 1839, he signed the teetotal pledge, and formed a Society in his parish; and being ready to promote every good work he greatly aided many institutions, and especially those which were established to promote the principles of peace, of education and Temperance.

In 1845 he visited America for the benefit of his health, but upon his return, in 1846, his health was so little improved that he resigned his benefice at Hinton Charterhouse, and devoted himself to writing and publishing numerous works on a variety of subjects, which were circulated by thousands, and many of them did much good. In March, 1851, he became the Secretary of the National Temperance Society, and editor of the *National Temperance Chronicle.* In addition to his official duties he was in the habit of lecturing four or five times a week, and such exertions greatly overtaxed his strength. He was ill for some time, but so illusive and flattering was his disease, that he was only confined to his bed for a single day, when, in the good hope of that Gospel which he had so faithfully preached, his spirit ascended to that rest which remains for the people of God. His remains were interred at Hinton Charterhouse, and were followed by many of the teetotalers from Bath, and by most of his former parishioners.

We knew him in the strength and prime of life,
When in our young but growing cause he stood
Almost alone—the clergy who abstained were few,
And nearly all treated our infant cause
As visionary, utopian and extreme.
We hailed him as a firm and fearless man,
Who dared to speak in graphic, telling tones,
Against the nature and effects of drinks
Which had for ages laid the mighty low;
And to the churches and the world had been
A fierce destroyer and a tyrant foe.
He was a master in the art of speech,

And knowing how the opponents of our cause
Would keenly criticise the things he said,
He placed his arguments in such a light
That some, who heard him with surprise, exclaimed,
" How strange we have not seen these truths before."
He spoke as one who felt the force of truth,
As one who knew his country's bitter woe,
And the sad sighs of those who were in bonds
Touched all the tender feelings of his heart;
And in the self-denying name of Him
Who left for us the pure and sinless spheres,
To bless our bodies and to save our souls,
He buckled on his armour and went forth,
Strong in the love and name of the Great King,
To snap asunder the oppressive chains;
That those who long by them had been enslaved,
Might rise to freedom, usefulness, and life,
And be for ever sober, happy, free.
And feeling Temperance had come from God,
He had a higher and diviner hope
In Him, whose love and mercy never fail;
So when his earthly work was fully done,
Like a bright sun he calmly sank to rest,
Feeling assured that he again should rise
To dwell with God and Christ above the skies.

WILLIAM SPRIGGS.

Mr. William Spriggs died suddenly and unexpectedly at Shamley Green, near Guildford, on Friday evening, August 6th, 1869. He left London in excellent spirits on Saturday, July 31st, to give a farewell address at a

preaching station established at Great Tangley by his late friend, Mr. Wm. Colebrook. At this place he delivered two addresses on Sunday, August 1st, the second of which, at the evening service, was based upon the words, "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain," which produced a deep impression upon the minds of the hearers. The following day was spent in writing letters to a few of his numerous friends, and in the evening he retired to rest in a happy, peaceful state of mind. During the night he was seized with the premonitary symptoms of British cholera, and in the morning felt very unwell, and after a severe but short illness, on the fourth day after the attack, in the presence of his only unmarried daughter and of his valued friend, Mr. Bailey, he quietly passed away. He was born at Great Bowden, near Market Harborough, on January 19th, 1789. He was the author of the Ipswich Series of Temperance Tracts, No. 202. A ray of hope for the backslider.

Though fourscore years and one had marked his brow,
We little thought how soon his friends would say,
Farewell! a lasting, loving, long farewell.
His was a practical and lesson life,
Devoted to the highest, noblest good,
In rescuing from the pit the fallen ones,
And calling sinners back to home and God.
When full of years his cheerful smile evinced
The presence and the power of love and peace,
And we had fondly hoped that many days
Were in the future of his sojourn here.
But He who knows what is the best for all,
Sent down his angel in the harvest time,
To gather in the golden, precious sheaf,
And bear it upwards to its heavenly rest.
Gladly he hailed the cause of Temperance,
And for its great success he praised the Lord.
To him its triumphs were a boundless joy,
And with a zeal which age could not subdue,

He preached and practised total abstinence.
His soul had felt the sting, and serpent's bite,
Of the deceptive, poisonous, mocking wine,
And in the name of the Eternal King
He strove and toiled against his country's curse,
Not with the weakness of declining years,
But with the vigour of the stalwart man.
And when by Heaven's command the summons came,
It found him working with his armour on,
Ready to meet the stern and fatal foe;
And having "faith, which is the gift of God,"
He fought the noble fight, and vanquished fear,
Then laid his weapons down, to rest and die.
Thus, in the winter of his good old age,
He passed from earth to be with Christ and God.
He cheered the child, and comforted the poor,
And pointed dying men to Him, who is
The Prince of Peace, and Bright and Morning Star.
He laboured well amidst the sons of toil,
Speaking in arsenals and forts and camps,
And England's soldiers in far distant lands
Will laud his labours and revere his name.
He knew, for he had felt the dreadful might
And cruel bondage of enslaving drink;
The nameless horrors had encompassed him,
Darkness had brooded o'er his troubled soul,
And all around avenging lightnings flashed,
And in deep tones the rolling thunder said,
No drunkard can enjoy eternal bliss;
A dreadful conflict now possessed his soul,
He wept, hoped, struggled, battled, toiled, and prayed,
And felt keen tortures like the pangs of hell.
At length the darkness fled, and dawn appeared,
The dreary gloom of sin had passed away,
The tear bespoke "repentance unto life,"
The holy fervent prayer prevailed with God,
The Sun of Righteousness illumed his soul,
And touching not the mocking, tempting drink,
Sin was forsaken and the sinner saved.

We did not deem when by our own fireside,
He spent an evening with beloved friends,
And lent a charm to conversation grave,
That we so soon should feel and mourn his loss.
His death is death to us, but life to him,
In the bright realms of an unending day.
On earth we see him with his friends no more,
Nor hear the teachings of his great brave soul,
But in remembrance he will live with us,
His noble thoughts and deeds will never die.
Though in the earth his mouldering body lies,
What we loved in him cannot be entombed,
Defiant of the grave, the dust, and death,
His happy soul has soared to realms of light,
Where spotless saints adore the Eternal Lamb.

THE REV. JOHN STAMP.

THIS eminent religious and teetotal revivalist, stationed in Louth, but latterly Pastor of a society of seceders from the New Connexion Methodists in Manchester, recognized as the "Methodist Revivalists," died there on Thursday, the 29th January, 1847, in the faith and hope of a blissful immortality, aged thirty-nine. The indefatigable labours of this excellent man—although, being able to boast only of the same plebeian origin as many other eminent ministers, a Carey and a Morrison to wit—were eminently blessed in the reclaiming of drunkards, and in the turning of many from the error of their ways. Mr. Stamp was born at Keelby,

Lincolnshire, two miles from Brocklesby, the seat of Lord Yarborough, where his parents brought up thirteen children. About the age of twelve, at a camp meeting held at a place called Grasby Bottom—at which circumstance the whole country seemed moved—his attention was first strongly attached to the great subject of religion; and very shortly after, under the preaching of a Miss Parrot, of Goxhill, God the Spirit smote his soul, and he found redemption through the blood of the Lamb. But in an evil day he stepped aside, and dancing, card-playing, and other sins, he committed greedily. In his nineteenth year, however, a happy and permanent change took place, and, having left all his sins, he had a most clear call to preach the Gospel, God's Word being like fire in his bones. He became a local preacher. During the three years he remained in Louth, he preached about 1500 sermons, visited 6000 families, and walked 10,000 miles; and 416 poor sinners were emancipated, made of Jesus' goodness sure, and snatched from hell to heaven. Mr. Stamp was next located at Sheerness, in Kent, (in 1838), where he continued three years, and was imprisoned for his zeal in preaching in the open air—similar success attending his talented wife's ministrations, who finished her course in that county, May 4th, 1839; and whose memory and grave were embalmed with the tears of thousands. He next visited Hull, August, 1841, where, with equal zeal and success, he ministered the Word of Life—a large chapel being built for him, and a society of some hundreds gathered and known as the Primitive Methodist New Connexion; about two years afterwards Mr. Stamp went to Manchester, where, after very great labour, the sword became too keen for the scabbard, and the preacher was laid aside by consumption, which ended only with his death. During his nine months' affliction he exemplified the beautifully commingled graces of Christian resignation and undying zeal in the best of causes, his last broken sentence was "Head of the Church, be——" when his voice faltered, and he ceased to live. The

funeral of the lamented preacher took place at St. Thomas' Church, Ardwick Green, Manchester, on Wednesday, the 3rd of February, 1847, a gentleman having kindly provided for him a grave free of cost, around which assembled a great concourse of mourners, who in memory of the departed, wept. He was editor of the "Messenger of Mercy," the "Old Methodist Revivalist," the "Long Pledged Teetotaler," the "Female Advocate," and other useful works.

All those who heard him could not soon forget
With what a holy fervour and desire
He spoke for truth, for Temperance, and God.
In person he was tall, and somewhat slight,
With well-formed head, and fair and flowing hair,
And eyes expressive of a noble soul.
He stood before the people all intent
Upon the great and soul-absorbing themes,
Which, if reduced to practice, he well knew
Would prove to be an universal good.
And well he strove that something should be done
To drive impending curses from the world,
That all might hail a brighter, better day.
Fully impressed with truths of saving power,
He showed to all the wisdom and the grace
Which flow from God's eternal love in Him
Who tasted bitter death for all mankind.
He spoke of Temperance, not apart from Christ,
Not simply as a moral great reform,
But as a principle which formed a part
Of Christian duty and religious life.
Whither he went a blessing followed him;
The chapels where he preached the faith of Christ
Were filled with those who wished to grow in grace,
And to know more of the abounding love
Of Him, who is the true and living Light.
And when he spoke the people gladly heard,
And youths and maidens chose the better part,
While aged men and matrons praised the Lord;

The sabbath scholars saw a clearer light,
And churches almost dead looked up and lived;
And while he spoke of Christ the Crucified,
Churches revived, and God was glorified.
His heart and mind were set against strong drink,
And pouring out in earnest prayer his soul
To Him who hears His children when they cry,
He felt the force of the inspired truth,
How God's great kingdom suffereth violence,
And how by force the violent succeed.
His soul was filled with love for sacred truth,
And was impetuous in the work divine;
Nothing could stay nor quench his ardent zeal,
Nor frowning clouds his spirit could deter,
Nor empty purse could make the good man sad;
For whether darkness or the sunshine fell,
He would sing, Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!
And from his life I venture to believe,
That the great hope of everlasting bliss
Abided with him through earth's changing scenes,
Until he entered the Eternal Rest.
We saw him in the bloom and strength of life,
When full of love for truth, and hate for sin,
He courted virtue and abhorred the wrong.
Once he was preaching in a southern town,
A solemn sermon on the death of one
Who almost suddenly had been removed,
And while referring to earth's changing scenes,
He turned to one who in the pulpit sat,
And said, "My brother, life is but a span,
And though this sermon speaks of one now dead,
It may be, when the next Lord's Day shall come,
What we are doing now in love of him,
The same for you or me may then be done."
The friend went home, was taken ill and died;
And his departure formed the solemn theme,
When worshippers and mourners met again
To sing in mournful yet in hopeful strains
Of him for whom affection's tears were shed.

He was a worker, and he would not rest,
He worked too long, too well, and ardently;
The strain upon his nerves was far too great,
And soon his mortal tenement gave way.
We pressed his dying hand, and saw him smile
While he looked upwards towards his Father's [home.
A few days after, and his happy soul
By faith beheld the joys, and winged its flight
To crystal streams, and palaces above,
Where from all troubling the ungodly cease,
And the converted find eternal peace.

JOSEPH STURGE.

MR. JOSEPH STURGE was the second son of Mr. Joseph Sturge, farmer, at Elberton, Gloucestershire. He was born on the 2nd of August, 1793, and at the age of twenty-one settled at Bewdley as a corn merchant. From thence, in 1820, he removed to Birmingham, and established the firm of Joseph and Charles Sturge, which was one of the largest corn-dealing houses in the world. Mr. Sturge was twice married: first, in 1834, to Eliza, only daughter of Mr. James Cropper, of the Dingle, Liverpool, a man well known alike for his commercial reputation and his exalted philanthropy. His first wife, with their child, died shortly after their marriage, and Mr. Sturge afterwards married Hannah, the youngest daughter of Mr. Barnard Dickenson, of Coalbrookdale, by whom he has left five young children. In his private life, Mr. Sturge was a tender husband, a firm yet indulgent

father, and a fast and unwavering friend; and by all who knew him was deeply and justly beloved. His sympathies were constantly with the oppressed and the poor, but he was chiefly distinguished by his great exertions against slavery, and on behalf of peace. He was a great advocate for the abolition of the restrictive Corn Laws, and he was a warm promoter of the Temperance cause. His first speech was made against African slavery, and he worked unceasingly for the uprooting of that horrible system until it was uprooted in all British dominions. With Brougham, Wilberforce, and Clarkson, he fought and won the battle of freedom. Mr. Sturge, in 1837, made at his own cost, a journey to the West India Islands to examine for himself the state of the Negro population, and upon his return was mainly instrumental in securing the entire abolition of slavery throughout all British territory. In 1841 he visited the United States to collect information as to the condition of the slaves, and the prospect of their amelioration, and it is pleasant to mention that Mr. Sturge was instrumental in procuring the final abolition of slavery in the colonies of France. He was indeed a man of peace: in 1848 he attended the Peace Congress at Brussels, at Paris in 1849, at Frankfort in 1850, and in London in 1851. He visited Russia in 1854 with Mr. Pease, the Member for South Durham, and Mr. Robert Charlton, and those who have read the simple narrative which he published on his return will readily believe that although the Emperor Nicholas was not induced to forego his ambitious projects, yet a deep impression was made upon his mind. Notwithstanding the strong opinion which Mr. Sturge held, it would be difficult to say whether he was more respected by his opponents or his friends. If our space permitted we could say much more of one, the half of whose virtues will never become known, but whose kindly nature was widely and warmly appreciated even by those who knew little of him, and whose quick active step, cheerful voice and genial smile will long be missed by those amongst whom his busy

useful and self-denying life was passed. On Saturday, May 14th, 1859, Mr. Sturge died suddenly at his residence at Birmingham. On Friday night, his brother, Mr. Charles Sturge was with him until a late hour, when he was cheerful and seemingly in better health than he had been for some time; at half-past six on Saturday morning he arose, and the weather being very fine, called his children to go out with him for their usual ride. He then went back to his own room to dress, and while in the act of shaving was attacked by a severe fit of coughing, which rendered him insensible. His brother and the surgeon were immediately sent for, but before they arrived Mr. Sturge was dead. The labour of this good friend in connection with the Temperance movement were constant and persevering. He gave to it liberally and his heart and hand were ever at his call. He took a great interest in the Band of Hope, and at all times his relations with the National Temperance League were of the most intimate character, having been from the beginning one of its Vice-Presidents and most liberal supporters. He was buried on Friday, May 20th, at the Friends' Meeting-house, amidst every demonstration of respect; gentlemen from all parts of the country, and deputations from various societies were present; along the route of the procession nearly all the shops were closed, and although it was wet, the paths and streets and windows were crowded, for Birmingham felt by his sudden decease it had a blow from which it would be difficult to recover, and bare-headed and wet-eyed as many as possible stood around his grave, and many while they spoke in subdued tones lifted up their eyes and wept.

A quiet, fearless, noble-minded man,
An honour to the land which gave him birth;
Religion was in him a living fact,
A sun which brightly shone upon his path,
In which celestial light he worked and lived,
Until arrested by the hand of death,

When in a purer light he passed away.
His home was like a little paradise,
Made sacred by his holy Christian life.
He read his volumes and he loved his flowers,
And made himself a centre of delight.
In spirit he embraced the human race,
Nor creeds nor colours turned away his soul,
He saw in all men rays of light divine,
Which flowed to them unceasingly from Him
Who called Himself the true light of the world.
When slavery, with bloody whips and chains,
Showed its grim front and desolating deeds,
He could not bear to look on such a sight,
And so in horror turned his eyes away.
He heard the groans of those who were oppressed,
And who were held in galling iron chains;
Who had been robbed of every human right,
Stolen from home and forced across the seas,
Where they should feel the tyrant master's whip;
Be treated worse than any burdened beast,
And die as murdered slaves can only die.
The moral sky was black with the foul crimes
Of those who bought and sold their fellow-men,
And feeling for the captured and oppressed,
He never ceased to labour long and well,
That slavery's curse might quickly disappear,
And peace and freedom reign throughout the world.
And when he looked upon the sombre clouds
Which overshadowed myriads of souls,
And men like fiendish spectres sat
In all the horrors of a dread despair;
And women once so fair and beautiful,
Now slatterned and besotted by the drink,
Heedless of all the wise and good and great,
With looks repelling and repulsive too,
Whose eyes were gleaming with a ghastly glare,
And all were madly rushing on to death,
He said if desolation so appalling, dark,
Be the resultant of intoxicants,

I will by strength protecting and divine,
Touch not these useless tempting drinks again.
In morals he was lofty, rich, and pure,
Love, grace, and virtue sparkled as he spoke,
He seemed to live in the eternal smile,
And richly were his loving labours blest.
His life, though active, was a calm repose,
He felt the patience which doth work by love;
And whether in the mildness of the morn,
Or when the heavens in brilliant splendour shone,
He saw in them and all surrounding things,
Proofs of the wisdom and the love of God—
And from the flowery fields and shining skies,
He heard the whispers of a heavenly peace.
And in the opening of the gentle spring,
When winter's frowns and storms had passed away,
And love and sunshine reigned in his abode,
The pale destroyer touched his glowing cheek,
When, lo! the vital spark became extinct,
And in a moment death and silence reigned.
The citizens were shocked to hear the news,
And scarcely could believe the good man dead.
The sorrow could be seen, the sighing heard,
While young and old, the wealthy and the poor,
Spoke of the kind, the good and generous deeds,
Which as a Christian he had nobly done.
Where was the poor for whom he did not feel?
And where the sorrow which he did not strive
To banish from the hearts of those who wept?
The statue which the loving citizens
Erected to perpetuate his name,
And when you look upon it, may be seen
A faithful semblance of his face and form;
The solid stone may crumble into dust,
The facial resemblance blotted out,
The spot on which it stood may be unknown,
But the great truths for which he worked so well,
Shall live and flourish in perennial spring,
When monuments and statues are no more.

JAMES TEARE.

JAMES TEARE, known as honest James Teare, was born in the Isle of Man, at the farm of Cronk-e-Shogle, Rye Hill, February, 1804, and died at the Trevelyan Temperance Hotel, Manchester, March 16th, 1868. He laboured hard to establish Societies all over the land. Although not one of the seven men of Preston who were the first to sign the pledge, he quickly followed their example, and for the first three years from that time he continued to advocate the cause in and around Preston, and occasionally had a tour to distant towns. In 1835, he went with Mr. Grubb on a Temperance Mission, in Yorkshire, where they held large and crowded meetings, and in the same year he went to the Isle of Man, where he lectured on Teetotalism, with extraordinary results. In March, 1836, Mr. Teare went out as Missionary; in the first twelve months he visited twenty counties, including London and the surrounding country. In this year he states he travelled eight thousand miles (and not by rail), speaking sometimes twice a day, and frequently twice or thrice on the Sunday. He laboured abundantly in Cornwall, and is always spoken of by the Cornish people with great esteem. Amongst the converts he made may be mentioned the late Rev. Benjamin Parsons, author of that admirable work, "Anti-Bacchus," and the Rev. W. R. Baker, author of "Intemperance, the curse of Britain." A more zealous and uncompromising defender of the sound principles of teetotalism never went out. The immorality of making, selling, buying, and drinking was never more exposed than in his speeches. We publish only one of his characteristic letters, written to our good and honoured friend Mr. Livesey, of Preston.

"DEAR SIR,—Since I wrote to you last, I have been at Swansea, a large seaport town in South Wales, where I held four meetings, one in the Town Hall, and the other three in the largest chapels in the town. A society was formed on the teetotal principle, and nearly one hundred signed the pledge. I held one meeting in the Town Hall at Neath, the church minister in the chair. In the course of my address he got up and opposed me, saying, 'Our Lord made wine, and it contained alcohol. Indeed,' said he, 'it would be spurious stuff without it.' He said his views were the same as Owen Clark. But I do assure you I beat him down with fair argument, and no little mortified he appeared to be. He was supported by a liquor merchant, who told me to sit down; but instead of sitting down I spoke for nearly two hours. I felt I could have spoken all night. Owen Clark has been there with his moderation system; but what has it done? Not one drunkard is reformed. But, thank God, the prison doors are now opened, and liberty proclaimed to the poor captive drunkard. I am surrounded by enemies on the right hand and on the left. I have held meetings nearly every night these twelve weeks, and have had opposition at nearly every meeting. So I will leave it for you to judge what I have to do; but I am ready to lay down my life for my country and my God. One wicked man told me to go home again, to which I replied, 'Never; so long as there is a drunkard in England.' Thank God the cause is going on well at Bristol, Bath, and other places I have visited. About 500 have signed at Bristol. To-morrow I shall leave this place and go farther into Somersetshire. I hope the Association will send an agent to Scotland, and another to Ireland, besides those who are already engaged.

"Bristol, "JAMES TEARE.

"August 15th, 1836."

In my description of the Cock-pit, at Preston, where the first teetotal meetings were held, Joseph Livesey has *said*: "Here James Teare, with an earnestness which has

never been surpassed, denounced alike the traffic and the drink, and implored the citizens to abstain." James Teare worked with a noble band of abstainers, and while his health continued, he kept the weapons of his warfare bright.

He was a persevering, fearless friend,
Firm as a rock, and with convictions strong,
And in expressions terse and masculine,
He pleaded earnestly, and long, and well,
That all might in their moral strength arise,
To disenthrone the false god alcohol.
And we delight to love and honour him;
When all the air was charged with sighs and groans,
And piercing cries from many hearts were heard,
His heart was moved; to God he made a vow,
That by His help, and in His holy name,
He would go forth to rescue those who drank,
From the debasing and enslaving chains,
By which their bodies and their souls were bound.
Our friend was as a burning, shining light;
And like the Baptist in the wilderness,
Would neither drink nor touch the mocking wine;
Feeling that God had called him to the work,
And being strong in faith, which works by love,
With an undaunted, manly eloquence,
He pleaded with a force and earnestness
Which we have rarely ever heard surpassed.
He did not heed the form of measured terms,
Nor did he care to use the mildest tones,
Fearing that some who heard might take offence,
But in a style most powerful and strong,
He showed his detestation of the drink,
Which first allures, deceives, and then destroys.
From Preston our good friend and brother came,
The Bethlehem of total abstinence,
Where the new star of Temperance arose,
And good and wise men saw and followed it,
And hailing its ascent with hopeful souls,

They felt assured its glory would extend
Until the evil spirit shall be hurled
From every heart and home throughout the world.
And good brave men went forth against strong drink,
Armed with the weapons which were forged in heaven,
And tempered by divine, celestial fires,
They drove the foe from many hearts and homes,
And gave the praise to God, and God alone.
James Teare was earnest in the cause he loved,
And while good men would sometimes laugh in scorn,
He never felt the shadow of a doubt,
But God's good sunshine fell upon his soul;
And so in faith and hope he travelled on,
And where he went poor drunkards were reclaimed,
And limited consumers signed the pledge.
He often said of all inebriants,
They had not one redeeming quality:
Some shrank at this, and said it was extreme,
But some who doubted then, believe it now.
It will be found in reading history's page,
That earnest men have always cleared the way,
While the more cautious, fearful-hearted ones,
Follow at ease, when danger is not nigh.
Our friend had little method in his speech,
But he was pointed, practical, and plain,
In declamation he was strong and fierce,
In the persuasive touching, tender, kind.
At times the storm-cloud gathered on his brow,
When from his eyes the angry lightning flashed,
And then his unrestrained vehemence swept
Across the souls of those to whom he spoke,
That some who listened have been heard to say,
That such continuous blasts would overturn
All breweries and licensed houses too,
And whatsoever might oppose our cause.
He had to fight against contending foes,
Where good and bad in stubborn phalanx stood;
The preacher and the publican shook hands,
And those who sat upon the scorners' seat,

And those who in the temple worshipped God,
Appeared to be united one and all,
In loving and defending alcohol.
What wonder that at such opposing foes,
James Teare should stand astonished and amazed,
What wonder, too, that he should sometimes say,
Words seeming harsh, and somewhat unrefined,
We do not charge him thus, but if he did
We will forgive him, and refer the blame
To those who drank and loved the useless drink.
He knew the teaching of the sacred word,
Look not upon the wine when it is red;
But of the blessing of which Moses sang,
And which he called the pure blood of the grape,
Of this he knew the sons of men might drink,
For it will never make the blood impure,
But it will nourish, comfort, and sustain.
Such is the only wine which comes from God,
And it is always innocent and good.
He laboured like a hero to the last;
We saw him when his end had nearly come,
And his worn system had received a shock,
By which his strong and active frame gave way,
And the clear mind which had diffused much light,
Seemed scarce illumed with one refulgent ray;
Then a faint glimmer came, and he would speak,
With broken sentences, and vacant looks,
Of Temperance, of Jesus, and of God,
Until his spirit winged its flight to Him
Who saves the sinner, and blots out the sin.

TEMPERANCE.

Of this great virtue Paul records the fact,
From God's good spirit Temperance doth come,
And against it there is no righteous law;
Because it wisely uses what is good,
And always shuns the dangerous and bad.
But to abstain from all inebriants,
Is of this virtue but a little part,
And hence teetotalers in many things,
May be, and often are, intemperate.
Believing what the Scriptures plainly teach,
There is no Temperance in doing wrong,
Because against all evil stands the Law;
And hence before we can be temperate,
Our acts must be subordinate to right.
So we believe, and venture to assert,
Before the drinking of intoxicants
Can be defended as a lawful act,
That certain antecedents must be proved,
As being in accordance with His will,
Whose laws pervade the sparkling drops of dew,
And the nice balancings of brilliant worlds.
Temperance has no affinity with wrong,
All who act wrongly are intemperate,
Though from strong drinks they rigidly abstain.
In the great cause of Scripture, Temperance
Guileless and pure, 'gainst which there is no law,
We will enquire in earnestness of soul
Can it be right to abuse the precious fruits,
And by a steaming, fierce, and fiery force,
Deprive them almost wholly of their food;
When by such naughty prodigality
The good is wasted, and the sound of woe

Comes from all quarters of our injured land.
It is as true as God Himself is true,
Destroying corn and other evil deeds
Stand in connection with the brewers' craft;
And all intoxicants wherever found,
Are the resultants of a woeful waste.
We need not bring the wretched drunkard forth,
Nor weeping wives, nor children almost starved,
To justify our cause of abstinence,
They truly cast a shadow deep and dark,
But we have reasons of a higher kind
Why we beseech all Christians to abstain.
Nor do we look at our expanding cause
As only for these times expedient;
But as a doctrine of eternal truth,
Whose claims demand obedience from all.
If not a single drunkard could be found,
And such debasement were impossible,
To practice that 'gainst which "there is no law,"
The spotless Temperance enjoined by Paul,
We must abstain from those deceitful drinks,
Which tell of fruits perverted and destroyed.
So we are bound persistently to ask,
Can it be right to turn sustaining food
Into the almost foodless useless drink;
For if the act of making them be wrong,
Will it not issue while the ages roll,
That those who buy or sell or drink such things,
Are doing that which cannot be approved?
Knowing these truths with pleasure we abstain,
And feel the presence of a living joy.
We were not frightened into Temperance
By the loud shrieks and yells of the profane,
But by the teachings of two folios,
The Book of Nature and the Book of Grace,
We knew in one cold water was its life,
And in the other we by faith could see,
A river running from the throne of God,
Which made the saints and all the angels glad.

But should the right to make strong drinks be proved,
Then abstinence therefrom may be a wrong,
And those who take them may be in the right,
And all the books denouncing alcohol
Should be destroyed, or by the hangman burnt!
We want no artful manufactured wine,
For God-made wine is perfect and complete,
And what is perfect cannot be improved,
And the best wine which is so good for all
Contains no particle of alcohol!
One fact like this is worth a thousand words
Of buried nouns, and verbs of ancient lore,
For words when used do oft their meanings change,
And who can know exactly what they meant
When ancient Hebrews and polished Greek
Used them as symbols of the truths they taught,
But which as languages are now called dead?
Words do and always will to some extent,
Give forth perplexing and uncertain sounds,
But facts for ever will remain the same;
And nothing truly can be better known,
That Biblical and scientific truths
Are the real basis and the glory too
Of our progressive and soul blessing cause.
There is no middle course in this great work;
Intoxicants are either good or bad;
If good, they should be lauded, loved and used,
If bad, avoided, censured and condemned.
We highly prize the pure and God-sent wine,
The sweet and luscious blessing of the grape,
And doubtless it is like what Jesus made,
Which at the marriage feast was callèd good:
And like to that which the desciples took
While at the feast of the unleavened bread.
To show that it was not fermented drink,
By Jesus it was called "fruit of the vine,"
Against such pure and wholesome beverage,
In nature or in grace there is no law.
To it no wasteful process stands allied,
No food destroyed, no alcohol evolved,

No marks of blood are in its pathway found,
But peaceful scenes and happiness abound;
It blesses both the body and the soul,
And symbolises the atoning blood.
With grateful hearts we gladly take such wine,
Which cheers alike the "heart of God and man,"
It is a blessing from our Father's hand,
As are all cereals and solid fruits,
And in the cheerful sun and cooling breeze,
While golden crops are waving in the fields,
And fruits are blushing with their ruddy hues,
And singing birds in choral harmonies,
Or waters smooth and gentle in the calm,
Or wild, and rough, and mighty in the storm,
Proclaim the wisdom and the power of God,
We do in most unmeasured terms condemn
The wanton waste of turning precious food
Into a useless compound, which allures
To ways of danger and to darkest depths.
In patriarchal days the treasured crops
Were never so perverted nor abused;
Nor did the prophets at a later age,
Witness the foolish and destructive acts
Which kill the corn and decimate the world!
They saw no huge and frowning breweries,
Nor burning horrible distilleries;
But when bad wine by unwise men was made,
The Holy Spirit issued wise commands,
Saying in substance to the sons of men,
Look not upon it when it moves aright,
Avoid the adder's sting and serpent's bite.
For forty years we have proclaimed the fact,
That Temperance doubtless is the proper use
Of things which in themselves are fit and good,
And abstinence from things injurious.
And the sad converse may be deemed as true,
To turn good food into such useless drinks,
Or keeping, using, giving, buying them,
Are acts we claim a right to designate
Useless, *destructive* and immoderate!

T. B. THOMPSON.

MR. T. B. THOMPSON was born in the town of Leeds, March 18th, 1818. As a youth his conduct was exemplary, and from his early life he manifested a desire to become a Christian minister, and he had preached acceptably before the close of his seventeenth year, and at length became a regular minister of the New Methodist Free Church. He began to lecture on Temperance at the close of the year, 1842, and although his career terminated much sooner than thousands hoped and expected, there was crowded into those sixteen years a measure of success of which any man might feel proud, who had toiled in the field of well-doing for a much longer period. In 1843, he visited many parts of Yorkshire, Lancashire, and Westmoreland, under the auspices of the League, and in 1844 became a regular agent. He must have delivered 4000 lectures, and travelled 50,000 miles. To mercenary motives he was an entire stranger, and his conscientiousness in relation to duty was strong and intense. On Saturday, the 8th of January, 1859, he took to his bed for the last time, and all was done that medicine and the incessant attention of a faithful and affectionate wife could do. After four or five days of severe suffering, the disease, which was rheumatic fever, yielded to the means employed, and on the 14th of January, he dictated a letter to the Secretary of the League, containing the cheery passage:—"My doctor reports that all danger in my case has passed." Alas for human hope! He continued in a hopeful state until the evening of the 18th, when a relapse took place, and notwithstanding every effort terminated fatally on Thursday morning, January 25th. The last letter which he wrote, thirteen days before his

death, concludes with the following sentence:—"God does all things well." His pastor, the Rev. W. Guest, visited him on the Monday previous to his death, when no apprehension of his end existed, and he says that he found him in a delightfully humble state of mind, and in a condition of complete self-emptying. He knew in whom he had believed, and his mind was sustained with a hope, a lively hope that bloomed into immortality.

The reigning monarch of this world is Death,
In grimly terror on his throne he sits,
Hurling his darts and we poor mortals die;
How sudden and how quickly changes come:
One day we hear the singer and his song,
The next, alas! we see him in his shroud.
We saw and heard him but the other day,
And can it be that he has been removed?
In most assuring tones it was affirmed,
And we were startled that it should have come
So sudden, unexpected, and so soon.
Our friend appeared in body strong and well,
And all his intellectual powers
Were seen to brighten with advancing age;
But in the fulness of his manly pride,
When fondly loved by wife and children dear,
And fully blessed with all the joys of life,
While striving to promote the Temperance cause,
And hoping for a useful future here,
The Foe who sits upon the great white horse,
Rapped at his door and bade him come away.
His friends received him heartily and well,
And listened to his teachings with delight.
He won the hearts of those who heard him tell
What drink had done to ruin and destroy,
And how poor children shivered in the cold,
And how the brutal maddened maniac
Raved out his curses and then passed away.
He would in captivating strains proclaim
What our good sacred Temperance had done,

How it had called the sad wild drunkard home,
How it had fed the starving poor with bread,
How it had clothed the almost naked ones,
And how the parents of the prodigal
Had welcomed back their lost and wayward child.
With anecdotes his mind was richly stored,
Which by the firesides of his many friends,
Or on the platform in the public hall,
With great effect he humorously told.
He was a preacher of the truth divine,
And fully knew that Christless Temperance men,
Were still in darkness and in moral death.
And so he greatly wished that such might add
To the one virtue which proscribes strong drink,
The precious boon and grace of godliness.
He left behind an honourable name;
His day was short, his work was quickly done,
And when he calmly closed his mortal eyes,
The light from the eternal world shone forth,
And prospects of undying bliss appeared.
Feeling resigned to his great Father's will,
He heard the Holy Spirit say, Peace be still.

JOSEPH THORP.

Mr. F. Atkin writes in the *British Temperance Advocate*, 1873:—

"Mr. Thorp had reached the age of seventy years—but such a life as his must not be counted by years. The mere lapse of years is not life.

"The following extract from a letter written by the

good Dr. Lees, so fully and so eloquently expresses our thoughts, that we insert it here:—

"'Have just returned from the funeral at Halifax. Amidst many tears, the mortal remains of our departed friend were deposited in the grave. It was a sad but solemn time, and teaches us all a stern but useful lesson; and with all the sorrow, I could not help feeling profoundly thankful for so good and so noble a life, fittingly closed to us, amid the sunshine and the decay of autumn. We are thankful to God for His daily mercies—for light and life, for food and faculties, but above all, we ought to feel grateful for a life of unfailing charity, of consistent goodness, and of uncompromising principle; for a life which has budded and blossomed, and borne rich fruit, to the blessing of many, and which, as an example of self-denial, will be remembered with profit by us all. I have known Mr. Thorp intimately for the last thirty years, and have found him to be unfailingly the same—courteous in manner, wise in counsel, firm in principle, and withal humble as a Christian. The great moral movements of our time, Temperance and education, peace and progress, have lost in him an eloquent and impressive expounder. But he is now realising his reward, and "his works will follow him."'

"We are not able to fix the precise date when Mr. Thorp signed the Temperance pledge, but as early as 1840 or 1841 the decanters were finally banished from his table. And when the family removed to Southwood End, Mr. Thorp resolved to allow no intoxicating liquors to enter his new abode; and the stock of wine left in the cellars of the old house was thrown away, one or two bottles by way of testimony being poured down the drain in the open street, to the horror of some kindly people, who deemed the proceeding almost a wicked waste of 'the good creature of God.' As a member of the Society of Friends, Mr. Thorp was diligent in endeavouring to promote the collective action of the body in support of total abstinence; and hence he frequently brought the subject before the yearly meeting.

"Mr. Thorp had been for twenty-three years the President of the British Temperance League, which office he only vacated in July last, feeling no doubt that his declining health rendered it needful that he should cease from active labour in connection with the movement he had served so long and so faithfully. Although we regretted the official separation, still we were encouraged by the thought that we might be favoured by his counsel and advice for years to come. But Providence has ordered it otherwise, and we bow submissively to the divine will, knowing that our loss is his eternal gain.

"The funeral took place in the burial ground of the Friends' Meeting-house, Halifax, on Friday, September 26th. The procession left Southwood End at half-past two, and was headed by about 120 gentlemen walking three abreast, who had been connected with Mr. Thorp in various public capacities. First came the members of the School Board, of which he was Chairman. The Borough Magistrates were represented by Mr. Joshua Appleyard and Mr. J. D. Hutchinson. There were also representatives of the Halifax Auxiliary of the Bible Society (of which Mr. Thorp was President), including the two Secretaries (the Rev. D. Jones, of Booth, and the Rev. S. W. D. Fox, Vicar of St. Augustine's). The British Temperance League was represented by Messrs. D. Crossley, Jos. Bradshaw, Wm. Bruckshaw, T. Waterhouse, Rev. E. Franks, J. D. Woodcock, and the Secretary (Mr. F. Atkin). The United Kingdom Alliance was represented by Mr. Wm. Heywood, Mr. C. Watson, and Mr. T. H. Barker. The Revs. B. Dale, E. Gratton, B. Town, and W. J. Townsend, Dr. Townson, Dr. Lees, Mr. David Binns, and a great many local gentlemen were also present. Behind the hearse were eleven mourning coaches, containing the relatives and intimate friends of the deceased, these including his son, Mr. Fielden Thorp, of York, and his son-in-law, Dr. Waite, of Halifax. In Clare Road the children from the *British* Schools, numbering probably 400, were ranged

on both sides of the road in order that the procession might pass between them.

"On reaching the yard of the Meeting-house the coffin was placed there, and a short time was passed in silence. A large number of the members of the Society of Friends, ladies and gentlemen, had already assembled there; and amongst them were Mr. James Clark of Street, Mr. Edward West of Bradford, Mr. George Satterthwaite of Ackworth, Mr. John Ford of York, Mr. Whiting of Headingley, and others. The coffin was next carried into the little graveyard beyond the chapel and placed at the mouth of the grave. After a brief period passed in silence, two short and impressive addresses were given, and prayers offered by members of the Society of Friends. Mr. Fielden Thorp, son of the deceased, also said a few words. The graveyard was crowded with relatives and friends, and on every hand tearful countenances showed how deeply beloved was the venerable man whose remains were being committed to the dust. The relatives and friends, having taken a look into the grave, entered into the Meeting-house, which was completely filled, and there addresses were given and prayers offered by several of the Friends.

He was indeed a Christian gentleman,
Refined well educated, just and brave,
And ready to embrace the good and true.
With a clear mind imbued with love to God,
He analysed the reasons we assign
In vindication of our abstinence;
And this accomplished, with conviction strong,
He took his stand from which he never swerved.
Though in much meekness he defended well
The Scripture teachings so beloved by Friends,
He was no bigot to a narrow creed,
For he could sympathise and work with all
Who loved the right, the good, and beautiful.
His intellect was clear, and strong and bright,
And by no narrow limits circumscribed;

So while he felt a universal love,
He never ceased to make it manifest
How highly he esteemed the simple plan,
Which stopped the drinker in his wayward course,
And rescued drunkards from impending woe.
As a good husband he was much beloved,
And as a father most intensely prized;
Kindness and love in him were natural,
And when he spoke his words were always wise.
By all his townsmen he was much esteemed,
And when he represented Justice stern,
He would with mercy mingle his reproofs,
That those who erred might turn, repent, and live.
At home we saw him as a constant joy,
And when in reverence he read the word,
His tone and emphasis so clear and grave,
Were mellowed by solemnity of soul,
And in the impressive silence which ensued,
We seemed to feel that God indeed was there.
His speeches were convincing and compact,
Each word employed dropped in its proper place
With tone and emphasis appropriate;
So that of him it might be truly said
That when he spoke he made each sentence tell
Upon the heads and hearts of those who heard;
And by the bearing of a Christian love,
He won a host of converts to our cause;
And when his manly strength began to fail,
And intimations of a change appeared,
With an abiding faith and glowing hope,
He certified his undiminished love
To that which had so many drunkards saved
From all the horrors of a painful death;
And some of whom through grace were on the road
Which leads to boundless and eternal joy.
When friends observed the near approach of death,
They saw his features placid and benign,
While calmly waiting for his blessed Lord;
Patience and silence were allied to hope,

While on his brow was beaming from afar
A light celestial from the Morning Star,
And in its light his soul was borne away
To sinless realms where pleasures never cease,
Where Jesus lives and reigns the Prince of Peace.

JOSEPH TUCKER.

JOSEPH TUCKER, Esq., J.P., and ex-Sheriff of the county of Beds, and one of the Vice-Presidents of the National Temperance League, has been called to his reward. Mr. Tucker, who was about seventy years of age, had long been a great sufferer; he died on Saturday morning, February 17th, 1877, and entered most peacefully upon the rest which remains for the people of God. Mr. Tucker's medical attendant states that he owed the continuance of his life for some years past to his faithful adherence to the practice of abstinence from all intoxicating drinks. His interest in the Temperance cause continued until the end of his life, and if during the last few months of his sojourn here he was able to listen with enjoyment to any secular reading, it was to the *Temperance Record*. One of the latest reports he specially relished being Dr. Barnardo's address on "Walking with God," delivered at a meeting convened by the Christian Workers Temperance Union. From the time when he first identified himself with the Temperance movement, he had singularly clear ideas of the value of Total Abstinence as the remedy for drinking and for drunkenness. And those views he expressed with quiet dignity

and force at Exeter Hall, nineteen years ago when he took the chair at one of Mr. Gough's lectures. And at an early meeting of the Church of England Total Abstinence Society, when depreciatory remarks were made by clergymen regarding teetotal societies and the pledge, he boldly stood up for the old societies and for the good old pledge. Mr. Tucker acted for several years as Treasurer to the Church of England Total Abstinence Society, but retired from office upon the adoption of the broader principle under which the Society is now carried on. By his Christian Temperance he greatly reformed the village of Pavenham. He closed a public-house and opened a public school, and afforded the people many opportunities of harmless and healthful enjoyments. He kept his harvest homes without any intoxicants, and singing and prayer were heard instead of the noise of ribaldry and drunkenness. He loved the people and they loved and honoured him; such men as Mr. Tucker cannot die. They live, and must live for ever. He indulged in no half measures nor expediency in his treatment of the foe, he knew the drinks were bad and treated them as such. As a magistrate he was active, useful and just, and was an active member of almost all the good local institutions. He lived in peace, and in peace he died. The funeral obsequies were of the most simple character; on Wednesday, February 21st, followed by mourning relatives, friends and neighbours, his mortal remains were laid to rest in the churchyard adjoining the Bury. The quaint old church was crowded at the service, which was very impressively conducted by the Vicar, the Rev. T. P. Wilson. The grave was perfectly plain, as it was the expressed wish of Mr. Tucker to be buried as simply as the humblest of his brethren. The coffin bore the simple inscription :—

JOSEPH TUCKER,
Born March 2nd, 1800,
Died February 17th, 1877.

Out of many most excellent points in the character of

this good man we will only in this brief notice select one. Mrs. Tucker writes:—"At a very early age he was taken into partnership with his brother Henry, who was a well-known silk mercer, and he kept quietly and steadily to the same business, and retired in the prime of life at a time of unexampled prosperity, not when he was what the world calls very rich, but when he had what he considered enough. If more men of business would thus act, what sorrows would be saved, and what reverses avoided both by young and old. We never forget that you helped Mr. Tucker to decide for teetotalism, he seeing it right for the good of the people, and that he signed the pledge at one of your meetings in the barn." And this, we believe was the first Temperance Meeting which had been held in Pavenham.

Our friends are leaving, and we follow them;
The river they have crossed, we, too, must cross;
The valley they have trodden, we must tread.
In the departure of our valued friend,
We are again brought face to face with death;
But, calling up the memories of the past,
We still interrogate, and can it be?
For yet we almost hear his kindly words,
And feel the welcome of his honest smile.
Our spirits are most sorrowfully sad;
Draw down the blinds, sit in the shaded rooms,
Speak in low tones, and let the bell be tolled.
Within that house, so pleasant and so fair,
There is a grief which cannot be expressed—
A trouble far too deep for utterance—
A pang which pierces to the inmost soul!
For the Death Angel hath outspread his wings,
And, lo! the loving husband, and the sire,
Quite ripe and full of years, has passed away.
The rich and poor in Pavenham will meet,
And through their tears will fondly speak of him,
Who lived amongst them as a gentle friend,
A kind adviser, and a shining light,

Striving to lure to paths of truth and right.
In him the graces of the virtues met,
And with a clear perception of the true,
And purpose noble, pure, and clear, and strong,
He pleaded well and wisely for the good.
And in his pleadings pointed all to Him
Who saves the spirit from the guilt of sin.
He was a gentleman, with manners mild,
And in his converse calm and liberal;
Hearing the sighs of sorrow from afar,
He promptly tried that sorrow to assuage;
And, when the news of social comfort came,
His features beamed with a benignant light,
And all around could feel its moral glow:
Thus the good man employed his fleeting days,
And humbly said, "To God, be all the praise."
He was the centre of a boundless joy!
Around whose noble heart the loved ones clung!
And in their loss, we pray the Holy One
Ever to give them all-sufficient grace;
And as Thy children may they truly know
There is Thy sunlight in their deepest gloom;
And in their greatest sorrows, soothing sounds
Are heard from Him, who, when baptized in grief,
Did conquer death through His atoning blood.
His life was not a shadow, but a fact,
And so he felt the sacred teaching true,
That for the righteous, light divine is sown,
And all the glories of eternal bliss.
His thoughts were practical and clear as light,
And in determination strong as steel.
His morals followed no divergent course;
Seeing the Morning Star, he followed it,
And in its holy light he always trod
The road which leads to happiness and God.
When birds had just commenced their vernal lays,
And the first flowers in modest hues came forth,
And clearer skies betokened finer days,
Then the good Christian hero was required

To leave his beautiful and earthly home
For one more beautiful in spheres afar,
Where God, and Christ, and saints and angels are.
In him the thrifty and afflicted poor
Have lost a constant, sympathizing friend,
Who, with a host of other noble deeds,
Closed up the licensed tempting public-house,
So what was once a place of brawl and shame
Is now a place for reading and for lore.
He built the schools where boys and girls are taught,
To whom in loving tones he often spoke,
Who in the future, though unknown to fame,
With tears and smiles shall bless his honoured name.
Impressed with all the soul-revolting woes
Entailed on man by alcoholic drink,
In the pure light of the Eternal Word
He did not fear our practice to defend:
And when elected Sheriff of the Shire,
He never shrank from making fully known
The reasons which impelled him to abstain.
His life still lives, its glories will not fade,
And as the future years shall glide away,
The bravely good around his grave shall stand,
And the fair angel of our blessed cause
Will hover near the spot which claims his dust,
While reverent spirits gladly shall proclaim—
He died rejoicing in his Saviour's name.

RICHARD TURNER.

EVERYONE must feel an interest in knowing something of the character, history and peculiarities of the man who gave to the world the *name* that now represents abstinence from all kinds of intoxicants. Up to the memorable evening when the word dropped from Richard Turner's lips we had to phrase the principle as well as we could. It should be remembered that at that time there was a great contention between two parties, one insisting upon a pledge of abstinence from spirits only, the other upon abstinence from both. Richard Turner belonged to the latter party, and in a fervid speech declared in the Temperance Hall (the old cock-pit) about September, 1833, after his usual fashion he coined a new word and affirmed that nothing but the te-te-total would do. I remember well (says Joseph Livesey) crying out "That shall be the name," amid great cheering in the meeting. When Dickey, for that was the name by which he was universally known, used this word it was intended to affirm that nothing but entire abstinence from all kinds of inebriants would do. It has been said that the term was a Lancashire provincialism, but of that no satisfactory evidence has ever been given. It has also been attributed to his habit of stuttering which is a decided mistake. The truth is, that Dicky was never at a loss for a word, if a suitable one was not at his tongue's end he coined a new one, and had we thought it important, we might have preserved a list of them. When speaking of the happy condition of the reformed drunkards' wives, he said on one occasion "They had begun to wear veils and pallisades." When an omnibus ran against his truck and hurt his hand, in describing it he said a "blunderbus" had done it. We were almost convulsed on one occasion when Richard said "I have need to

speak well of the glorious cause of Temperance for the good it has done for me; at one time I was a great trouble to my parents, and I believe I was the worst lad that was ever born of a *man!*" With all this he had natural eloquence, and always produced a deep impression upon the working people. One of his sentences is worth repeating. Urging us on to our work he said "We will go with our axes on our shoulders and plough up the great deep, and then the ship of Temperance shall sail gallantly over the land!" "Indeed," he said "if I make blunders you must expect them." He was a worker, and that with us covered a multitude of other defects. He never could do too much. To the sound of his rattle through the streets we owed the attendance at the meetings we held in the town and villages in schools and other places. In 1846, Richard undertook a mission on his own account to the South, preaching teetotal all the way to London, where he attended the World's Temperance Convention. He went as far as Southampton, from whence a letter came saying, "Let Dicky be sent everywhere, as he will do much good." *Carte de visites* of Richard Turner may be had from Mr. Pateson, Photographer, Fishergate, Preston.

Richard Turner was born at Bilsborough, about eight miles from Preston, on the 25th of July, 1790. His parents removed to this town, and he was sent, when young, to work in a cotton factory. He afterwards learnt to be a plasterer, and then a hawker of fish; and while patrolling the streets in the evening on the second Thursday in October, 1832, much the worse for liquor, he walked into St. Peter's School Room, where a Temperance meeting was being held for (as he expressed himself) to have a little fun. At the very urgent request of Mr. T. Swindlehurst and Mr. J. Dearden, he signed the pledge of abstinence from all intoxicating liquors. He was five feet four inches in height, with a darkish ruddy complexion, and an earnest gaze. He was married to a person named Betty Cook, about the year 1818, who became the mother of two daughters, but it was not a

happy match. During the morning of the 27th of October, 1846, he was seized with a severe fit of coughing, which broke a blood vessel in the stomach, from the effects of which he only survived about eighteen hours. To the last moment of his earthly pilgrimage he kept his pledge. On Sunday, the 1st of November, his mortal remains were interred in St. Peter's Churchyard, ground having been purchased for that purpose by a few zealous friends of the cause, being within a very short distance of the place where he signed the pledge. A very large number of teetotalers attended the funeral. The streets through which the procession passed were thronged by spectators, upon whom the solemn scene appeared to make a deep impression. The following is the inscription over his grave. Beneath this stone are deposited the remains of Richard Turner, author of the word Teetotal as applied to abstinence from all intoxicating liquors, who departed this life on the 27th day of October, 1846, aged fifty-six years.

Our language lacked a most important word,
Until good Richard Turner quaintly said,
That abstinence from drinks must be teetotal;
And Joseph Livesey from the chair affirmed
With emphasis, and that shall be the name.
The term was new, the principle was old,
Older by far than breweries or beer,
And was a shining glory in the world
Ages before the treach'rous drinks were made,
By which vast myriads have been deceived;
Our principles are quite as old we think,
As is the water which we love to drink.
He who becomes the author of a word,
Which represents a great and noble act,
His home may perish, and his children die,
But he will be remembered by the learned,
When crowns and coronets have passed away.
But some affirm they do not like the name,
And there are many names we do not like,
But if the things they represent are good,

We need not be much mindful of the names.
The word Teetotal now is classical,
For notwithstanding our prolific tongue,
We had no word to represent the act
Of abstinence from all intoxicants;
And when the new-born word was introduced,
It did not come from colleges nor schools,
Nor from our ancient universities,
Nor did the lore of Hebrew, Latin, Greek,
Give abstinence from alcohol the name
Which has been heard in almost every land,
And uttered oft by peoples, tribes, and tongues.
Beside the grave of this devoted man,
We thought of death and immortality;
Of his brief sojourn here, and how he strove
To rescue drunkards from eternal woe.
Nor could we cease to think of noble souls,
Who now, alas! are numbered with the dead;
Some who have spoken wittily and well,
Others whose styles were plain and practical,
While some with a commanding eloquence
Have moved their hearers to resolve aright,
Are now but silent inmates of the graves.
But in the higher spheres their spirits live;
And sing before the Throne the highest praise.
God works by means, the humble He exalts,
And brings the proud and lofty spirits low;
And speeches from the learned and refined
May sparkle, yet be powerless for good,
While the plain utterances of the unlearned
May rightly move the hearts of those who hear,
To shun the evil and embrace the good.
To him at last the final summons came,
Alas! too soon we erring mortals think.
Briefly he had to struggle with the foe,
Who is, and always will the victor be;
Or from this dying friend, so good and true,
Some words of trust and comfort might have flowed
Of what he fondly hoped to realize,
In realms of blessedness beyond the skies.

WILLIAM TWEEDIE.

Mr. William Tweedie, sprang from a race of Scottish agriculturists in the county of Haddington, where he was born of pious parents on the 19th July, 1821. His father, who was employed as land steward on a large estate, died at the age of seventy-three; and his mother, a woman of remarkable intelligence and great force of character, passed away about eight years ago, at the ripe age of ninety-two. She retained her faculties until the close of her long and honourable career, and on the day of her death, when the medical gentleman in attendance upon her proposed to administer stimulants, she firmly declined the prescription, adding that Christ was stimulant enough for her, and she wanted no other. When William Tweedie was first sent to school at six years of age, he was able to read the New Testament with fluency; and, after passing through the elementary classes, he completed his school education at the Grammar School of Haddington, where he acquired that thirst for knowledge which exerted a powerful influence upon his future life.

In 1840, when he was nineteen years of age, he formally identified himself with the Temperance cause by signing the teetotal pledge; and it was at a series of Saturday evening entertainments commenced by the Edinburgh Total Abstinence Society, under the superintendence of his life-long friend, Mr. Thomas Knox, that he first employed his talents in the advocacy of the Temperance movement, which from that time seemed to become the one engrossing aim of his life. Shortly after this time he became an agent of the Central Temperance Association, which was then sustained with great efficiency by Mr. George Kenrick, of West Bromwich, a

generous and enlightened friend of Temperance. Mr. Tweedie soon proved himself to be an able and acceptable lecturer, and during his six months' labours in the midland counties he formed many valuable friendships that lasted for life.

But Mr. Tweedie had for some time cherished the conviction that he could more effectually aid the movement by literature than by lectures; and hence, in 1848, with a deep sense of the importance and responsibility of his mission, he came to London for the purpose of establishing a depôt for the sale of Temperance publications, his chief object being to provide a place where friends of the cause and the trade might obtain copies of all the tracts, books and periodicals, then issued in connection with the movement. His first place of business was in Falcon street, near the General Post Office, where he soon attracted many friends who were thankful for the opportunity of receiving at his hands their weekly supply of Temperance information. Larger premises being required, he removed to Wellington Street, and ultimately in 1851, he opened the establishment at 337, Strand, which has ever since been a central rallying point for Temperance men in all parts of the kingdom. Here Mr. Tweedie largely extended his connection as a publisher. His Temperance works always did credit to the cause which he had so much at heart, and his other publications were of an elevating and instructive character. He never published a line that could raise a blush upon the most modest cheek, and the announcements of wine merchants and medical quacks were rigidly excluded from the advertising columns of all publications over which he exercised control, it being an invariable rule with him rather to suffer pecuniary loss than to give the slightest encouragement to anything with a doubtful reputation or a degrading tendency.

But it was not merely as a publishing house that Mr. Tweedie's establishment was useful to the Temperance cause. It formed for many years a much-

needed centre of information and advice for Temperance workers in London, as well as for those residing in country districts; and even foreigners, and especially Americans, came to Mr. Tweedie in large numbers, and not only received the Temperance information of which they were in quest, but were also gratified with those attentions and courtesies which strangers in a strange land know so well how to value, and which it seemed natural for him to bestow. No visitors of this kind were more welcome to Mr. Tweedie than teetotal soldiers and sailors who called to thank him for publications and letters which had inspired them with courage to resist temptation when on foreign service; and another class of visitors—often a numerous one—that never failed to enlist his sympathy and interest, were those who had become victims of intemperance and who sought his advice and help in their efforts to get rid of their terrible bondage. Over such individuals, of whatever grade in society, Mr. Tweedie seemed to exert a kind of magnetic influence, encouraging the timid, inspiring the despairing drunkard with confidence and hope, and succeeding, beyond any man we have ever known, in restoring to their friends and society men of high social position and mental power, who had for years been regarded as hopeless outcasts. Only a few days before his departure, when the reflected light of the unseen world was beaming upon his countenance, Mr. Tweedie was overheard to pray with great earnestness and fervour that God would raise up labourers, especially *young men*, to carry on the work of the Temperance reformation.

This name, so interwoven in our cause,
And known so well in regions far remote,
Is now in sable capitals enshrined,
In all the gloom yet bright'ning gleams of death.
Why was he smitten in his primal days?
And why so quickly taken from our midst?
Hush! and be still, and know that it is God
Who speaks, and angels hearken to His word,

And do His bidding in the realms of bliss.
We mourn the loss of one we loved so well.
He was our constant and familiar friend.
In early days, midst opposition strong,
Our zeal was blended, and our object one,
And all along, until the severance came,
We had been linked in fond affection's bond.
When young and strong, and full of high resolve,
It was the solemn purpose of his soul
That all the future of his life should be
A witness, constant, practical, and clear,
Against the allurements of deceptive drinks.
He heard around him wailings of despair,
And the sad sighing of the fatherless;
And while his heart with grief intense was stirred,
He bravely left his country and his home,
To rescue drinkers from the grasp of death.
And when before the assembled throng he spoke
In tones persuasive and in accents mild,
His words would please the rich, impress the poor,
And hearts responded to his warm appeals.
He knew how nations, famous in the earth,
Had suffered by the tyrant Alcohol,
And moved with pity, and inspired with hope,
He dared to deprecate the fearful wrongs
By which the young and aged are enslaved.
We hailed his coming to our southern clime,
When it was thought, that for his talents rare
A wider area would afford him scope
To write, to speak, and work against our foe.
Yet, notwithstanding public labours oft,
He was a silent worker in our cause,
And many of his good and noble deeds
Were not allowed to see the light of day.
His eye was single, and his heart was true.
The left hand knew not what the right hand did.
The scholar wrecked and ruined went to him,
And in his ears the trembling slaves of drink,
In plaintive strains, their deepest sorrows told,

And to a host of such poor wanderers
He proved himself a sympathizing friend.
The rich, who by the demon drink were bound,
Would seek from him instruction and advice,
That from this loathsome and destructive vice
They might arise ennobled, sober, free.
Others, with parchèd lips, and fevered brains,
Conterminous to madness, and estranged,
Would tell him of the horrors they endured:
And he to them would show the simple plan,
Whereby they might escape from ills so dire.
To many such his name's a household word,
And fondly cherished by the good and true.
The while we write, we scarcely can believe
That we shall see his well-known face no more;
And never shake his soft warm hand again.
The cloud of death which overshadowed him,
Though it appeared to us so dense and dark,
Was to his faith a chariot of fire
By which his soul was taken up to God.
But yesterday, we thought we saw in him
The bloom and strength of healthfulness and life.
The hidden doth contain the germs of death,
And roseate hues appear but to decay.
The change came quickly, and his friends were sad,
Science, and art, and skill were powerless;
And soon we learned, a cureless malady
Had laid our sorrowing, suffering brother low.
When oft we met him, full of joyous life,
And all the happy influences around
Of social, moral, and domestic bliss,
We thought our estimate of him was just;
But we had yet to learn his real worth,
Which in such fulness we ne'er felt before,
As when we lingered by his dying bed. [tears,
Our hands were clasped, our eyes bedimmed with
But there we felt a solemn, sacred joy,
For in his fondly loving looks we saw
The light and hope of immortality.

It was a meeting we shall not forget—
All gloom, and fear, and doubt had pass'd away;
Calm resignation filled his waiting soul,
While faith could see his dear Redeemer's smile.
He humbly said, "My Father's will be done."
Once he had hoped to see a golden age,
When under his own vine he might have sat,
To treasure fondly memories of the past,
And spend in peace the evening of his day.
But such desire had now for ever fled.
We saw his spirit ripening for the skies,
His words were fraught with hopefulness and love,
And all his soul was fixed on things divine.
And we had never felt a holier place, [one.
Where prayers were blended and where hopes were
The Eternal Love! how great must be its power,
Causing portentous clouds to disappear,
While the bright Day Star fills the soul with peace.
While suffering much he felt the great foe Death
Would soon administer the fatal blow,
He heard his footsteps as they nearer came,
And yet he shrank not from his dread approach;
For well he knew in whom he had believed,
And thus death's sting was taken quite away.
In the deep silence of the dreary night,
When, worn and weary, his beloved wife
Had snatched a moment's interval of rest;
His trusting soul poured out an earnest prayer
That God, pure Temperance, would aid and bless,
And that in mercy He would raise up men—
Young men—to carry onwards the great work,
Until it shall with victory be crowned.
At length his pains and sufferings were o'er,
And in the dawning of the early morn,
While the sun's rays illumed autumnal leaves,
And made them look, while dying, beautiful;
So did the Sun of Righteousness illume
The pallid features of our dying friend,
And in the fulness of the heavenly hope

His loving spirit spread its wings for flight,
And soared to better, brighter realms on high.
He was well-known, and also well-beloved,
And many truly sympathizing friends,
Will, with ourselves, intensely supplicate
That God will bless the widow in her grief,
And lead the fatherless in paths of peace.
We linger round the memory of our friend,
For now his presence seemeth to be near,
And it will live with us till life shall end,
And when the mortal shades on us shall fall,
This thought shall cheer us in their deepest gloom,
That we in purer climes shall meet again,
To join in ceaseless songs of sacred praise,
Where angels veil their faces with their wings,
And laud Him, "Lord of lords, and King of kings."

REV. JABEZ TUNNICLIFFE.

THIS worthy and devoted worker in the cause was born February 7th, 1809, and he departed this life in the full assurance of faith June 15th, 1865, having been a teetotaler a great number of years. He is called by some the founder of the Band of Hope, but whether he was so or not we do not know. In London our good friend Mr. Esterbrook is generally spoken of as the founder of that movement; now both these claims may be true, and perhaps we should be nearer the truth were we to say that Jabez Tunnicliffe was the founder of the movement in the north, and Mr. Esterbrook in the south.

Our good friend was always an earnest and ardent worker in the Temperance cause. He was very active in leading the little ones not only to abstain from intoxicants, but his constant corollary was, and from all other evils. He visited many towns and villages in the north of England, and his name there was indeed a household word. He was not only active amongst the children, but he frequently lectured on the general question of Temperance, and in many places his labours were greatly blessed. He went forth in the strength and the power of the Lord, with a soul deeply imbued with the love of God and of Christ; he never shrank from defending and enforcing the true principles of Temperance. He had to encounter and conquer difficulties, but he worked as one who felt the work must be done or drunkards must perish. And when he saw the wonderful cases of reformation which had taken place, he lifted up his heart in gratitude to Him who had so greatly blessed the efforts which had been made. He was pleasant in conversation and always hopeful of an ultimate success. He had a well-formed head, and well-filled heart, but he was not blessed with a strong constitution, and after having for some years performed the arduous labours as the Rev. Chaplain for the Leeds cemetery, his physical powers gave way. During the days of his affliction he was calm, patient and hopeful, and full of faith and love to the Lord Jesus Christ. He was removed from the scenes of earth to behold and to enjoy for ever the Eternal Glory.

We know not whether our friend was the first
To call together the young and the loved;
But we know how well he worked in the cause,
And like a forerunner, faithful and true,
He deeply impressed the minds of the young
Not to touch the deceptive and dangerous drinks,
But to take honest water which sparkles and flows,
And blesses the people wherever it goes.
When he amongst the little folks appeared,

His face was brightened with a Father's smile,
He loved them much and they would gladly hear
The truths which he so well and kindly taught;
And all appeared at once to comphrehend,
For all his illustrations were so plain,
And when he made his droll comparisons,
And told them simple yet most striking tales, [joy.
They stamped their feet and clapped their hands with
We think we may in greatest fairness claim
That in the north good Tunnicliffe was first
To guide and teach the young and tender minds
The blessed truths of our reforming cause.
What can be nobler than to lead the young
Into the paths of safety and of peace?
He who in Christian love instructs a child,
Has touched a chord in a young loving soul
Which shall not cease to vibrate through all time,
Nor while the eternal ceaseless ages roll.
He who can train and well protect a child
Deserves the commendation of mankind,
For he who speaks to children speaks to those
Who will to others tell the simple truths,
And thus a host of those advanced in life
May wish to aid us in our work of love.
If I am asked "What is a Band of Hope?"
I venture modestly to make reply,
"It is the morning star of Temperance,
The gentle sparkling and the early dew;
It is a nursery for tender flowers,
And the bright dawning of a better day;
It is the voice of innocence and hope
Lauding the cause of social liberty.
And yet a plaintive and a mournful sound
Which tells of suffering and want and woe;
It is a youthful army in array
Against a terrible gigantic foe;
Yet like an angel full of grace and love,
It leads the little ones through pastures green,
And by the waters clear and calm and still;

It is a Daniel, daring not to drink,
A Samuel, Samson, John the Baptist, too;
And like an angel from the higher sphere,
It shows to Hagars and to Ishmaels
A well whereat they all may drink and live.
It is the lovely daughter of a king,
Saving a baby from a watery grave;
It is a little, not a captive, maid,
Directing those made leperous by drink
To go and wash in the health-giving stream,
That from this plague of plagues they may be free;
It is indeed the wisdom of the wise,
And well accords with the command of him
Who with much wisdom said, 'Train up a child
In the way he should go,' and when he is
Old from such course he will never depart.'
It is a Jacob on his dying bed,
Blessing his children ere he passed from earth,
Especially his little Benjamin;
It seems so like the good and loving John,
Who with a saintly apostolic care,
Advised the little ones to whom he wrote
To love the truth and keep from wicked ways.
The angel spirit of the Band of Hope
Seems to reflect the teaching of our Lord,
Despise not one of these my little ones,
For in the heavens their angels always do
Behold my Holy Father's loving face;
And so we know that all our children dear
Have ministering angels always near."
Our now deceased friend had full belief
That angels were attending them and him,
And so he laboured full of hope and love,
Until his work was well and fully done,
And now in ceaseless rapturous strains above,
He sings of Jesus and redeeming love.

FREDERICK TOWGOOD.

FREDERICK TOWGOOD, Esq., was an independent gentleman who devoted much, yea, almost all of his time and talents in the promotion of those principles which have not only a social importance, but which, in a moral and religious sense, have done much to promote the happiness of the people. He was long well known and highly respected for his commercial status and integrity, and when he discontinued a member of the firm to which he had been so long attached, his great object appeared to be to be constantly doing something whereby he might promote knowledge, banish ignorance, expel vice, and encourage by many acts of Christian kindness those who might stand in need of help. We are not in possession of a knowledge of the date of his birth, nor do we know any facts in relation to his early history, but judging from an intimate knowledge of him, and knowing well how richly his mind was stored, we feel assured that he must have been both a moral and intellectual student the greater part of his life. He held very strong views on dietetic questions, and not only abstained from alcoholic drinks and tobacco, but he was very rigidly and most conscientiously a first-class vegetarian. He was deeply interested in all physiological and psychological questions, and upon these points he read well and wrote much. He was fond of the plain and practical, and when he spoke it was always interesting, simple and effective. He was a studious, quiet worker, not for profit and certainly not for applause, but we fully believe for the sole object of doing good. We do not say we endorse all the views which he held, but we must frankly give him credit for most sincerely believing both *in their* truthfulness and practical importance. His

pocket seemed to be sensitively alive to his principles, for what he believed heartily he supported with great liberality. In relation to the Temperance cause he held the most enlightened views, and while charity was a prominent feature in his life and conversation, he felt convinced that all intoxicating drinks were worse than useless; and in defence of Temperance he never gave an uncertain sound. He had well studied the best authors, and he was strongly impressed with the great foundational truths of abstinence from all intoxicating drinks, that they were allied to nature and science, and strictly in accordance with the philosophy and teaching of the sacred Scripture. Our kind-hearted and devoted friend was, on the 27th of June, 1860, somewhat suddenly removed from us, and a large circle of friends felt that the Temperance cause had lost a most earnest supporter, and when they committed his body to the grave, they were fully assured that his good works would follow him, and that the mortal would put on immortality, and death would be swallowed up in victory. As the following phrenological sketch which I wrote of him was printed in the *Journal of Health*, Vol. 6th, 1856, I have thought it might not be out of place to insert it here. It reads as follows:—

"There is nothing more interesting than the study of phrenology. There is no sameness in it. It is various and beautiful, and we venture to affirm that through the whole range of the sciences, there cannot be found knowledge of greater or deeper importance than that which relates to the moral and intellectual development of man. We have peculiar pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to a consideration of the character of him whose portrait accompanies this sketch, and in doing so think it necessary to state that the Editor of the *Journal of Health* has always given us perfect liberty in writing what we believe to be true of the characters which have been previously sketched in this publication, and we shall, therefore, take the same liberty with him as we have with those whose mental and moral peculiarities

have passed in review. It will strike our readers at a glance that the circumference of the head is rather large. This arises from the fact that the perceptives are full and the organ of concentrativeness is well developed. The temperament is a combination of the nervous and fibrous, with a slight admixture of the sanguine, and this will create great sensitiveness of feeling combined with energy and determination. The occipital region of the head is moderate, not small, and this will supply a considerable amount of force and impelling power. In this department we may remark that the development indicates a freeness from all that which would partake of grossness or vulgarity, and although there will be a great love for that which relates to physical and natural truths, they will ever be made subservient to that which is moral and good. The social and moral organs are not so fully marked as in some, but there is really no lack of power in this direction. There will not be that sudden and impassioned ebullition of feeling which is strong only for the moment and then may quickly and permanently subside, but there will be what is far better, a lasting and abiding attachment to what is believed to be excellent and true. The organ of combativeness is moderate, but it can be aroused to a state of considerable energy when the soul is conscious of the existence of that which is morally wrong. The organ of concentrativeness is well developed, which will give great perseverance and fixity of thought, and there will be but few subjects to which the mind may be directed, but what will be easily understood and well retained. There will be sometimes a little too much impulsiveness of action, and warmth of feeling, which it would be well to hold a little in abeyance. There will be no disposition to flattery, but those characters who are worthy of commendation will be held in very high esteem. Though not by any means insensible of the value and importance of the good opinion of others, we are certain no efforts would be made to secure them, if in any degree they detracted from the power of doing good. There will be great

firmness of purpose, and the mind, though not by any means unimpressible, will not be given to change, and those points upon which it is fully made up will remain unshaken through all the varied changes of surrounding circumstances. There will be constancy and kindness, mingled with a high feeling of conscientiousness, while mere policy and expediency will be treated with indifference if not contempt, and what is right will for its own sake be loved and defended in the face of a barbarous ignorance or a scorning world. Veneration is well developed, but it is not so large as are some of the organs. We know from such a manifestation there will be deep and reverent feelings towards Him who is perfect in holiness; but this deep sentiment will be much more influenced by the perceptive and intellectual powers than by that which belongs to the feelings. There will be a happy combination of the reasonable and devotional. Secretiveness and cautiousness are rather large. The latter in connection with the nervous system may sometimes cause unnecessary fears, and should, therefore, never be unduly excited. A secret will be well and faithfully kept. There will be a keen appreciation of that which is truly poetic and ideal, but the mind will rather recoil from than be led away into a state of rapture or ecstasy by that which is simply hypothetical or imaginative. The perceptive powers are very large; these are the eyes of the mind, and knowledge will be easily acquired, facts will be quickly mastered, and objects readily noticed and accurately described. There will be a fondness for geographical knowledge, and places once seen will be easily and well remembered. The organs of size and weight are very large, so that distance, density and proportion will be well remembered, and what may be known in relation to the physical forces will not be difficult to comprehend. And there will also be a fondness for that which is musical in tone, and correct in emphasis. Order and number are large, and have been well exercised. There will be a fondness for that which is quiet and unobtru-

sive, with a quick perception of the sharp, witty or facetious combined with more than an average power to imitate with correctness and with good effect. Those who have listened to Mr. Towgood's lecture on Physiology clearly perceive that he well understands the matter. The human system to him is a subject which claims his first and most ardent attention. In his dietetic habits he is most abstemious, he ignores the use of all animal food, and abhors all kinds of intoxicating drinks, and while speaking of the body which is so fearfully and wonderfully made, he never fails to show that the health of the people would be very greatly increased were they wisely to follow his example. With myself, he has no belief in the dogma that we are only to live a certain number of moments. He believes that our lives are, to a very considerable extent, in our own hands, and this both nature and Scripture amply prove; for the wicked do not live out half their days, and the righteous prolong their days. The superior frontal region is fully and well developed, but a side glance obtains the best view. Benevolence is very full, which creates great kindness of feeling, and the desire to do good. We know of none who labours more disinterestedly, nor of any who manifest greater moral courage in declaring their convictions than does Mr. Frederick Towgood. As a practical believer in Phrenology, Magnetism, Homœopathy and Hydropathy, at all times he is ready to advocate their claims, and while devotedly attached to that which is artistic and scientific, he is never unmindful of the needy and distressed; and we know a large circle of friends will unite with us in expressing a hope that his valuable life may be long spared, that he may continue to make known the great truths in connection with the laws of matter and of mind, and that he may see in thousands of instances the triumphs of those principles which, if adopted, would prove an immense good and lasting blessing to the sons and daughters of men.—J. I., 1857."

Our friend continued to work and labour as long as

his health permitted, and when he departed this life he left behind him a spotless character and an honoured name. We regret that we are not in possession of any details in reference to his last moments, but his life is his monument, and he has gone to his reward.

With clear perceptions of the good and true,
And Christian love embracing all mankind,
He waited not for Fashion's favouring smile,
But with opposing forces all around,
He claimed a right to plead for Temperance,
And gladly told of triumphs it had won.
He did not stand amongst our ranks as one
Who had been rescued from degrading vice,
But as a genuine, devoted man,
Who felt that promptly something should be done
To free the drinkers from their galling chains,
By which their bodies, minds and souls were bound.
And as the light of science brightly shone,
Combined with teachings from the Holy Word,
Which shed upon his soul a brighter light,
He went forth doubly armed and full of faith
To conquer and defeat a tyrant foe.
He knew the cause of England's greatest shame
Lay in the evil of the useless drink,
And with convictions strong and clear as light,
With ready pen and great persuasiveness
He well and wisely aided our good cause.
We feel in some degree a little pleased,
That to our teachings he was wont to say,
He felt himself indebted, and impressed
With a conviction never felt before;
That if we wish for Temperance to reign,
We must from alcoholic drinks abstain.
He loved the drunkard but abhored the drinks,
The false and foodless manufactured drinks,
The drinks whose smiles contain a hidden sting,
The drinks estranged to good, allied to bad, [death,
The drinks which come from waste, corruption,

Which, true to their destructive origin,
Of crushing and of cursing precious food,
They visit palaces and humble homes;
And many by their pestilential breath,
Are smitten with paralysis and death.
This good man greatly loved the fruits and flowers,
And felt a horror of revolting scenes
Which stand allied to killing and to blood.
He felt a strong conviction of the fact
That men could live most heartily and well
Without the aid of flesh or alcohol.
He knew in fruits and farinacia
The best and most nutritious food is found.
The Gentoos, one of India's strongest tribes,
Are careful not to eat what may have lived;
Many of Scotia's brave and healthy sons,
From flesh almost entirely abstain,
And many a rosy cheek in Erin's Isle
Owes not its healthy hues to fish or flesh,
But to the cereals and wholesome fruits;
And like some prophets of the ancient times,
They are as fair, yea, they are healthier
Than those who eat the flesh and drink the wine.
Our friend affirmed, and we believe it true,
By such a simple and nutritious fare,
His mind was clearer and his health improved.
After repast he felt no drowsiness,
And all his mental and material powers
Possessed an ease, agility and force
Which he had scarcely known or felt before.
We have no prejudice, and so freely give,
His views of how we ought to act and live,
But we applaud more highly his resolve
To shun for ever that which leads astray.
He knew that meat contained some nutriment,
He also knew that alcohol did not.
And so he knew there was no parallel
Betwixt the worthless drinks which kill,
And the flesh-meat which strengthens and sustains.

He loved and revelled in the beautiful,
Feeling this world to be a lovely home;
And so it seems to us, but then, alas,
How quickly all its glories pass away.
Nor was he heedless of the joys to come,
For he would speak in hopeful, glowing terms,
Of scenes celestial, and heavenly joys,
And sacred mansions which the Lord prepares
For all who honour, love and follow Him.
His life was sacred to the cause of truth;
With head and heart he worked with great success;
And now around his grave the good may stand,
And while reviewing his unspotted life,
May strive to emulate his noble deeds,
And like him down the ages yet to come,
Secure a spotless and an honoured name.

MRS. THOMAS WHITTAKER.

The late Mrs. Thomas Whittaker's maiden name was Palmer. She was born at East Harling, Norfolk, on the 3rd of November, 1810, and died at Scarborough, January 9th, 1875. Her father and family connections were, sixty years ago, proprietors of several of the coaches then running between Norwich, Bury St. Edmund's and London. They also held several of the principal inns and hostelries on the line of route. Reverses came to the family, and the subject of this sketch came to London, at sixteen years of age, to seek her fortune. She took a situation in a business house in the City, and at twenty-five years of age was proprietress of the same business. She joined the Wesleyan Society in connection with Spitalfield's Church, and was a teacher in the

Sabbath School. In the year 1837 she attended a Temperance Meeting held in the little Baptist Chapel, South Place, Finsbury, at which Mr. Whittaker was the speaker. She there signed the pledge, and became the wife of the lecturer, by marriage at Hoxton Church, on the 6th of August, 1838. She bore him six children, four sons and two daughters, none of whom ever knew the taste of liquor. The daughter, and youngest born, died in her twenty-fifth year, in 1877, and her remains now lie with the mother's, in the Scarborough Cemetery. Three others died in infancy, and were buried in London. In 1849 Scarborough became her home, and it is now the home of her surviving husband and her two sons. The history of the Temperance cause has yet to be written, and much as it owes to the early men, it owes more to some of the early women; and to none more than to the late wife of Mr. Whittaker. She was a modest, retiring, lady-like woman, minding the duties of her own house, and watching with undying affection the best interest of her family. Her husband has been from home, in early days, more than twelve months at a time, and frequently six and nine, yet she never murmured. The remuneration he received would not admit of needless travel, neither did it suffice to maintain and educate his family in a suitable manner. This necessitated her devotion to business, which was continued to the hour of her death. A more self-abnigatory and self-sacrificing life has seldom been lived. Mr. Whittaker had for thirty years proposed a visit to America, but circumstances seemed to forbid it. At length, however, in 1874 the resolve was made. Mrs. Whittaker had been in delicate health three or four years. In the early attack of her illness things looked so serious that her life was despaired of. The daughter who was at school in Prussia came home in the depth of winter expecting her death. She, however, survived that attack, and seemed to recover so nicely, that in 1874 she appeared better than she had been for years. In this condition of *things*, by mutual consent, the venture was made, and

Mr. Whittaker, at the end of September, looked upon the face of his never-to-be-forgotten wife for the last time, and departed for America. While in the city of Boston, just launched before the public, and a large number of important engagements before him, on the 9th of January the Atlantic Cable brought the following message,—"Father, come home; mother is dying." In two hours later another message,—"Mother is dead! Gone in peace." That was a dark day for Thomas Whittaker. The companion of his life and helpmeet for thirty-seven years gone; and gone, too, while he was in a strange land. But she lives in her children, and her two sons, whose obligations to such a mother can never be overlooked, to her lasting eredit, bid fair to do a greater service in their day and generation than their father and mother combined have done. We have only now to add that Mrs. Whittaker's teetotalism was like her husband's, of a robust and enduring kind. She did not believe in drink for any purpose whatever, and further, she had no faith in what are called substitutes. Substitutes for bad things are not desirable, and drink she believed to be a bad thing. She was a pure-minded and God-fearing woman, living a spotless life and dying a Christian's death. Her two sons and her daughter and her sons' wives stood by her bedside when she passed away. After leaving a message of love for her husband and expressing her confidence in the abiding love of Christ, and the goodness and mercy of God, she looked her children in the face, and said,—"Be just! Fear God." She was buried by the Rev. Mr. Briggs, M.A., Wesleyan Minister; and on her tomb in the Scarborough Cemetery is placed a very handsome granite monument, on which is the following inscription :—

In Loving Memory of
LOUISA,
The Faithful Wife and True Helpmeet of
THOMAS WHITTAKER, Temperance Advocate,
Born November 3rd, 1810,
Died January 9th, 1875.

Having served her day and generation by the will of God, she fell asleep, leaving as a legacy to her family that which had been the pole-star of her own life—

"BE JUST! FEAR GOD!"

She was a wife, a mother, and a friend,
Who lived and died in peace and love with all.
Her early aspirations were imbued
With wishes deep and earnest for our cause.
When young, she exercised the greatest care,
In so arranging and completing plans,
Conducing to her welfare and success,
And all who knew her in her future life,
Could see how much her discipline had done
In bringing out those social moral traits,
Which were the charm and glory of her life,
Abiding with her till her dying day.
Like many others she was led to hear
A telling speech defending Temperance,
And while she listened she became convinced,
But little thought that in her future life
That she should e'er become the speaker's wife.
The truths declared were trite and forcible,
And so she took the pen and signed the pledge;
And through her future life she never ceased
By efforts moral, social and divine,
To aid and bless the moral enterprise,
Which seeks to raise the helpless and the low,
And rescue drinkers from impending woe.
In her the graces and the virtues shone,
A queenly mother and a saintly wife,
Placid and practical in all her ways;
And while her Christian hopes were always bright,
She sat a queen amongst her most endeared,
And in her well-beloved husband's crown,
She was a sparkling and a precious gem.
There was no lacking in her character
Of all the rich and precious qualities
Which grace and dignify the human soul.

Not so demonstrative as some are found,
But what she said was well and truly said;
Method and mildness were her guiding stars,
And through her life she felt the abiding love
Of Him who was her Father and her Friend.
She was a wife, devoted, sterling, true,
A mother, most affectionate and kind,
Careful to train her children in the ways
Which run beside the flowing, living stream,
And lead to peace, prosperity and heaven.
She knew the danger of alluring drinks,
And kept it far away from those she loved,
And proved to all how a fond mother could
Bring up her children healthfully and well,
Without the presence of deceitful wine.
Mothers who, with much tenderness and care,
Prevent their little unsuspecting ones
From drinking that which might to ruin lead,
Deserve all honour from the souls of those
Who hope for brighter days than those of yore,
When alcohol shall fall to rise no more.
And when the time of her departure came,
A peaceful, blessed, hopeful silence reigned.
Her loving children gathered round her bed,
And pure religion shed its sacred rays,
Her face was beaming with a holy light, [just!"
While to her loved she said, "Fear God! Be
And seeming to behold the great white throne,
Her happy spirit smiled and spread its wings,
And leaving earthly things it soared away
To the blessed regions of eternal day.

LOUISA ELLEN WHITTAKER.

Our valued friend Mr. Thomas Whittaker, of Scarborough, has again been plunged into grief by the death of his only surviving daughter, Louisa Ellen. She was born in 1852 and died September the 18th, 1877. The deceased, who had been seriously ill for several months, had reached her twenty-fifth year, and was much loved by all who knew her. The sorrowing father has our earnest sympathy in his day of trouble. She was ill from inflammation of the lungs for about twelve months, but had been very delicate for some time before. She was buried at the cemetery, Scarborough, September 24th, by the Rev. Joseph Cranswick and the Rev. C. Hirst.

A well-known voice to silence has been hushed,
An earthly home has been exchanged for heav'n,
A radiant eye has been in darkness closed,
A summer smile has quickly disappeared;
A gentle spirit in our Temperance cause
Has passed from fading to immortal joy,
And, by the mercy and the grace of Him
Who loved her with a deep eternal love,
She lives in pure effulgency of light,
Where, mid the happy and the sinless throng,
She sings in sweeter and in softer tones
Than those by which she charmed us when on earth;
With harp and crown, and free from death and sin,
She stands completely glorified in Him.
While briefly staying at her sea-side home,
We were delighted with her dulcet strains;
They seemed like the sounds of a hopeful soul,
Beholding by faith the kingdom of God;

And her singing, so gentle, so soft, and so low,
Made its appeals to the poor and oppressed,
To leave their low sheds and quickly repair,
And steal away, O, to Jesus in prayer.
We have oft heard songs of pathos and grace,
Songs which the young and afflicted have sung,
When the fair pale cheeks wore a seeming blush,
But, alas! 'twas the burning hectic flush.
When we heard her sing whose spirit has fled,
We thought of the songs of spirits above,
Not of the choruses thrillingly loud,
But of the cadences soothing and clear,
Which the saved and glorified love to hear.
Through her hopeful soul great sorrows had passed,
When her music and singing were still and dumb,
And only in tears her grief could be told,
When the mortal foe had smitten her friend.
Vain are the hopes we may cherish below,
They are all on the wing and passing away,
With her it was so: almost unperceived
A shadow and only a shadow appeared,
But the shadow grew denser, until around
A darkness gathered portending her death,
And then her departing spirit bestowed
Its final glance on terrestrial things,
Then winged its flight to the sinless spheres,
Where free from the incident griefs of earth,
Her notes shall mingle with seraphic songs,
Ascribing everlasting praise to Him,
God of the angels and the cherubim.
No adumbration there upon her brow,
Nor on her path all radiant with hope,
Nor tears bedim the brightness of her eyes,
But in that pure and perfect Paradise,
With ransomed saints and spirits clothed in white,
She will for ever live and love to sing,
Of Him who is her Prophet, Priest and King.

THOMAS WORSNOP.

THOMAS WORSNOP was the son of a farmer, at Hill Top, Lowmoor, near Bradford, Yorkshire, where he was born, on December 10th, 1799. What education he received was at a dame's school; and he lived with his grandparents until the age of twenty-two. After the death of his grandfather he learned the business of wool-combing, and being gifted with a ready wit and quick tongue, he soon fell by drink, and became a notorious drunkard; and he made a point of disturbing all the Temperance meetings, at one of which a young woman told the speaker "not to mind him, for he was not right in his head." One Sunday morning he wandered unobserved into the Wesleyan Chapel, Undercliff, with nothing on him only an old rug. Soon after this he signed the pledge through the reading of a tract, presented by Mr. Holmes, of the Society of Friends, and he became not only a sober but a practical Christian man, and preached in the Chapel where he had been once crouching a half-naked and drunken man. At a meeting held in the Exchange Room, Bradford, he shouted out, "I have begun, I will have no more SWILL." Dr. Beaumont, who was in the chair, said, "Will that man come on the platform?" And Thomas went as desired, and there stood motionless and speechless, the tears rolling down his cheeks, and in a few minutes said, "I have been a fool to myself, and a call-bird for the landlord, a rogue to my wife and children. I will have no more *rue water*, and my wife shall make sops in her own frying-pan." He was one of the quaintest and most original speakers the Temperance cause has had. He went to speak with a heart full of faith and love, and thousands were induced to abstain. In April, 1841,

And her singing, so gentle, so soft, and so low,
Made its appeals to the poor and oppressed,
To leave their low sheds and quickly repair,
And steal away, O, to Jesus in prayer.
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Songs which the young and afflicted have sung,
When the fair pale cheeks wore a seeming blush,
But, alas! 'twas the burning hectic flush.
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No adumbration there upon her brow,
Nor on her path all radiant with hope,
Nor tears bedim the brightness of her eyes,
But in that pure and perfect Paradise,
With ransomed saints and spirits clothed in white,
She will for ever live and love to sing,
Of Him who is her Prophet, Priest and King.

He had strong drink for ever cast away.
He was not polished, and he was not rough,
He knew not logic, but could reason well,
Nor was he bound by any rules of art,
For none could tell the courses he might take,
Nor could infer what inference would be drawn,
But suddenly the point at once flashed out,
And then his hearers with a hearty laugh
Would see the truth, and crown it with applause.
He went from place to place, and took his bell,
And when he rang it doors were opened wide,
Windows pushed up, and all attention gave.
And while they wondered who and what he was,
"O yes, O yes," he loudly sounded out,
"A Temperance meeting will be held to-night,
At such a time, and also in such place,
And he who rings this bell and waves this flag,
Is very anxious you should all be there."
The people called him a most funny man,
And many smiled, and to each other said,
How they would like to hear what he could say,
And numbers went and listened to his tale
Which was so quaintly and so queerly told;
And little boys would sit with open mouths,
And old men laughed till they could laugh no more.
In standing up he never could stand still,
And sitting down he could not sit at ease,
His eyes, head, ears, with both his hands and feet,
Were all in motion, while he pleaded well
For our redeeming and ennobling cause.
But he would have such sudden fits and starts;
While on the platform he would jump and laugh,
And thrusting out his foot, would clap his hands
And seemed to feel an ecstasy of joy.
But there were always seasons in his speech,
When you could feel the sadness of his heart,
And how he felt the depths of human woe,
And how he yearned that the poor drinking slave
Might rise to freedom, happiness and life.

In him the grave and the facetious met,
As they have often done in noble souls;
And so it was with the departed one,
Whether in witty strains or solemn tones, [pure,
His words and thoughts were wholesome, wise and
And with such weapons he fought long and well
Against the enslaving customs of our land,
But while entreating all the drink to shun,
He never ceased to point to Wisdom's ways,
Giving to God the glory, honour, praise!

RICHARD BARRETT.

R. RICHARD BARRETT was born in the year 1784, and as blessed with pious parents, who were careful to culcate into the minds of their children those sentiments truth and uprightness, and that habit of watchfulness ito prayer which formed such conspicuous traits of his iaracter in after life. He was educated at Islington chool, and while there and during his apprenticeship his father's business, he was distinguished by a meek nd humble spirit, desiring to set a good example to iose around him of his own age, to many of whom he ras a faithful friend and counsellor. It was at this ieriod of his life that Bible Societies were first established n this country, in the operations of which he took an ictive part, and continued to do so until a very late ieriod. Among the various institutions subsequently stablished to promote the moral and physical welfare of iankind, few appealed to his sympathies in vain, but iose which claimed his especial attention and received *e largest* share of his labours and support were the

Societies which have long and earnestly struggled against Slavery, War and Drunkenness, evils to which he has often adverted as the most fearful anomalies in professing Christendom, presenting insurmountable obstacles to the spread of truth and righteousness on the earth, and bringing reproach on the name of religion itself. As a minister of the Society of Friends his labours extended to most parts of Great Britain and Ireland. There are probably few meetings within these limits in which they will not be remembered. In social and family visits he was enabled in a striking manner to administer comfort to the mourners, and to those under affliction, as well as to encourage the humble disciple in his heavenward course. During the latter years of his life, it was evident to himself and his friends that organic disease of the heart had commenced, and often were those around him concerned at the exertions he made when the state of his health seemed to require increased care and rest of body and mind. Writing from Ipswich a few weeks before his decease, he remarks, "My own cup often overflows with consolation;" and again, "It is our inestimable privilege to approach our Heavenly Father in His Son's name, and to ask for His sake all we want *believing*, with the assurance that we shall receive it. I believe that this has reference to *temporal* as well as to spiritual things." He returned home on the 26th of March, and on the 29th he wrote to a dear friend at Ipswich, and said, "If I have lately been any higher up, any nearer to the Temple, I feel now that I am going to the 'Beggar's Gate,' the safest place, I am sure, for me, and it may be for those near and dear to me, because there the blessing for our preservation may be asked, may be prayed for." On the following night he became alarmingly ill with a spasmodic attack, attended with great difficulty of breathing. Although severe, it passed off, yielding to the remedies applied. On First Day he remained at home at the request of his family. After a season of solemn retirement in the *morning*, he remarked to his wife that they had been

favoured together to feel the presence of the Lord, and the everlasting arms to be underneath them. On the 4th of April he felt sufficiently recovered to go to London to consult his physician, and in the evening he finished a letter to another dear friend, in which, alluding to his previous attack, he says, "On first and second days I endeavoured to be quiet, and this morning I am as well as when I left thy hospitable dwelling. Last evening I received the account of the peaceful exit of our late dear friend, Jacob Post. It would have been pleasant to me once more to have seen him resigned and cheerful, on the brink of eternity. We cannot doubt that he has entered one of those mansions in the Father's house, prepared by him who said, 'I am the door.'" An hour or two after retiring to bed he sustained another and more violent attack, from which he never rallied. The usual remedies were applied, and his medical attendant was summoned, but before he arrived the purified spirit had departed to its rest, leaving his family and the Church to mourn the loss of one who was beloved and honoured in every relation of life. Of him it may be said with truth, that having served God in his generation he fell asleep in Christ, aged seventy years and four months.

One of the first was this devoted friend
To stand allied to our great enterprise;
And when he signed the Temperance pledge,
His morals and his mind were well matured,
And with that great solemnity of soul
Which evidenced the power of truth divine,
He felt determined by the help of God,
To rescue drunkards from the jaws of death,
And to prevent the young and rising race
From being caught in such a deadly snare.
Feeling the value of immortal souls,
He never ceased in earnestness to speak
The deep convictions of his heart and soul.
He spoke with unction and with living power,

Bringing to bear the force of Christian truth,
And all the kindred virtues of his soul,
And all his hopes for blessedness divine,
To illustrate and by example teach
The value and importance of the plan
Which, if men had the wisdom to adopt,
The dark and gloomy clouds would fly away,
The death-grip in a measure be relaxed,
The drooping spirits would look up and smile,
The hungry children would be clothed and fed,
The licensed houses vacant would become,
The poor men's homes would soon be better built,
Commerce and trades would flourish and abound,
And soberness and peace in concert reign,
To bless the people of our favoured land.
His speech was calm, sedate and practical,
And every tone and accent seemed to prove
He felt that man had sunk below the brute,
That pure and holy laws were trampled on,
That spirits maddened and debauched by drink,
Were torturing themselves and cursing God,
And swiftly rushing to dishonoured graves.
He was a careful, sober, gentle guide,
Feeling the sorrows of the human race,
And seeing all around him fearful wrecks
Of mangled bodies, and of murdered souls;
He felt the very stones would cry out shame,
Unless he lifted up his warning voice,
Against the dark, polluting, deadly sin,
By which unnumbered millions had been slain.
And when this goodly minister of Christ
Felt that his earthly race was nearly run,
He looked for mansions in the better world,
And hoped, through Christ, the door to enter in;
And being sanctified by grace divine,
And knowing whom he trusted and believed,
He waited for the coming of his Lord.
His life's great work in Jesus' name was done,
And dying calmly on His peaceful breast,
His happy spirit found eternal rest.

JOHN FOTHERGILL, M.R.C.S.

MR. SAMUEL FOTHERGILL, son of the late John Fothergill, has favoured us with the following interesting particulars: — "My father was born at Carrend, Wensleydale, Yorkshire, May 13th, 1785. His parents' names were William and Hannah Fothergill. He went to school at Reith and at Gildersome, boarding-schools connected with the Society of Friends. His medical studies were pursued and completed in London. He practised as a Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London.

"He was married at Rochdale, May 25th, 1815, to Ann, daughter of Edward and Mary Rimington. He had seven children, five sons and two daughters, all of whom are still living, except one son.

"He was deeply impressed with the evils of intemperance long before Temperance Societies were formed. He practised as a Surgeon in Wensleydale before removing to Darlington, and what he saw there of the evils of intemperance prepared him to take up the movement from its commencement. He was one of the originators of the Moderation Society in Darlington, but he soon became convinced that total abstinence was the only sound basis for the Temperance Reformation. He abstained entirely from intoxicating liquors, and entirely banished them from his table in the year 1833. Several others of the Temperance men had the same convictions with regard to the need for total abstinence. But out of deference for the members of the Moderation Society, they took no steps towards the formation of a Total Abstinence Society, till the year 1835. On the 4th of August in that year, the first teetotal meeting was held in Darlington, and the Society was formed which has existed till the present day. Dr. Fothergill

was chosen president, and he held that office until the time of his death.

"It was in connection with the Temperance cause that he came out as a public speaker. He frequently took part in meetings in the town, and so far as his professional engagements would allow, attended meetings and gave lectures in neighbouring towns.

"As a member of the Society of Friends he took great pains to bring the teetotal question before that body, whose members generally were at that time very strongly prejudiced against the movement. In 1839 he wrote an address to the Society, which was printed and extensively circulated during the yearly meeting in London. He also gave special addresses to the Friends in their own Meeting-house, at Darlington. He received very little sympathy from them at that time, but they have since very generally acknowledged the claims of the movement, and given it their adhesion.

"He was one of the three medical men who were the first to identify themselves with the total abstinence movement, the other two being Dr. Higginbottom, of Nottingham, and Dr. Beaumont, of Bradford. He wrote much on the Temperance question. For a long time he wrote the leaders in the *London Temperance Advocate*, one of the first Temperance periodicals, and thus, through the controversy on the long, versus the short pledge, firmly advocated the claims of the former, maintaining the inconsistency of giving or offering to others that which we think it wrong to take ourselves. He wrote the 'Temperance Mother and Nurse,' a tract which has had a very wide circulation, warning nursing mothers against the evils arising from the use of strong liquors by nursing mothers, both as affecting their own health and that of their offspring.

"He was not by any means a man of one idea; on the contrary, he was intensely interested in whatever affects the well-being of mankind. He took a lively interest and a prominent part in the abolition of slavery. He strongly advocated the abolition of capital punish-

ment, and he was earnest and constant in his endeavours to promote the cause of peace. He was alive to his citizen duties, and a keen politician, always on the side of justice, liberty and progress. He took an active part in the movement, which ended in the repeal of the corn laws. And all this in addition to the wear and tear of a surgeon's daily round of duties, with an extensive town practice, and a very entensive connexion in the surrounding country. He had a great deal of night work. I have known him for five days and nights without one single proper night's rest in bed. To have lived to the age of seventy-two through the incessant harass of such a life, does great credit either to the soundness of his constitution, or to his habit of abstinence, or to both.

"His health broke down at last, however, and for the last two years of his life he was equal to very little exertion, and spent his life almost entirely in retirement. He still retained the possession of his intellectual faculties, however, and he greatly enjoyed this season of repose from the harassing duties of his profession, and spent it chiefly in reading and writing. He was a conscientious and humble follower of Jesus Christ, whom he acknowledged both as his Saviour from sin, and as his Lord and Master, whose authority he regarded as supreme. His last days were full of thankfulness and peace in the sense of the goodness of his Heavenly Father, and in the unclouded prospects of eternal happiness in the world to come. His sufferings were great towards the close; he was kept in patience and sweet resignation to the will of his God. He did not build on his life-long career of self-denial and active philanthropy for his acceptance with God, but on God's mercy in Jesus Christ his Saviour. He greatly enjoyed the visits of several pious friends who frequently visited him. To one he said, the day before the close, 'I am better, because nearer to heaven.' He retained his consciousness to the last, and passed away without a struggle.

"My father's funeral was attended by a large concourse of people in addition to the members of the Society of Friends, and the Committee of the Temperance Society. John Pease, then one of the most distinguished ministers of the Society, pronounced an eulogy upon him, in which he referred to his high-toned moral character, his works of philanthropy, including the Temperance work, and the foundation on which he rested his hopes of salvation, Jesus Christ, the righteous.

"A drinking-fountain was afterwards erected to his memory, and placed in a wide space in the middle of Bondgate, just opposite the end of Skinnergate. It was afterwards removed to the people's park. I wish that there had been time to copy the inscription upon it to his memory.

"I feel that it is an honour to be the son of such a father, and it is my grand ambition to follow in his footsteps."

And thou art gone, the loved and the revered,
Whose step would gladden in the hour of woe
The wearied watcher, as the couch he neared,
Where lips all quivering bade the welcome low.

I 'grave this tribute to thy memory,
Though nothing worthy thee can I attain;
Feebly it shadows forth our grief for thee,
Now lost to earth, yet is *our* loss *thy* gain.

Blest are the dead, they in the Lord who die,
For whom His rays the vale of death illume;
Such was the requiem uttered mentally,
As crowding mourners stood around thy tomb.

Aloud the preacher from the written word
Proclaimed thanksgiving unto God who gave
The victory, through Christ our conquering Lord,
O'er sin and death, and o'er the dreary grave.

For thee no dirge was borne upon the gale,
No nodding plumes above the dark hearse waved,

No solemn toll poured forth funereal wail,
No storied pomp thy simple coffin 'graved.

But from the crowds who met to follow thee
To thy last resting-place in mother earth;
The deep-drawn sigh, the tear shed silently,
Bore witness to their love, and to thy worth.

For with the hours of tenderest hopes and fears
Wert thou entwined, well skilled the foe to stay,
Which all insidiously its victim nears,
Changing our breathing life to senseless clay.

The warrior's blood-bought laurel-wreath for thee
Whose aim was peace on earth, 'mongst men goodwill,
Was but a comment, terrible to see,
Upon the Lord's command, "Thou shalt not kill."

No flattering tributes unto thee were given,
Nor sculptured silver, nor the parchment scrolls,
Blazoned with praise,—thy record is in heaven,
Thine incense, thanks from rescued drunkards' souls.

Almost alone for many a year thou strove,
Mid scorn, rebuffs, yet with unflinching zeal,
To give thine aid from Britain to remove
The drunkard's curse, which mars our country's weal.

And for the slave beyond the Western sea,
For the oppressed throughout all lands and climes,
Thy heart would bleed,—and often fearlessly
Thy pen deplored our Christian Europe's crimes.

Faith wrought thy works, and in thy dying hour,
Upon the Saviour thou for safety hung,
To whose immeasurable love and power
Trembling, yet trusting to his cross thou clung.

And now all conflict, sin and suffering o'er,
Arrayed in garments spotless, pure and white,
Thou dwell'st for ever on the heavenly shore,
God and the Lamb thine everlasting light.

A. B. R.

DARLINGTON, *January* 25, 1858.

Hail! to the men who stood like Britons brave
To oppose a crafty and a daring foe.
They saw a holy light and followed it:
And those who sat in darkness felt the rays,
The cheering rays which filled their souls with hope,
Many of whom have finished well their course,
And in the heavens are now with glory crowned.
One of the first who spoke and wrote the truth,
And warned mankind against the dang'rous power,
And the inherent badness of strong drinks,
Was the good friend, so patient and so wise,
Whose Temperance deeds we love to memorize.
When colleges and famous schools were dumb,
And alcohol was rampant in the land,
And nearly all were shouting in its praise,
While millions lauded the red-handed foe,
He, waiting not for popular applause,
But as a man of science and of fact,
He published his convictions far and wide,
That alcohol contained no sterling good;
And gave strong reasons why men should abstain.
But in the early days of our reform,
God-fearing men in every sphere were found,
And honest men of low and high degree,
Defended by their practices and purse
The alluring, smiling tyrant, alcohol.
There is much opposition reigning now,
But it assumes a somewhat altered form.
Such facts as Dr. Fothergill declared,
Were much more startling then than they are now.
His words were weighty and his teachings wise,
And when he studied the great work of God,
As manifested in his creature man,
He knew his organization so complex
Did not require a drop of alcohol.
In the first light shed by the Temp'rance Star,
He spoke the simple though unwelcome truth,
And what he said shall live, and cannot die.
True, he is dead, but yet the good man lives,

Lives in our fond remembrance of the past,
And while fair Temperance shall live and reign,
Many will live to love and honour him.
In standing well amongst his Christian friends,
He exercised an influence for good,
And doubtless many by the truths he taught
Were led to see the peaceful, pleasant ways
Of pure and simple abstinence.
He knew the nature of inebriants,
And how with perfect safety all men could
With great advantage from such drinks abstain.
And facts which many now applaud as new,
Were quite or nearly fifty years ago
Defended as the basis of our cause;
And his with other names shall stand enshrined
In moral glory down all time to come.
And when he left his dear ones loved so well,
In his declining hours his faith was strong,
And all his hopes were firmly fixed on Him
Who came from heaven with blessings rich and free,
To give us hope and immortality.

JOHN JAMES FOX.

Mr. Fox was born at Moltisfont, Hants, on the 3rd of April, 1804, and was married to Mary Ann Jepson, of Northampton, in 1830. He signed the Temperance pledge at Devizes, in 1839, and was President of the Society in that town for many years and until his death. He departed this life October 26th, 1869, and was interred at the New Baptist Chapel burial-ground, when every shop in the town but one was closed, and

more than one hundred townspeople and others followed and joined in the funeral procession, including most of the leading teetotalers in Devizes and the district. He became a member of the Society of Friends, about 1846, by conviction; he was previously a Baptist. He took an active part in the Anti-Corn Law league, and was a friend of Bright and Cobden. A Templar's Lodge in Devizes is called after his honoured name.

He was a friend of gentleness and peace,
Earnest and truthful, diligent and kind,
In the morality of business-life
He set a pattern not to be excelled.
Justice and mercy marked his conduct here,
And when he died his townsmen sighed, and said,
An honest neighbour had been called away.
He loved to gaze upon the glowing stars,
And with a powerful microscopic help,
He scanned the smallest particles afloat,
And saw in them the might and love of God,
In friendship true, abiding and sincere;
In Temperance—devoted, constant, strong;
In Christian life—a model and a man!

REV. HENRY GALE.

He was a preacher of the truths divine,
And while he earnestly invited all
To love the blessed truth which saves the soul,
He, in a fearless, independent mood,
Strongly defended total abstinence.
He greatly censured those who made the law,

Giving the privilege for men to sell
The drinks which bring on more than mortal woes.
But we review his life with greater joy,
When we behold him a determined foe
Against the drinks which sting and bite and kill.
And we rejoice to register the fact,
That as he lived, so peacefully he died,
Trusting in Christ the pure and glorified.

JOHN HIGGINBOTTOM, M.D.

THIS distinguished physician was born at Ashton-under-Lyne, on June 14th, 1788, and was educated at Dr. Stollfork's Academy at Chester, and at the University of Edinburgh; and he was married at Basford on June 25th, 1813, to Anne, daughter of Robert Hall, Esq., of Basford Hall. He was a teetotaler for nearly seventy years, never having taken stimulants after the age of nineteen. He was made in the year 1852, a Fellow of the Royal Society, for the scientific researches he had made and for the practical successes which had crowned his efforts. He was patient and persevering, and was careful never to draw an inference until fully justified by the evidence of uncontrovertible facts. He wrote much on the Temperance and other questions, and was always mindful to convince his readers of the false estimate which the people and the doctors had formed in relation to all intoxicating drinks. He had a very extensive practice, and was universally esteemed by those who had the pleasure and honour of knowing him. After a life of great usefulness, he died in peace with God and man at the advanced age of eighty-seven

years, and through the town and neighbourhood his decease occasioned a general expression of regret. The poor and the rich had lost a friend who was ever ready to help them, and to alleviate the sufferings they were called to endure. He quietly and hopefully departed this life at his residence, 17, Gill Street, on the 7th of April, 1876, aged eighty-seven; and he was buried amidst every demonstration of respect, in the family vault, St. Mary's Church, Nottingham.

For nearly seventy years this man of thought,
This good physician, honoured and beloved,
Practised and recommended Temperance,
Shrewdly observing facts, he fully knew,
The major truth was well and clearly proved
That persons strong and healthy did not need
To buy or touch or taste intoxicants;
But when he took a sorrowful survey
Of the afflicted, the distressed and poor,
And of the sufferers amongst the rich,
From observations long and practical,
He felt convinced that as good curatives
Inebriants were useless—powerless;
And for a half a century or more
He ne'er prescribed them for the rich or poor.
Ever most thoughtful and considerate,
Anxious to know the wherefore and the why;
Then by a logic accurate and sound,
The inference drawn was placed beyond all doubt
That what is destitute of food or force,
Could neither help, replenish, nor sustain;
But when he reasoned of his simple plan,
The learned doctors doubted and declared
That patients treated thus would not survive,
And strongly they advised a little wine.
But the results were quite to the reverse;
His patients soon became convalescent,
And he had many proofs beyond dispute
That to believe intoxicants were good,

Whether as medicines or beverages,
Was truly a delusion and a snare.
Brave was the conduct of this Christian man,
Who dared to follow where the truth might lead,
And so to patients, whether rich or poor,
He recommended diet good and plain,
And rest for both the body and the mind,
And abstinence from all intoxicants.
His name is very lovingly enshrined
In hearts which fondly hope for better days,
When our good land, and all the world shall be
Sober and just and gloriously free.
He lived an honoured life, and so he died;
Having amongst his peers a lasting fame,
And what is better, an unsullied name!

WILLIAM HORSELL.

He was an active, zealous advocate,
Sound in his doctrine, earnest in appeal,
And with a zest that all should emulate,
In spite of frowns and opposition strong,
He laboured hard, and honestly, and well,
To show to all to whom he wrote or spoke,
The danger of the lauded little drop,
The woe and death involved in drunkenness,
And the benificence of Temperance,
And had a fervent and aspiring soul,
His views were broad, his speculations great,
We judge him not by failure nor success,
His life and labours God did own and bless.

WILLIAM OXLEY, M.D.

THIS early and excellent defender of the Temperance cause was born in the year 1779, and after fifty years of Temperance effort, added to the duties of an extensive professional practice, he departed this life full of honour and universally respected, March 21st, 1867, aged eighty-eight. In the early days of Temperance he was an earnest worker, and a ready helper, and he never failed in his addresses to leave upon his hearers a strong conviction that all sorts of intoxicants exercised an injurious influence upon the physical constitution exactly in proportion to the quantities taken. Long after the kind-hearted doctor had attained the age of three-score years and ten, he was active, cheerful, and buoyant, and when he died many of the poor, and not a few of the reformed drunkards, felt they had lost an earnest and devoted friend.

In the young days of our advancing cause,
This kindly brave and sunny-sided friend
Was often with the good old speakers found;
And in a style not easily described,
He clearly proved that England's favourite drinks
Were detrimental to the healthy man,
And very dang'rous to the invalid.
While he was speaking all his body spoke,
And all the facial muscles played their parts;
Yea, he would leap and laugh and walk and talk,
Go backwards and then forwards with a bound,
Seeming to some as though he moved on springs;
Then gathering up his cloak of ample folds,
Would stand erect with slight averted head,
With shoulders giving a peculiar shrug,
By which his audience would be convulsed,
And so he pleased their heads and won their hearts.

Though pleasant and peculiar in style,
His speeches were replete with common sense,
And all through life he bore a stainless name.
Humour and playful wit and seriousness
In all his speeches could be clearly seen;
He was as simple as a little child,
His matter free from ambiguity,
And with a glance his smiling hearers felt
They could see through this grand and guileless man.
Throughout his lengthened life he studied well,
And when his active, penetrating mind
Perceived and felt the truths of abstinence,
He spared no pains to let the truths be known.
We've heard him when he sparkled as he spoke
With a young-looking face and silvery head;
He stood a noble vet'ran patriarch,
And when his life declined and ere he died,
His soul seemed like a spirit glorified.

JOHN P. R. PAYNE.

He had with sorrow seen the pow'r of drink,
Within the spheres to him the most beloved;
His heart was melted into tenderness,
And he resolved that by the help divine,
He would not touch the tempting drinks again.
He was a young man whom we fondly loved,
Who zealously pursued the rightful ways,
And all around the town of Aylesbury,
His well-known name became a household word.
His married life was blessed with happy love,
And though from us he quickly passed away,
He left behind a pure and spotless name,
And while he fondly loved the Temp'rance cause,
He lived the Gospel, and he died in peace.

HANNAH RICHARDSON.

GREAT AYTON, the residence of this lady, is a pretty little village which lies in the Cleveland district, of the county of York, where it was my happiness, more than a quarter of a century ago, to unfold the principles of Temperance to a series of large and crowded meetings, and there are many yet to be found who uphold the banner and defend the cause. In the year 1872 I had the pleasure of spending a few days with my old and highly esteemed friend, John Richardson, Esq., of Langbargh, whose home commands a beautiful view of the surrounding country. It was on a Sunday morning, when from his house I walked into the village, and I could not but reflect upon the changes which had taken place. Changes of life and death. Shadows had fallen, dear friends had been removed, and although all things appeared beautiful, yet they all seemed passing away. The Friends' School to me is an old familiar spot, and the grounds and the meeting-house, and the pretty little graveyard, and the waterfalls and the flowers filled me with an interest which I had never so fully realized before. It was the Lord's day, and I had seen for the first time the grave of one of the most earnest and devoted teetotalers in the land: I allude to Mrs. John Hannah Richardson, of Langbargh Hall, who was ever ready to defend and to advance the principles of Temperance. It was the day of rest, the time for pure and holy thoughts, and amidst such beautiful surroundings I could only think of death as a change from this to a higher and a better state, and while alone and sitting in the shade, I pencilled these plain and simple lines:—

This stillness fills me with a solemn joy,
No din of labour falls upon my ears,

And all around me seems to be at rest.
I love to wander in the classic shades
Where trees, and plants, and flowers are beautiful,
Where waters gently ripple at my feet,
And warbling birds their morning anthems sing,
And all their choral charming symphonies,
Are wafted on the zephyr's gentle wing.
The sky is calm, the clouds are motionless,
The silence seems to have a solemn voice,
And speechless matter hath an utterance
Which tells me of the beautiful and true.
My deeper, inner spirit-sense is stirred,
I yearn to know what mortals cannot know,
And feel a foretaste of celestial bliss.
Close by is found the temple made with hands,
Where the Friends meet to worship and adore
The King immortal and invisible.
No organ tones reverberate within,
No vocal praises fall upon the ear,
But from their hearts a melody ascends,
And silence sends her sacred songs to heaven.
Around this temple lies the sacred ground,
Shaded by trees where many loved ones lie,
Where in the centre I have seen the name
Of one whom, when alive, I called my friend.
She was impelled to good and high resolves,
And never failed to work for noble ends,
Having for all a kind word and a smile,
And was by rich and poor esteemed and loved.
Her house was open and her welcome warm,
For Christian kindness filled her loving heart.
She saw around the deadly power of drink,
And laboured long and well for Temperance;
But when we hoped her life would long be spared,
The message came which summoned her away.
A solemn grief was felt at Langbargh Hall,
But the stern foe would not relax his hold,
Her friends and sisters mingled sighs and tears,
Her honoured husband's heart with grief o'erflowed,

And prayers ascended to the Holy One,
That to them all her dear life might be spared.
But He who doeth all things well, saw fit
To raise her from her happy earthly home
To the fair mansions far above the skies.
Ye shadows gently fall upon her grave!
Ye birds, attune your softest, sweetest strains!
Ye flowers, adorn, perfume the mortal clay!
Ye dewdrops, glisten in the morning light!
Ye winds blow gently, and ye brilliant stars,
And thou, bright sun, illume this hallowed spot;
Come, gentle spirits; love and mercy come,
And may we feel that sighs and tears are brave,
If heaved and shed around an honoured grave.

REV. RICHARD TABRAHAM.

His days had reached beyond the four-score years,
His life was one of labour, faith and trust;
When but a lad I heard him preach the truth,
And many left their sins and fled to Christ.
For more than forty years he ceased to drink
A single drop of the ensnaring wine,
For he had seen the ravages within
The Church of Jesus Christ, our Saviour God.
And from a suffering world he heard the cry
Of sorrow, desolation and despair;
And so depending on the Strong for strength,
In faith and hope and prayer he took his stand,
And while he lived he kept his armour bright,
So when he died his faith was lost in light.

ALCOHOL'S CARNIVAL.

ALL of the party were pleasant and hearty,
And the good-natured host, with a smile gave a toast,
And the lads and lasses all raising their glasses,
While on ruin's dread brink applauded the drink,
How it sparkled and flowed, how brightly it glowed,
But all the world knows that wherever it goes
It brings upon numbers distresses and woes.
Behold how it glitters, think how it embitters,
See how grimly it mocks, and how strangely it shocks,
Beneath its dark eyeing, all comforts are flying,
And many are sad, while others are mad,
And children are crying, and parents are sighing,
While hopes are all flying, and millions are dying.
See! see, how the victims of alcohol come,
Brutish, and beaten, and lost, and undone.
Some are sorely afflicted, some gasping for breath,
And over them all is the shadow of death.
Alas! what a number, and all to be under
The spell of a terrible curse.
With prospects so dreary, and souls weak and weary,
No prospects on earth can be worse.
To destruction they run, wild, worn and undone,
All ailing and failing, and tearing and swearing,
And brawling and drawling, and hauling and falling,
And laughing and jeering, and leering and fearing,
And trailing and failing, and moaning and groaning,
And yearning and spurning, but few of them turning
From out the dark road of destruction and death.
Wild and uproarious, wayward and furious,
With naughty behaviour, yelling in favour
Of beer, wine, brandy and rum.
All aching and quaking and shaking,
And bibbing and fibbing and cribbing,

And dabbling and babbling and gabbling,
And hitting and splitting and flitting,
And sulking and hulking and skulking,
And falling and bawling and sprawling,
And slipping and skipping and tripping,
And hurting and smirking and lurking,
And leaping and steeping and creeping,
And rattling and tattling and battling,
Still onward they rush, all panting for breath, [sadness,
With heads full of madness, and hearts crushed with
All wildly marching to ruin and death.
The force becomes stronger, and the wailings of hunger
Louder and longer fall on our ears. [fathers
While the frowning cloud gathers, and mothers and
Are tortured with terrible fears.
Still sadly they come, unmanned and undone,
Rushing and flushing, and hushing and gushing,
And scowling and growling, and howling and prowling,
And fuddling and muddling, and huddling and cuddling,
And hating and grating, and rating and prating,
And muffling and shuffling, and huffling and ruffling,
And bragging and lagging, and wagging and dragging,
And doubting and routing, and pouting and shouting,
And grumbling and mumbling, and tumbling and fumbling,
And tattered and battered, and shattered and scattered,
And sighing and crying, and lying and dying,
With eyes red and glaring, and lips full of swearing,
With fierce and mad daring, yet full of despairing,
With loss and ill-faring, not minding nor caring,
With a reckless badness, and furious madness,
With no power to think, they are hurled o'er the brink,
By the terrible power of the terrible drink.

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Beaves, Mr.	1	Chrimes, Mr.	6
Bevan, Mr.	1	Clark, Mr. E.	1
Bird, Mr.	1	Clark, Mr. H. F.	1
Bland, Mr.	1	Claridge, Mr.	1
Blake, Mr.	1	Claridge, Mr. E.	1
Blow, Mr.	1	Clark, Mr. W.	1
Bott, Mr.	1	Clark, Mrs.	1
Bowick, Mr.	1	Clegg, Mr.	4
Brace, Mr.	1	Crutchfield, Mr.	1
Bracher, Mr.	1	Champness, Mr.	2
Braimbridge, Mr.	1	Cobb, Mr.	1
Breay, Miss	5	Collier, Mr.	1
Britnell, Mr.	1	Colson and Family	5

Cook, Mr. Thos. 1
Cook, Mr. Jno. 1
Cooper, Mr. 1
Cossham, Mr. H. 2
Crampton, Mr. T. 1
Cruikshank, Mrs. 1
Cumberland, Mr. J. 2
Cumberland, Mr. D. 1
Cuming, Mr. 1
Curry, Mr. Mc 1
Curtis, Mr. G. 2
Curtice, Mr. 13

Davenport, Mrs. 1
Dean, Mr. 1
Dibley, Mr. 1
Diggle, Mr. 1
Dixon, Mr. 4
Doust, Mr. 1
Dowding, Mr. 1
Doxsey, Mr. 1
Draper, Mr. F. 1
Draper, Mr. J. P. 2
Drayton, Mr., Jun. 1
Dunn, Mr. 1

Eurp, Mr. 1
Eden, Mr. 1
Edmonds, Mr. B. S. 1
Edmonds, Mr. B. 1
Edwards, Mr. R. 2
Edwards, Mrs. 1
Edwards, Mr. R. P. 1
Elliott, Mr. M. 1
Elliott, Mr. J. 1
England, Mr. 3
Evans, Mr. D. 1

Fair, Mr. T. W. 2
Fearn, Mr. 1
Fish, Mr. 1
Fisher, Rev. 1
Fitzroy Library 1
Forth, Mr. W. 1
Franks, Mr. 3
Garritt, Rev. C. 1
Garritt, Mr. H. 1
Gerald, Mr. G. F. 1
Gillett, Mr. 2
Gill, Mr. H. H. 1
Gittings, Mr. 1
Gladman, Mr. 1
Glasscock, Mr. 1
Gould, Mr. 1
Gowland, Mr. 1
Gutteridge, Mr. 2

Hall, Mr. Warren 2
Hall, Vine Lodge 1
Hanson, Mr. 1
Harriss, Mr. George 2
Harriss, Mr. E. 1
Harriss, Mrs. T. 1
Harriss, Mr. W. D. 1
Huntley, Mr. 5
Howlett, Mr. G. 3
Hathorn, Mr. 1
Hayden, Rev. J. 1
Higginbottom, Mr. 2
Hilton, Mr. J. 1
Hobson, Mr. 1
Howard, Mr. J. 1
Hudson, Mr. Thos. 1

Ingram, Mr. 1
Inwards, Mr. W. 5
Ireland, Mr. 1
Ives, Mr. 1

Jacques, Mr. F. V. 1
Johnson, Mr. W. 1
Johnson, Mr. W. 1
Johnson, Mr. G. 1
Johnson, Mr. J. L. 1
Johnston, Mr. A. 1
Jolly, Mr. W. 6

Joynes, Mr. J..... 1
Jupe, Mr. C. 2

Kemp, Mr. W..... 3
Kidgell, Mr..... 1
King, Mr. J. 1
King, Mr. E. 1
Kingsbury, Mr. 1
Kinnings, Mr..... 5
Kirby, Mr. J. 1
Kirby, Mr. E..... 1
Knight, Mr. F. 1
Knight, Mr. E. 1

Lancaster, Mr..... 1
Langford, Mr..... 1
Larner, Mrs..... 1
Law, Mr. F. T... 1
Lee, Mr. J. 1
Lennard, Mr. G. H..... 1
Lewis, Mr. H..... 1
Lewis, Mr. A. 1
Liddle, Mr. C..... 1
Ling, Mr. G. 5
Livesey, Mr. Joseph 5
Logan, Mr. W..... 1
Longman, Mr..... 1
Lovegrove, Mr. 1
Lovitt, Mr. J. J..... 1
Lush, Mr. H. R..... 1

Mann, Mr. J. 1
Manning, Mr. 1
Mariage, Mrs. 1
Marriage, Mr. Chas..... 1
Marriage, Mr. T. S..... 1
Meadows, Mr..... 1
Meredith, Mr. J..... 1
Meredith, Mr. J. B..... 3
Metivier, Mr. J. 1
Midgley, Mr. E. 1
Miller, Mr. S. D..... 1
Monteith, Mr..... 1
Moreton, Captain the Hon. 1
Morley, Mr. Samuel 50
Morris, Mr. 1
Murphy, Rev. G. M. 5
Moss, Mrs. J. 5
Munro, Miss 1

Neal, Mr. Geo. 1
Nott, Mr. J..... 1
Nunn, Mr. A. 1
Nunn, Mrs. William 2

Pack, Mr. J. H. 1
Paget, Mr. F. 1
Palmer, Mr. S..... 1
Palmer, Mr. W. 2
Pearson, Mr. A. M..... 1
Pease, Mrs. C..... 6
Pellant, Mr..... 1
Penny, Mr. R. H..... 1
Phillips, Mr. T. 2
Phillips, Mr. G. M..... 1
Pollard, Mr. C..... 1
Ponsty, Mr. J..... 1
Price, Mr. J. 1
Price, Mr. and Mrs..... 2
Price, Mr. E. 1
Proctor, Miss 1
Pugh, Mr. C. 1

Quinton, Miss St. 2

Rae, Mr. R..... 1
Reeve, Mr. R. 1
Revill, Capt..... 2
Reynolds, Mr. H. E. 4
Richardson, Mr. J..... 1
Ridout, Mr..... 1
Ripley, Mr. Jno..... 2
Roalfe, Mr. 2
Rose, Mr..... 1
Rosivear, Mr. J. B..... 1
Roundtree, Mr. W..... 1

Rowden, Mr. P. 1
Rutter, Mr. J. F..... 1

Sadler, Miss E. M. 3
Scruby, Mrs..... 2
Sharpe, Mr. J. A..... 1
Sherlock, Mr. 1
Shirley, Mr. S..... 5
Sims, Mr. W. D..... 5
Simmons, Mr. W. R. 2
Simmons, Mr. W. S. 1
Simmons, Mr. G. H. 1
Skelton, Mr. C. T. 2
Sly, Mr. T. J. 1
Sly, Mr. J. W..... 1
Smith, Mr. R..... 1
Smith, Capt. J. 1
Smith, Mr. F. 10
Smith, Mr. F. E..... 1
Smith, Mr. H..... 1
Smith, Mr. Theo..... 1
Smith, Mr. Thos..... 1
Smith, Mr. J. 1
Smithard, Mrs..... 2
Smithies, Mr. T. B..... 6
Spencer, Mr. A. 1
Spyer, Mr. W..... 1
Stevens, Mr. J. B. 1
Symmons, Mr. W..... 1

Taylor, Mr. G..... 8
Taylor, Mr. J..... 1
Taylor, Mr. John 1
Thomas, Mr. W..... 1
Thomson, Mr. J..... 1
Thompson, Mr. 3
Thompson, Mr. V. 1
Tinsdale, Mr. W..... 1
Townsend, Mr. T..... 1
Tucker, Mr. Silas 1
Tucker, Mrs. Joseph 5
Turner, Mr. John 2
Turtle, Mr. Thos..... 2

Varney, Mr. Geo..... 1
Veare, Mr. J. 1

Waite, Dr. 2
Waland, Mr. Thos..... 1
Walton, Mr. E. 1
Weare, Mr. J..... 1
Webb, Mr. Geo. 1
Webster, Mr. C. B..... 1
Welman, Mr. W..... 1
Wells, Mr. Jas. 1
Westacott, Mr. J. B. 1
Westcott, Mr. G..... 1
Westell, Mr. W. 2
Westell, Mr. Thos. 1
Westlake, Mr. Thos. 1
Wheeler, Mr. 1
White, Mr. J. H..... 3
Whitehead, Mr. C. J..... 1
Whittaker, Mr. Thos..... 1
Whiting, Mr. H. S..... 2
Wild, Mr. Thos. 5
Wildsmith, Mr. Wm..... 3
Wilson, Mr. J. Brad. 1
Winfield, Mr. Thos..... 1
Wolf, Rev. R. B..... 2
Wood, Mr. J. R..... 1
Woods, Mr. C..... 1
Woodcock, Mr. H. T..... 1
Wright, Mr. W. 2

Young, Mr. M..... 1